Everybody's

MAGAZINE

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ERNEST POO
VIVID WAR STUFF

GARET GARRE
THE LAST WORD ON JAPAN

IRVING E SANBO
WHY THE FANS ARE GROWING COLD ON BASEBALL

Who is the joke on? Page

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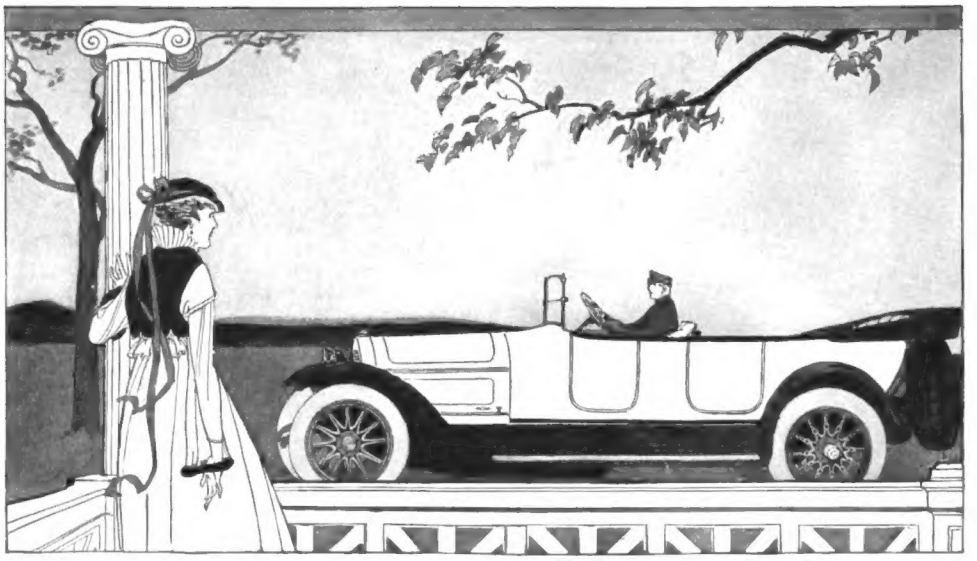

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Everybody's MAGAZINE

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The FACE of MY ENEMY

By

ERNEST POOLE

AUTHOR OF "THE HARBOR."

ILLUSTRATIONS BY M. LEONE BRACKER

Editor's Note—**Mr. Poole, an ardent anti-militarist, spent several weeks on the German fighting lines because he hated war and "had come to see it close." He found there things bigger than battle, murder, and sudden death. He tells them to you in this vivid article.**

IT WAS still dark and the stars were out, for we had made an early start that January morning. A small party of correspondents and German army officers, in three open automobiles, we had left the old French city of Lille and were speeding down a long, straight road between two endless rows of trees, tall, delicate gray phantoms, the poplar trees of France. A staff officer was driving our car.

As I sat by his side, I saw far ahead a French peasant woman and a huge dog dragging a market cart through the mud. On the cart sat a small boy, wrapped to his eyes. We were close to them now. With an angry jerk the woman turned her cart into the ditch, while the big dog barked good-naturedly

Such men will not want disarmament; war is the one big event of their lives.

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and slowly wagged his bushy tail—a friendly, international wag that had nothing whatever to do with the case.

We were running along the German lines about three miles behind their front. In dark, deserted hamlets one hut would always show a light, and here at the cry of "Halt!" we would stop while a sentry examined our papers. These sentries seemed to be everywhere. We met one on a lonely railroad bridge — a stolid, silent German boy who with his electric bull's-eye came from car to car, carefully checking us off on a list. And while he kept us waiting there, suddenly a meteor rushed half across the heavens. It gave me a deep, tingling shock, for it was like a fiery sign of this war which had torn a blazing path across all I had believed in.

I hated war and for that reason I was here to see it close. There is an old quotation—I think it comes from one of the Greeks. A man is fighting in the dark and he cries, "Give me light that I may see the face of my enemy." All peace-lovers, it seemed to me, would do well to see the face of war. And so I had come to look at this monster and paint him hideous as he was. I had thought of what I might do with war, but not of what war might do with me. And war had already done so much that I felt all shaken and confused, as was every thinking man that I had met in Europe. All seemed to me to be standing with their backs to the world that they had known and to be staring as though over a cliff into a world all strange and new. It's the year no man can see beyond.

Our motor abruptly started on. We sped through ruined villages, empty, silent, bleak as death. From the east came a stronger glow of light, and from over there by the rising sun we heard the heavy boom of guns. A cold dawn wind had brought low clouds, and now the rain was falling. Carts and wagons passed us laden with ammunition and food, and as we rounded a curve in the road we came on a small company of young Bavarian soldiers, unkempt and gaunt, their clothes yellow with mud. Some of them laughed and waved as we passed.

A little after daybreak we stopped at a small village in which it seemed to me that every cottage had been shelled. We went into one where a shell had burst and killed five German officers. I found the room a chaos of brick and broken mortar, of bits of furniture and rags. And in the center of it all I saw a large red leather book with this title on the cover: "*Morale de la Jeunesse.*" An old French priest had lived here. As we walked through one of the miry lanes we came on a deep, stone-rimmed pond, where in the ice-cold water three young soldiers stood washing their clothes. One of them smiled at me as we passed, and shook his head as if to say, "This war is getting cold, brother, cold."

From the outer edge of the village came the sharp crackle of rifle-shots, and walking that way we came around the side of a barn abruptly on a trench half full of yellow water. Into this we clambered, and splashing on with heads bent down, hands clutching at the slippery sides, following a zigzag course, we came at last to the front-line trench. This was at once a pleasant surprise, for it had a brick-paved bottom in which cess-pools here and there had drained most of the water away. At intervals in the side of the trench a small door led into a dug-out, a warm, smoky hole with a little stove and a pile of straw to sleep on.

But where was war? Here was only a line of big German boys standing with their rifles stuck through holes in the wall of mud, firing every now and then, but most of the time just watching. Watching what? I looked through a hole, and across a wide, sloping, watery field I saw a long, crooked yellow line from which kept coming sharp little cracks. A queer ugly hiss passed over my head. But that was all. Nobody wounded, nobody killed. Just a row of stocky Bavarian boys, most rather fresh and ruddy, smiling their thanks for your cigarettes.

For weeks they had stood in a drizzling rain shooting at the upper rim of that long, crooked line of mud. And you can't hate mud: it's impersonal. At points where the trenches are closer, these invisible enemies

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"His left hand felt for the cross . . His right arm had been amputated that day."

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become so bored they grow friendly, make little truces of their own, trade newspapers and cigarettes. At one point every night at nine o'clock all firing is suddenly stopped while the French and the German soup wagons come forward. The murderers all dine and smoke and then get back to business.

"In some places," said an officer, "we have had to change our men several times. They got too damn friendly."

Coming back through another circuitous ditch we descended into a hollow where stood a little farmhouse. Here the soldiers lay packed in rows on the floor, snoring and breathing loud and deep. Each one of them, I was told, goes through an eight days' cycle. First he spends two days and nights in the front line of trenches, during which time he alternates between two hours at his post and two in a dug-out. Then he comes back a few hundred yards to a place like this, rests twenty-four hours, returns to the trench for another two days, and then with his comrades tramps some miles to a village for a three days' rest.

This they have been doing for months. This is part of the German system, slowly and carefully building up the strength and health of these stolid boys for the terrible struggle coming this spring.

We lunched that day in an old château which was headquarters for the staff of a Bavarian army corps. It stood on a slight rise of ground, and from the low French windows we looked out on a spacious park with a little chapel under the trees. On the walls were soft old tapestries and here and there a painting, but the chairs had all been shrouded in gray and the rugs had been taken up from the floors. For this was now a nerve-center of war. Through these leisurely old rooms thin copper wires were strung here and there for telephones and the green-shaded lights that hung above small wooden tables, and upon the grand piano war-maps and German books were mingled with faded music portfolios, in which one officer showed me with pride that the French people here had loved German music more than their own.

But they did not love the Germans. The old Comtesse had not fled away; she lived up-stairs and she never came down. When you wished for anything, he said, you were solemnly ushered by one of her servants up to her room and there you found her seated in state. Looking at you with a frigid politeness this old *grande dame* would inquire, "What is it that you wish, monsieur?" You told her as briefly as possible and then the interview was at an end.

"We are proud of our hostess," this smiling young officer told me. "And, as you see, we have done our best to damage none of her treasures. But we have a hard time in the kitchen. She keeps her household all up-stairs and we've ordered our servants to stay below, but they must meet in the kitchen, and her old chef becomes apoplectic when our Bavarians cook on his stove. The sight of schnitzel drives him mad. After one of these night attacks I hurried up-stairs to our hostess with a whole set of White Papers in my mind—for I fill here that enviable post known to you in your New York clubs as Chairman of the House Committee.

Machinists, who may go through the entire war and never see one of their victims.

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"'Madame la Comtesse,' I said at the end of our talk, 'please believe me that I deeply regret these troubles with which we annoy you. Please do not be angry, madame.'

"The old lady gave me a pleasant smile: 'Why, should one be angry, monsieur—knowing that you gentlemen will be for so short a time in France?' "

But war is full of sharp contrasts. We visited hospitals that afternoon.

The first was in a village school. In the teacher's room were two white operating tables, and in the two large inner rooms on rough wooden beds lay a score of men, both German and French, all desperately ill from wounds. One of them, a young Frenchman, with big beads of sweat on his face, lay staring straight up at the ceiling. Both legs on the previous evening had been amputated above the knees. He looked at me, gave a quick, stern frown, and then went on staring as before. I felt an intruder and went away. In the other room, filling half of one wall above the beds, was a large school map of France, and near it hung "The Rights of Man" writ large in French for French children.

I thought of the time when the Germans will leave and the teacher will gather his children here. What will he teach? Still *la Revanche?* Must the children of France for years to come be cradled and schooled in this passion of hate? It seemed so here, as out in the street I saw again the silent glares that I had seen so many times in these small villages of France. Across the way was an old stone church. The priest, I wondered, what would he preach to his people? On both sides of the low arched entrance, for all his flock to look at each time they entered this house of peace, were the graves of twelve French soldiers with a wooden board above them, and on this board was written: "May Jesus give them rest." But could He give rest to the living? Close by, on the churchyard wall, was a German proclamation stating that any one who still had guns or carrier pigeons must give them up by a certain date or the mayor would answer with his life.

In the neighboring hamlet we came to another field hospital. This had been a dance-hall where the village druggist's daughter had taught the new waltz "where you pause on one foot" to the villagers before the war. And she had given them concerts, too. They had never heard of Schubert until she introduced him here.

We sped on to a larger town which was a base for a whole army corps, and here, too, we went through a hospital, our last. A large square building of gray brick, it had many silent rooms, where on rows of rough pine beds lay men motionless, each one alone. I say that each one of these men was alone because of the looks I saw in their eyes, looks terribly attentive in eyes that all seemed waiting for the next sharp thrill of pain.

Some had passed beyond all that. Head-shot cases, paralyzed, stared at you blindly through glazed eyes. One such case lay on his side staring thus at a black-headed boy who lay in the next bed to his. To this boy came an old officer and placed an Iron Cross on his breast. The boy stared straight at the ceiling until we had all gone away. But a moment later, turning back, I saw his left hand feel for the cross. Slowly and very carefully he placed it on the small table beside him. Then he licked his dry, hot lips. His right arm had been amputated that day. The glazed eyes of his neighbor stared motionless and dull as before. In the corner, behind two tall white screens, I found a thin chap with a light blond head, his chest rising and falling violently as he panted his last few minutes away. I could not wait for him to die, nor could any one else; he died alone.

But a kindly surgeon

In every country they have invoked the blessing of the Prince of Peace on war.

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talked to me before I left this hospital.

"This gives no true idea," he said, "of our German wounded. For here you see only the very worst, the most desperate cases of them all. And even here, out of a thousand men in the last few months we have lost only eighty. A hundred more will be maimed for life, but at least eight hundred will soon be well. I don't want to make light of the horrors of war. God knows, it can be horrible. I'll never forget what we had to do in August and September. But the kind of war we have had since then has cost little in life. In this army corps of thirty thousand the killed and wounded average now only thirty or forty a day. And in spite of the rains, the deep water and mud, in the trenches there is almost no disease. This is partly due to our system, for war is like the traditional pig: it need not be so filthy; you can often keep it clean of death. And that's what our medical men by thousands have been organized to do. You find experts on cholera, typhoid, lock-jaw, gas bacillus infection, always traveling up and down our lines, both in the West and East. And that's only a part. Men have better food than in former wars, and stricter sanitation, and they are given the rest they need. You will see in this town just how they rest. But there is something still deeper here, something I never found in peace, a mysterious vitality. It seems as though men could not die. They stand to their knees in ice-water and mud and get no pneumonia or rheumatism. A hundred men are shot through the lungs and all but one or two get well. It's a new, strange ally we surgeons have here, a power we can count on in every operation performed. I have known it now for months, but I never get over being surprised. And let me repeat, it belongs to war. I've never known this force in peace."

The next hour, though far from exciting, was one of the most significant of all I spent in my week at the front. For here we saw German system, sure, methodical, tireless, working upon German boys from the time they arrived from the trenches up to the hour when they returned.

Hundreds of them had left the front line at four o'clock that morning and, tramping five miles through a dark, cold rain, had arrived here at six with muddy, drenched clothes. And here first, in a lofty hall which had been a foundry building, at some twenty long iron tubs under great pipes from which spouted hot water, scores of men with their clothes half off stood washing arms and legs and chests. Streams of yellow water filled the drains along the floor. At one end men were washing their clothes, and at the other three war barbers were furiously clipping hair. In a building near by was a swimming-tank where thousands had a swim each week. The water constantly flowed in and out.

In a big loft overhead tea and coffee were being served. The "Kantine" was a little way down the street—a brick-floored room where for a few *pfennigs* could be bought huge glasses of beer and light-red wine, and tobacco, cheese, and chocolate, to top off their regular rations of soup, sausage, coffee, tea, and bread.

In a large factory building next door, the men who had bathed and eaten lay in long rows on the straw, most of them sleeping heavily. Those we talked with were cheerful enough, except for a few who were feeling disgusted over the fact that this time their rest would last five days and every man would be given the typhoid antitoxin. Cleaning up the pig of war.

Near by in a long factory yard hundreds of young soldiers, still farther along in the three days' rest, were going through all kinds of drill—individual drill for the most part. All were deeply excited when the "movie" man in our party opened fire with his machine. Thousands of these peasant boys had worked here in the fields in the last few months. A good part of their rest from the trenches had been spent in ploughing and seeding, until now in Belgium and north France the fields in most places were green with crops almost up to the firing-line.

Again the German system. For they know well that they can not afford to lose a single crop of grain within their present

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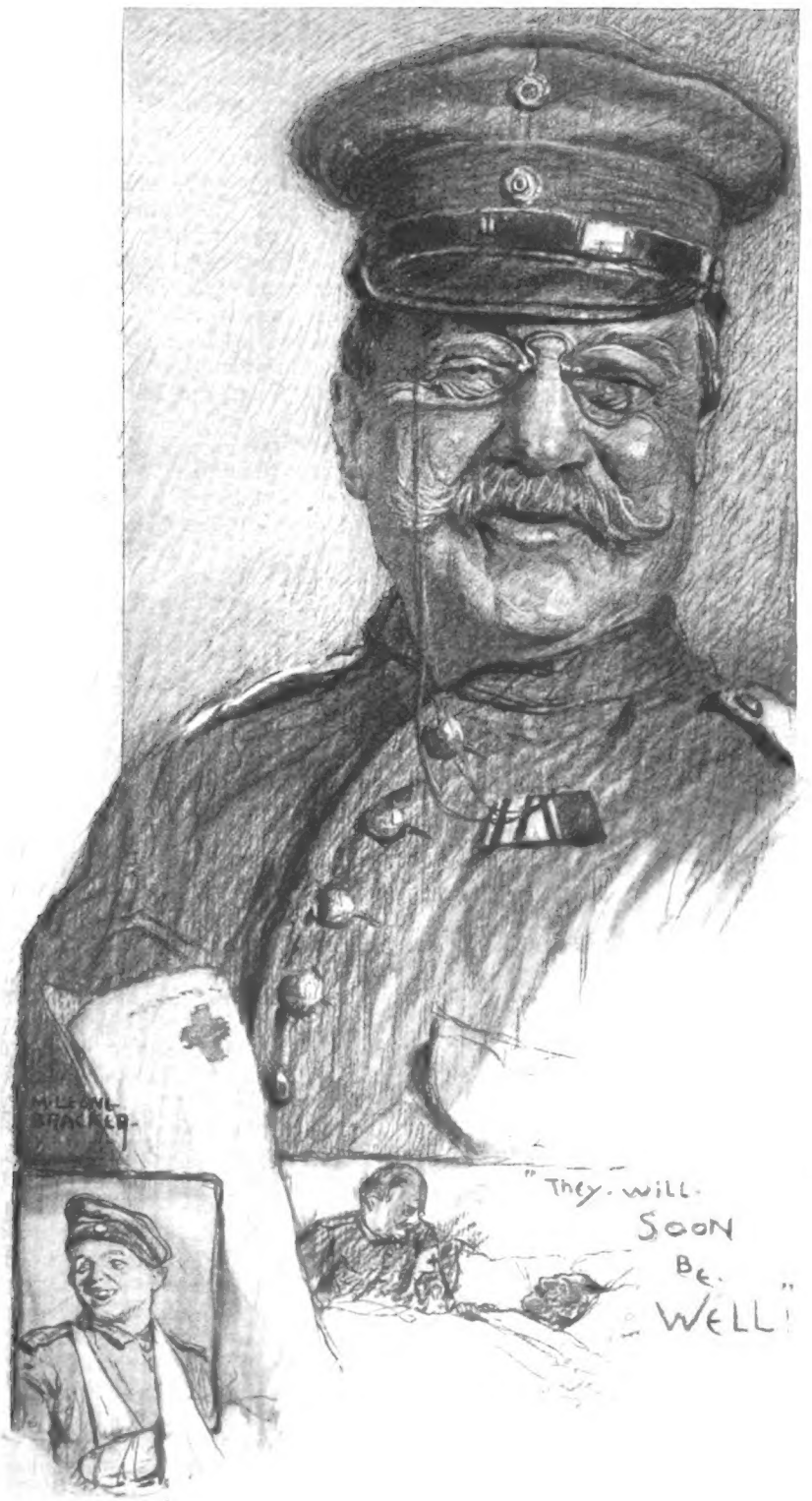

"It's a new ally we surgeons have—a mysterious vitality unknown in peace."

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beleaguered land. So everywhere war's ravages are quickly covered over by this soldierly labor of peace. Here in France they have gathered the sugar-beet crop and turned it into alcohol to be used in driving their automobiles. There seems no end to the kinds of work one sees being done along the front. Sometimes I almost forgot this was war—until suddenly, as that afternoon, we heard from only three miles away the heavy, jarring boom of guns.

We were now to see them closer. As we went on that afternoon, the crash of bursting shrapnel kept growing steadily more loud. But no one seemed to mind it. A big wagon ahead of us loaded with straw turned sleepily into a narrow lane and went straight toward the explosions. Now on either side the road were broken carts and automobiles and here and there a soldier's grave marked by his helmet on a stick. Recruits were drilling on some of the fields, running forward in long lines, dropping down in the mud to fire, up again and splashing on. We kept meeting more bands of mud-covered men marching back from the trenches, and long wagon-trains going forward with food and ammunition. Behind one such procession we found a big steam-roller rolling crushed stone into the mud—ponderous, solemn, grinding along as though in a suburban town, though the shells were exploding across the fields.

"These rollers," said an officer, "have saved hundreds of our wounded from bleeding to death by being jolted over bad roads." More of this German system. Another method of cleaning up war.

We saw now war and nothing but war. Everywhere to the horizon crawled dark, sluggish masses made up of wagons, horses, men. There was deep intensity in it all and an elemental bleakness. Everything that men had made in ages in this peaceful land was now stripped naked, jagged, rough. The fields were not so ugly, for half of them showed green through the mud; but the villages through which we passed were nothing but mire and ruined homes. In one such cheerless hamlet an immense mail-wagon drew up at a door. It was marked "Bayrische Feldpost." A tall, bearded soldier came out of a hut and took from the wagon a bulging bag filled with letters and gifts from home. Under his other arm he carried an iron funeral wreath. This he gave to another man, who took it into the churchyard and put it on a soldier's grave. In the meantime down the village street trudged two other soldiers bearing a rough coffin.

Our party entered the village church and climbed many rickety ladders a hundred feet to the bells above. Church towers in a flat country are the only observation points, and so they are used and so they are shelled. The French guns had shelled this one only the afternoon before. From the bell-tower overhead I looked down and off to the westward. The sun had just set. Outlined against the afterglow stood a delicate line of poplars, and still nearer, over a village and along a trench by the side of a wood, moment by moment rose lovely little clouds of white which went wreathing up toward the heavens. Each cloud was a bursting shrapnel shell, the afternoon fire of the French, which the Germans call "The Evening Prayer." These little "prayers" hung lovingly around the church this side the village. From each came a dull, sullen boom.

Leaving my companions, I slid down the ladders and came to an organ-loft far below. On the organ the music was scattered, and half of the keys and stops were out. There was other music now in the church, a sharp, rattling din that echoed against the old stone walls in which were gaping shell holes. Looking down, I saw hundreds of young recruits in long lines standing and kneeling, going through a last drill in pumping cartridges out of their rifles and in shoving fresh ones in, while officers walked up and down watching the speed of each soldier. The chancel was filled with these youngsters, and above them a white image of Christ stretched forth a hand as in benediction. Nobody seemed to notice Him here, for every man was so absorbed in acquiring speed in killing. And suddenly, looking down on it all, I had a feeling as though this church with its Prince of Peace were here on trial for its very life before some iron pagan god, a grim old deity smiling down upon this gentle fisher of souls, and saying:

"In every country where I came, they

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invoked your blessing on my work. Men by millions have marched out with your serene benediction on what they must all do for me. You have had a long reign, my gentle young friend, but now the old gods are about in the world, where these 'brothers' of yours still love to kill."

The noise grew harsh and deafening, and thinking confusedly of these things I heard an impatient shout from below. The automobile was waiting.

We went on a few miles and came to a hollow in the mud where was a German battery. By each one of the four guns stood some thirty shrapnel shells in tall wicker cases. The fire was being directed by an officer in the tower of a church some distance off. His orders came over a telephone to an officer in a dug-out close by, and the latter kept calling them out to his men. He called out the range and time, and while one soldier fixed the range, another timed the shell's explosion by a sort of a clock attachment that was set in its rear end. Every few moments some one called "*Fertig!*" We pressed our fingers to our ears. And there was a boom and a leap of a gun and then a deep, long, swishing sigh as the big shell went rushing off. It took on a weird savage animal sound, and in a few seconds we heard the crash as it burst in the midst of the enemy.

What had happened? Had men been killed? Only the man in the tower knew. These chaps might go through the entire war and never see one of their victims. Murderers? No—machinists. As I stood there in the yellow mud, they glanced at me from time to time with that same kindly, superior smile I have had from other men in skilled trades, in mills and automobile shops. We stood watching for some moments. Then French skilled killers somewhere must have gone to work in much the same way, for now in a meadow close by us there was a quick flare and the crash of a shell. In a moment another burst closer still—whereupon these German mechanics quit work and crawled into their bomb-proof. As we hurried back to our automobiles, the shells tore holes in the field behind. They alone seemed to feel like killing.

The twilight deepened rapidly now, and it was dark when our motor stopped next between a farmhouse and a barn. This was a brigade headquarters. In the large, old-fashioned kitchen with black wooden beams overhead, at a long table three soldiers sat like telephone-girls, with receivers clamped to their ears, working a long switch-board, a "central" in the intricate system of wires that ran along the front. In the barn I heard soldiers singing.

Here we left our automobile for the night. For automobiles are precious things. Only horses, men, and wagons could be risked where we were going, they said. I did not take to this notion at all, and it was with dark forebodings that I started off into the night, splashing heavily through the mire of a narrow country lane which led to the front line of trenches. Over these trenches, I had been told, came rifle bullets from the French, and they swept "more or less" this wretched road. The rain fell gently and drearily and the night grew rapidly warm. The heavy sleeping-bag under my arm grew heavier and soggier.

After about a mile of this, the two soldiers at our head turned and told us to spread out in couples so as not to be seen by the French sharpshooters who made a business of this road. We did so and again trudged on. Still I heard only the boom of big guns. Then there came a slight whistling noise close by.

"That's a rifle," said my companion.

"It is," I replied. Another hiss. "That one was closer," I added. Then there were quite a few of them. "Well," I remarked, rather pleased with myself, "if this is being under fire, I think I'm getting used to it."

As I spoke, the top wire of the fence by my side cried "Bing" and hummed a little.

"Don't jump like that," my companion growled.

Suddenly from the trenches ahead a rocket shot up into the night. In the flare that it made I saw a small house about half a mile away, the place where we were to spend the night. Over it with long, weird sighs the shrapnel shells were flying. A bullet with the voice of a wasp struck the mud just under my heels, and the man at my side pitched forward. He was not hit, and I helped him up, and we told each other earnestly that this was quite a story.

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Rows of stolid, smiling, ruddy German boys—so many to be killed so soon.

From here to the house was a long, long walk—it must have been five hundred yards. But when at last we did arrive we found not only a farmhouse but near it a big, comforting barn, which rose between us and those steel wasps like a motherly Rock of Gibraltar. A steep flight of steps led under this barn to a bomb-proof hole beneath. And it may have been damp, that hole in the mud, but it felt dry to me that night, dry and deep and cozy.

Two of our party went on that night, under a fire infernally hot, down to the front line of trenches. But the other three had had trenches enough for one day. There are times when it's good to be buried alive—as we were in this bomb-proof hole deep down in friendly Mother Earth.

It was shaped like the cabin of a small yacht, with a long bench on either side. At one end was a little table and above it a white mirror stuck full of Christmas cards. There was, too, a diminutive stove, and hung to one wall was a curious little war telephone which every few seconds made a shrill, thin, treble sound, very much like a mosquito. An orderly stayed close by it.

This hole and the small house above were headquarters of a regiment, which held the German front for about five hundred yards, not far away from Ypres—the place the British Tommies designate as "Wipers." The colonel was here, a strong, middle-aged Bavarian with a kindly, deep-lined face. He said we were practically safe in his home. I asked what he meant by "practically," and he replied that a French shell, one of the very large ones, had fallen that day in the barnyard. It had not burst and so he had 'phoned for a shell expert to come out and see if it could be moved with safety. Another German specialist. The expert had advised him not to move it for awhile, for if it were left alone it would be less likely to go off. I went up with my small electric lamp and had a brief, cautious look at it. It was a long, round, black thing, a

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whole story in itself. Next I had a look into the barn, and through what I took for a doorway I saw soldiers in rows asleep in the hay. As I turned to go I noticed that this doorway was a most jagged affair. I went back and asked the colonel about it.

"That is no doorway," he explained. "That is only a hole. It was made by a shell the end of last week which burst in the hay, killed five of our men and wounded four, and also two of our horses. Now, gentlemen, let us go up and dine."

We went up to the farmhouse kitchen, a snug, low-ceilinged room with a lofty fireplace of brick, an old French clock on the mantel, and three enormous holes in the walls. More shells, I thought, and began my soup. It was ox-tail soup, hot and comforting. After that came a good meat stew, then bread and cheese and Munich beer. The bread came from a German field-bakery recently established some five miles away by the bakery branch of the commissary. More of this German system.

From the trenches close by, without a pause, came the steady crackle of rifles. To this was added presently the crash of an exploding shell.

"No shells," the colonel assured us, "are likely to come in here to-night."

"Why not?" I asked imperturbably. All war correspondents talk like that.

"Because," replied the colonel, "this house was not hit to-day, and the French as a rule use the same range at night as on the day preceding. They are firing on our trenches now."

As he spoke there was an explosion so close it made the old house rattle. We all smiled good-naturedly.

"That was one of our guns," the colonel explained, "opening on their battery. They'll stop now." And in a few moments they did.

Presently I went outside. The house and barn were both perfectly dark. Not a glimmer of light through the windows to attract shell-fire here. Only bullets from French rifles struck now and then with a smack on the barn or whizzed through the narrow, open space between the barn and the farmhouse.

I jumped over behind the barn and looked toward the sound of the rifles. At first there was nothing but dense, dark rain. Then suddenly up went a rocket. It threw a wild, uncanny light on a bleak expanse of watery mud, on fields and trees and gleaming pools. And as though roused afresh by this sight of their world, the men down there in the hollow fiercely redoubled their fire. I heard not only rifles now but a louder, sharper, heavier noise, the rattle of a machine-gun—a sound it is useless to try to describe. Much more thrilling than a band, it is the music of this war.

Here the French and German lines were less than a hundred yards apart. The men in those trenches down the field were standing in water up to their knees. The dug-outs in which they warmed themselves had begun to cave in from the long rains, and scores of men had thus been smothered to death in mud. In the darkness every few minutes a rocket would flare up into the rain. If it showed the enemy stealing up, the next moment again in pitch darkness the Germans would let loose with rifles and machine-guns all trained upon this open space, while the officer in his dug-out telephoned back for the reserves.

Plenty of blood had been spilled on those fields and there were still dead bodies out there. But in all this time, by charges that cost them heavy in lives, the Germans had pushed forward only two hundred and fifty yards. And watching now I got the feeling of this broad, brown band of mud, reaching for nearly three hundred miles, winding like some monstrous snake, which as the line swayed back and forth was always slowly writhing.

I went back into the farmhouse kitchen. It felt warm and comfortable, as it had been for a hundred years. I sat down in a queer old French cloth chair, brass-studded on the edges, and tried to jot down the details of what I am now writing.

Three narrow cot-beds filled half the room. The colonel and two of his officers slept here when off duty. In a room like this a mile up the line four other tired officers had gone to sleep a few nights before.

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A shell had burst there in the night and every man of them had been killed.

There was a telephone by the wall: two small wooden boxes with wires attached. I grew fascinated listening to its fine, thin treble purr. It kept one man busy most of the night, for its long, delicate copper nerves spread all along the winding snake and back into the Fatherland. You could sit here close to the trenches and telephone to your hotel in Berlin. From here the colonel got frequent reports from his officers down in the front-line trench, and from here every two hours he reported back to headquarters.

More than war came over this wire. Late that evening the brigade commander in the farmhouse three miles back called us up and said he would like to give a concert to the Americans. The piano on which he was playing was rather an old and battered affair, but he knew how to make music. With the receiver pressed to my ear I heard him play first a gay little waltz, then the Fire Music out of "Walküre" and later the Love Song from "Tristan"—while from somewhere out in the night the low boom of a gun broke in on the song. This concert, I learned, was a nightly affair and the audience was scattered wide. Men in other lonely kitchens and in holes down under barns and even in trench dug-outs heard "Tristan" that night.

Later I heard soldiers singing, faintly, as though far away. I asked the colonel where they were.

"Not far," he said. "Just underground. Would you like to go and hear them?"

"Yes."

And going outdoors we followed him down a steep flight of steps into the "*Villa Sorgenfrei*," a bomb-proof chamber they had dug deep under the manure pile. It was a small place with walls of logs and a ceiling so low we could not stand. Cesspools in the earthen floor disposed of most of the water. A small stove made it stifling hot. The only fresh air came through cracks in the door. But here we stayed for nearly an hour with eight or ten Bavarian boys. A drum, a mouth-organ, and a flute, an old iron gong and a clumsy guitar with telephone wires for the strings, made up this soldier orchestra.

Leading them was the letter-carrier of the regiment, who back at home in Munich had played the piano in a café. With an old Derby hat on the side of his head, spectacles on the end of his nose, and a drum-stick for a baton, he sternly rapped for order and then gaily carried his small band through "*Püppchen*" for our benefit. After that came folk-songs—"*Röslein auf der Heide*," "*Morgenrot*" and many more. The colonel was singing with them now and they seemed to have forgotten us.

Out in the trenches that afternoon two of their comrades had been killed by a bursting shrapnel shell, but they had grown so used to death it didn't stop their singing. Stolid, smiling German boys—so many to be killed so soon. And the others, I felt as I watched their eyes, would go home proud of having fought and would tell proud stories of war later on to other Bavarian boys, their sons. Already their little leader had written a song they sang that night, to the glory of that bomb-proof hole and the

remembered the millions of women in empty homes, and I wondered what they

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courage of men "in the iron rain." The refrain was to the machine-gun. Another folk-song for Germany.

What of all the other folk-songs, I thought, and stories which by thousands are sung and told in many tongues? What will be added by this war? Already a dark tidal wave of atrocity tales has swept over the world. In every hut and cottage from the north of Russia to the very south of France these stories, grim and hideous with all manner of foul and bloody details — working as much evil as though each one of them were true—are being heard by children. The children of Europe now believe that millions of devils are about and that against these devils heroes like their fathers are performing deeds of valor — the bloodier the better. Folk-lore has been drenched in blood. What new songs and stories, and books and plays and pictures, will rise out of all this when the war is through?

A little after midnight we went into the bomb-proof under the barn where a couple of old mattresses had been spread for us on the floor. Here I lay for several hours listening to the rifles which never for one moment stopped. And half waking and half sleeping, the images of what I had seen kept rising vividly in my dreams, and confusedly I grappled for some meaning in it all.

But things looked black to me that night. If war were hell, as I had believed, one might have hoped that in sheer disgust men would learn their lesson here and that this war would be the last. But I saw little hope of this disgust. For I had seen my enemy's face and it was not hideous as I had thought. I had seen deep, gleaming, flashing eyes, had heard a voice that thrilled even me. And so war felt terribly strong that night.

For listening to those crackling shots and the occasional boom of the cannon, I thought of young men by millions, Germans, French, and English, all along this winding snake, such plain, ordinary men, all in a few brief months transformed, each one with his selfishness left behind, here quietly offering up his life for what each thought a big ideal—and doing this in no sudden excitement, with no inspiring blare of bands, but standing deep in water and mud week after week and month after month and still keeping the looks I had seen in their eyes. War was not hell to such men as these; it was rather the one big event of their lives. Such men will not want disarmament.

"And who are you," a voice seemed to ask, "to talk to these men of my ugliness? Have *you* ever offered to give your life for the things that you believed in? And all your countrymen over the sea, are they all so superior, so honest, generous, and kind, so noble in their works of peace? Or is it only the fever of the Yankee dollar-chase that makes them so reluctant now to stop getting rich and think of me? What have you in your little life ever known that can call to men as I call, pulling them out of their creeds and greeds to give up their lives by millions, to shake the entire civilized world and put all institutions on trial for their lives? There are many shams, many idols of peace, that will come down before I am through. You will have to be sure of what you believe before you can stand against me—sure as you never were before—or you too will go down in the crash. For things are going to crash these days, and the world is going to be reborn."

So spoke this grim old pagan god, come back to build a pagan world. And groping long for an answer, at last I saw a ray of light.

War was youth, I told myself, and it was youth that had thrilled me here. Not murder nor machine-guns nor trenches nor bleak, ruined homes, but youth, the very finest of all the youth in Europe. War had suddenly brought them here and had made the glory of youth its own and so had clothed its ugliness. For what was this strange vitality that doctors did

are going to teach their sons. What new songs and stories will rise out of all this?

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not find in peace? In peace youth was scattered; here it was massed, and gathering strength in being massed took on this mysterious vital strength. Fill all the armies with middle age and then where would be war's vitality? And to youth, too, of right belonged this glorious spirit of comradeship, this deep enthusiasm, this readiness to offer up one's life for the sake of an idea.

Youth, youth and only youth, I told myself exultingly. Strip war of that and what had you left? You had the White Papers—inspiring thought! And you had guns all nicely oiled, and dead bodies, more than a million, stark and stiff upon the fields. And you had atrocity tales, and homes of desolation and bitterness and hatred. Here was a ghastly price being paid to settle a mean and sordid dispute. And this was war stripped naked. *It was not war, but men, young men, and the wonderful powers that in them lie, that had gripped me here with a new hope.*

For what I had seen in men like these might be used in a better cause. It would no longer be so hard to draw men out of their little ruts, no longer would they be so slow to give themselves to a great idea, whether it be in war or peace. So much at least these million dead had done for the world by dying.

Thinking of such things as these, half waking and half dreaming, I lay in the bomb-proof hole that night. Long before daylight I got up and climbed the steep stairs to the ground above. A bright moon was shining now. Bullets still struck with sharp thuds on the barn. Down there in the trenches deep in water and soft mud the men were still firing thick and fast as they had been doing all night long. Up here by the barn and the farmhouse a sentry, a tall German boy, was walking slowly to and fro. I walked with him for some time, but except for a word of greeting we did not speak to each other. Neither felt like talking.

Later I woke my companions. We breakfasted, said good-by to our hosts, and then started off along the dark road. Again I heard bullets now and then, but the night had somehow changed me and I did not mind them. At the brigade headquarters our motor started off at once, to be well out of the firing zone before the day should break. The moon had set and the stars were already growing faint. The pools of water on the fields slowly turned to silver. Masses of wagons, horses, and men were still crawling over the landscape, as they had crawled all through the night. A small locomotive with three cars on a narrow-gage track just crept along, making not a puff nor a sound, for it knew it had no business here with the shelter of night already half gone.

As we sped on, the light grew steadily stronger. And uglier and drearier grew all the world around us—ugly with mud and ruined homes, ugly with this crawling life, ugly with this work of war.

It was Sunday morning. A little after sunrise, I saw two French peasant women in black veils of mourning picking their way toward a village church. They stepped into the ditch and glared at us as we spattered mud upon them.

Suddenly I remembered the millions of women in empty homes, and I wondered what they were thinking—what they are going to teach to their sons.

A SONG OF LOVE

by

THEODOSIA GARRISON

MY LOVE, it should be quiet, being deep,
And, being all-enduring, should be still;
Calm as the inmost depths of ocean keep.
Serenely silent as some mighty hill.

Yet is my love so great it needs must fill
In joy made visible the life of me—
The joy of dancing branches on the hill,
The joy of rushing waves upon the sea.

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The GUEST from SAMARIA

By
JOSEPH
C
LINCOLN

AUTHOR OF "KENT KNOWLES: 'QUAHAUG,'" "CAP'N DAN'S DAUGHTER," ETC.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY H. M. BRETT

LITTLE Mr. Obadiah Burgess, having brought his remark concerning the prospects of next fall's cranberry crop to a stammering conclusion, dabbed at his perspiring forehead with his handkerchief and relit for the fourth time the cigar which his host had given him. In the ample wing-chair by the fireplace he looked like a withered peanut in a shell very much too large for it.

Captain Elisha Warren, big and good-humored and sturdy, blew a cloud of smoke from his own cigar and looked quizzically through it at his visitor.

"Well, Obadiah," he said, after a moment of silence, "what is it?"

Mr. Burgess fidgeted and turned red. "I—I was just sayin', 'Lisha," he observed, "that—that over Wellmouth Port way folks was gen'rally cal'latin' that the prospects wa'n't 'specially good. We had a hard——"

Captain Elisha held up his hand. "I know," he interrupted. "But what is it, Obe?"

"Wh—what do you mean? What's what?"

"*That's* what I mean—what's what? You didn't cruise 'way over here to South

"THAT NIGHT I SAW COUSIN CALVIN SNEAK UP-STAIRS WITH THE WASTE-BASKET."

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Denboro on the cars to preach about the cranberry crop. And you didn't come to see me for the first time in nine years just to make a call. Come, come! You and I sailed together a good many v'yages and neither one of us ought to be bashful. Now what's the matter? Are you in trouble?"

Mr. Burgess seemed, as his friend said afterward, to "go all to pieces." The cigar flew from his hand and, alighting upon the hearth, sent up a shower of sparks like a bursting rocket.

"Trouble!" he groaned. "My godfreys mighty! Trouble!"

Captain Elisha calmly placed a substantial boot upon the impromptu fireworks. "Better try a fresh one, hadn't you?" he observed. "No? So you're in trouble, hey? What kind? Not money trouble, I hope."

Another groan, with a "No" in the middle of it.

"Humph! Well, that's a comfort. I begun to be afraid that what I read in the paper a year or so ago about your Aunt Sarah leavin' you ten thousand dollars and her place at the Port might not have been true, after all."

Obadiah's agitation seemed to increase. He waved both hands this time. "'Twas true, all right enough," he groaned. "My godfreys mighty! I—I—I declare sometimes I wish 'twa'n't! Aw, 'Lisha, I guess you think I'm crazy. Well, I ain't —not yet. But I shall be pretty soon if you, or somebody else, don't help me. 'Twas that letter you wrote me that made me think of comin' to you for help. Thinks I, 'Cap'n 'Lish and me sailed together on the old *Fishhawk* for ever so long. He always said I was the best steward ever he had. And we was boys together at school besides. I'll go to him and tell him the whole business. He'll advise me; he'll—he'll—' Oh, my soul!" He paused, out of breath, and mopped his forehead once more.

His friend smiled. "All right, Obe," he said. "Take it easy; don't bust your biler. So you want advice, hey? Well, I never saw a man yet who couldn't be generous with *that*. Better spin the whole yarn from beginnin' to end, hadn't you?"

And, thus urged, Obadiah spun it. It was a queer, complicated story, and during the telling Captain Warren asked a number of questions and smiled frequently. Summarized, it amounted to this:

When Mr. Burgess fell heir to his Aunt Sarah's ten thousand dollars and the home at Wellmouth Port, he had been a humble and happy cook on a coasting schooner. But, as he said, there "didn't seem to be no need of a rich man like me goin' to sea," so he decided to retire and live upon his newly acquired property and his income. The house was a comfortable one with four or five acres of land, a garden and a "shore privilege," and one can live in Wellmouth Port on six hundred dollars a year, provided one is a bachelor, as was Obadiah, and as content to forego luxuries as he.

"I cal'lated I was about as well-fixed as I ever wanted to be," he groaned. "Nice house and land, plenty of money, and my health. What more did I want? Nawthin'. Well, yes, there was one thing more I wanted. I cal'lated some day or 'nother to travel. 'Some day,' says I, 'I'll sell this place'—You see, I *can* sell it 'most any time. There's a land company fixin' the put-up cottages for summer folks who'd buy it if I'd sell. I've got a standin' offer of twenty-five hundred any time I want to say yes. Well, I cal'lated some day to travel. A sea cook don't get no chance to see nothin' of the world except the wet places in it, and I meant to go everywhere—Niagary and Mammoth Cave and White Mountains and Syracuse, New York. I used to sail along with a mate that hailed from Syracuse, and he was always tellin' what a fine place 'twas. And I'd have been there afore this only for Jabez Small and his pesky advice. He's responsible! He's the feller that—that got me into this mess. Him and his 'business first' talk. Oh, my soul! And *now* look!"

Jabez Small, it appeared, was Mr. Burgess's next-door neighbor at Wellmouth Port. Jabez was a middle-aged widower, with some money and a reputation for business shrewdness and sagacity. His mottoes were "Business first" and "Look out for Number One." He had called upon Obadiah the very first day after the latter took possession of

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his new home. He had been kind, very kind indeed. He had assisted Obadiah in purchasing little comforts and luxuries, had even sold him a few things from his own store. He it was who had advised against selling to the land company. "You leave it to me," counseled Jabez. "I know these land folks. They'll skin a man out of his eyeteeth. You put the sellin' of this place in my hands. When we get ready to sell we'll sell at *our* price, not theirs. Leave it to me. I'm a business man, I am."

So Obadiah left it to him and, as time went on, he left more and more of his affairs in the hands of his business-like neighbor. Jabez came to be almost a regular boarder — without paying board — at the Burgess house. And then came the letter from Calvin Wentworth, with its astonishing proposition.

Calvin Wentworth was a second cousin of Obadiah's. His father had made money in some lucky ventures years before, had moved to New York and made more. He died, reported to be worth a good many thousand dollars, and Calvin was his only heir. Obadiah and he were utter strangers. Calvin was reported to be a New York "swell." Obadiah was a Cape Cod cook.

"Land sakes!" exclaimed Obadiah. "I never thought of seein' him. I'd almost forgot there was such a relation of mine in creation. And then—and then, by godfreys! right out of a clear sky, as you might say, sprouted up this letter of his sayin' he was all alone in the world except me, and his health was 'debilitated'—whatever in time that is—he couldn't live but a year or two longer anyhow, and he wanted to come down to Wellmouth and die on me, so to speak. Did you ever hear such a thing in your life?

"Soon's I fetched my breath I took the letter over to Jabez. No, come to think of it, he was there when I got it. He 'most always is there, somehow. The amount of meals I've provided and cooked for that feller!— Well, never mind! If meals was all, I could stand *them*. I showed the letter to Jabez, and when he read it he showed me a part, a postage—no, postscript part that I hadn't read. In the postscript Calvin says he'd made up his mind, he bein' all alone in the world, providin' I let him come and die on my hands same as he said, to make a will in my favor, leavin' all he had to me, his only relation and dear cousin.

"Well, sir! somehow or 'nother that postscript made a turrible impression on Jabez. He asked more'n a deck-load of questions about how rich I cal'lated Calvin was and all. I didn't know how rich he was, but I said thirty or forty thousand anyhow.

" 'Then,' says Jabez, all het up and excited, 'you must take him in and let him die on to you. It'll be dum good business to do it.' 'I won't,' says I, emphatic. 'By godfreys, I won't! S'pose I'm goin' to cook his meals? Didn't I give up goin' to sea just on purpose not to cook meals for other folks?' 'But he won't last more'n a year or two,' says Jabez, 'feeble as he is, and then we—you, I mean—'ll get the thirty thousand. And as for cookin'—*you* needn't cook. You get a housekeeper and let her do it. By time! I'll get one for you. I know just the woman for you. I'll write her to-day.'

"I vowed he shouldn't, but he did. And down comes the housekeeper. Her name's Elvira Howes, and she hails from Farquoit. Jabez says he's known her a long time, knew her folks and all. She's a good enough housekeeper and a pretty good-lookin' woman, about forty or so, I cal'late. She was willin' to work cheap, so that wa'n't so bad, as it stood, though I didn't need her no more'n a cat wants a swim. And then comes Calvin, bag and baggage, and—and there I was. Bad enough, you say, for a feller that had cal'lated to live the rest of his days alone? But that ain't all. I——"

Captain Elisha held up a protesting hand.

"Hold on there, Obe!" he ordered. "Shorten sail! Heave to a minute and let me get my bearin's. You didn't want this—what's his name?—Wentworth—to come and—die with you, you say?"

"Want him? I should say I didn't!"

"And you didn't want the Howes woman to ship as housekeeper?"

"Want her? Want *her!* My godfreys!"

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"Then what made you let 'em come? Why didn't you say no to both of 'em and stick to it?"

Obadiah groaned. "I—I did try to," he stammered. "But Jabez, he—he wouldn't let me say it. He just went ahead, same as he always does."

"Why didn't you say no to him? He ain't your guardian, is he?"

"No-o. No, course he ain't. But—but you see, 'Lish, I—I— Well, my sayin' no to Jabez Small don't seem to amount to nothin', somehow. He's got such a masterful sort of way with him and he's always sayin' this and that is good business for me. And—and it's always hard for me to say no to folks, 'Lish. Why, you remember——"

His friend interrupted again. He did remember. "Yes, yes," he broke in. "I guess I understand—so much. Well, go on. Is this all your trouble?"

Obadiah bounced on his chair. "All!" he gasped. "Why, I ain't told you the real trouble at all yet. I could stand that—that 'debilitated' critter around, eatin' me out of house and home and bossin' me as if he was the skipper and I was roustabout. I could stand him and his appetite and his New York airs. And I could stand havin' a woman cookin' for me and runnin' things as if she owned the place. But when she undertakes to marry me by main force, as you might say——"

Captain Elisha's calm was broken at last. He stared at his visitor as if in doubt of the latter's sanity. "Hold on!" he roared. "What's that? Marry her? Are you goin' to *marry* that Howes woman?"

"She says I am—" wildly. "She makes out to believe I proposed to her. And—and the rest of 'em believe it. Anyhow, they've congratulated me. Calvin didn't seem so tickled; he acted kind of put out and cross first along, seemed to me. But when she told him he could die along with both of us just the same as on me, he congratulated me, too. And Jabez thinks it's fine. Oh, my soul!"

"Hold on! Shut up, Obe! For mercy sakes let me get this somewheres nigh straight. Do you *want* to marry this housekeeper of yours?"

"*Want* to! Oh, my godfreys! how can you talk so, 'Lish Warren!"

"But you proposed to her."

"I never. She says I did, but I didn't. Oh, dear! And Jabez he says she's crazy about me and that she'll put me in jail for breach of promises if I try to back out, and —and——"

It took some time to get the story of the "proposal" from the frantic little man, but at last Captain Elisha managed to learn the principal facts. It seemed that when the Widow Howes first entered upon her duties as housekeeper for Mr. Burgess she had not shown symptoms of affection for her employer. On the contrary, it was upon the languid and dignified invalid, Mr. Wentworth, that she bestowed most of her attentions. But "Cousin Calvin" had been cold and distant. And after a week or two her attitude changed. She began to be very kind and sweet to Obadiah—mended his clothes, sewed on his buttons, cooked the dishes of which he was most fond, threw herself continually in his way. And at last came the climax.

"We was in the dinin'-room, she and me," he explained, "and there wa'n't nobody else around. She'd made apple puffs that noon and if there's any one thing I'd ruther eat than the next it's apple puffs. I said how good they was and how real nice 'twas of her to make 'em. 'I don't know how I got along without your cookin', Elviry,' says I, or somethin' like that. 'I hope you'll cook for me right along.' Never meant nothin' by it, you understand, nothin' at all.

"And next thing I knew she hove her arms around my neck and burst out cryin' and said I was the dearest man on earth and she'd try to be a good wife to me. 'Fore I could get my breath, scurcely, to say nothin' of my senses, Jabez he come in and found her hangin' on to me and he started the congratulatin'. Oh, my godfreys! ain't it awful! Ain't it awful, 'Lisha! *I* don't want to marry her. I don't want to marry *nobody*. Can't you help me? I'll—I declare to man I'll jump off the dock if you don't! There! I don't wonder you cry. I've cried a million times since it happened."

The Captain was wiping his eyes. "I sha'n't cry—much, Obe," he observed, choking. "I—hi hum! if this don't beat all my goin' to sea!"

"If all you can do is laugh—" in high indignation—"I'm goin' home."

"There! there! don't go home yet. Let me think. Obe, you remind me of the feller in Scriptur' who went down to—to somewhere or 'nother and fell amongst

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THE WIDOW HOWES BECAME, ALL AT ONCE, THE MOST POPULAR MEMBER OF THE HOUSEHOLD.

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thieves. Let me think; let me think. This—this—er—Jabez Small, was he a particular friend of yours afore you come into the property and went to live at the Port?"

"No. No, I didn't know him, scurcely. But what——"

"And 'twa'n't until after you had the ten thousand and the house that Cousin Calvin remembered how much he loved you?"

"No. But that's nothin'. Calvin's worth all kinds of money himself, I tell you."

"How do you know he is?"

"He ought to be. His dad died rich as——"

"All right; all right. And your steady comp'ny, this Elvira Howes—Jabez recommended her? He knew her afore?"

"Yes. She was an old friend of his, or somethin' like that. Her husband went West and died out there, I believe. He was interested in mines or somethin'. She's got some minin' stock, deeds to mine land or somethin' out in Montana now. I cal'late 'tain't worth much. But say, 'Lish, what's all this talk amount to? Can't you help me no way?"

Captain Elisha considered. "Obadiah," he said, after a moment, "I can't do anythin' for you this minute. I've got to think and—and look into matters first. You go home now and wait. But, whatever you do, don't get married until you hear from me. Don't say any more now; just go."

So Mr. Burgess went, reluctantly, but with a faint hope based upon his trust in his old skipper. And, after he had gone, Captain Warren sat down at his desk and wrote three letters, one to a friend in Wellmouth, one to an acquaintance in Farquoit, and the third to his nephew, Stephen Warren, who was a broker in New York City.

II

A week later, a suitcase in one hand, he knocked with the other at the door of the Burgess home in Wellmouth Port. A neat, clean little house it was, surrounded with a neat, trim yard and flower-beds, and commanding an extensive view of the bay.

Obadiah himself opened the door. Recognizing his caller, he started violently. "My soul!" he exclaimed.

"Same to you, Obe," cried the Captain, heartily. "I knew you'd be glad to see me. How are you? Ain't changed a mite, scurcely. Look just as young as ever, I declare."

"Young! Changed! Why, 'Lish Warren, what——"

"And it must be all of nine or ten years since you and I met," interrupted Captain Elisha. His tone was loud, unnecessarily loud, so it seemed to Obadiah. Astonished, puzzled, and somewhat alarmed, Mr. Burgess stared at the new arrival. And, as their eyes met, one of the Captain's closed in a warning wink.

"Yes sir, all of nine or ten years," went on Captain Warren. "I was thinkin' of that yesterday and I says to Abbie Baker—she's my cousin, keepin' house for me—'Abbie,' says I, 'I'm ashamed of myself. Here's Obe Burgess, my old steward and shipmate, livin' over in Wellmouth Port, been livin' there quite a spell now, and he and I ain't been nigh each other to say 'How are you?' and swap yarns. I'm goin' over to see him. He's got a house of his own now and I know he'll be tickled to death to give me a bunk for a night or two. I'm goin' over to make him a little visit. So here I am. How are you, anyway, Obe?"

Mr. Burgess said he was pretty well. He might have been "tickled to death," but, if so, he concealed his feelings. He looked rather frightened and glanced apprehensively at the doorway behind him. And, before either of the pair could say anything more, Mrs. Elvira Howes appeared in that very doorway. Mrs. Howes was a large woman, black-eyed and black-haired, with a determined mouth and chin. She had been washing dishes and her arms were bare to the elbows. She fixed her eyes on Captain Elisha with an uncompromising stare.

The Captain appeared not in the least perturbed by the stare. He lifted his cap and beamed upon the lady. "How d'ye do, ma'am?" he hailed cheerfully. "I don't know as I know you, do I? But any friend of Obadiah's is a friend of mine, that's sartin'. Obe, introduce me!"

Thus prompted, Mr. Burgess falteringly obeyed. "Elviry," he said, "this is my old

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skipper and shipmate, Cap'n 'Lisha Warren of South Denboro. 'Lisha, this is Mrs. Howes —er—er—my housekeeper."

Elisha's winning smile broadened. "I'm glad to meet you, ma'am," he declared. "Housekeeper, hey? Humph! For a minute I didn't know but I was goin' to hear some news. I didn't know but what Obe here had been gettin' . . . . Well—" with an admiring glance at the lady—"I should say he was pretty lucky as 'tis."

The effect of this broadside was not all that might have been expected. Mrs. Howes merely sniffed.

Captain Elisha went on: "I'm pleased to know you, ma'am," he repeated. "Now, Obe, maybe you'll take me somewheres where I can wash up. I drove down from the depot and I appreciate now what 'Dust thou art' means, in Scriptur'. Come on, Obe."

He picked up his suitcase and, bowing and smiling, squeezed past the bulky form of the Widow Howes and entered the house. Obadiah, dazed but obedient, followed. The housekeeper stared after them, but she said nothing—then.

Later, however, she said a good deal. "Who is he?" she demanded, when her fiancé, having conducted his guest to the only vacant bedroom, returned to the kitchen. "Who is he? What's he doin' here?"

Obadiah had asked the last question of the guest himself. The answer he received was emphatic if not satisfying.

"Never mind what I am here for or what I'm goin' to do," Captain Elisha had replied. "I'm here on your account; that's enough for you—now. I don't know how long I'll stay. Don't ask any more questions. And when anybody asks 'em of you, just say I'm your old chum that you haven't seen for years and I'm here because I couldn't live any longer without seein' you."

So, in reply to Elvira's cross-questioning, Mr. Burgess answered as best he could. He and the unexpected visitor were old friends. It was natural enough for old friends to visit each other, wasn't it? And in a sudden burst of unwonted rebellion he demanded: "My soul! Ain't I got a right to have comp'ny come to my own house?"

The lady opened her mouth to reply, but closed it again. When she did speak it was in an entirely different tone. "Of course you have," she answered, sweetly. "Course

WITH HER ARM ABOUT HIS NECK, SHE PUMPED HIM LOVINGLY BUT THOROUGHLY.

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you have, dearie. There! there! you mustn't be cross. You wouldn't be cross to *me*, would you, dearie? Not now! Why," with a dab at her eyes with her apron, "we're not even married yet."

Obadiah sulkily mumbled that he had not meant to be cross. A stranger, skilled in human nature, might have judged it wiser to be "cross" with Mrs. Howes before marriage than after.

At dinner that noon Captain Elisha had the honor of meeting Mr. Calvin Wentworth, late of Fifth Avenue. Mr. Wentworth, for a dying man, was uncommonly bulky and his complexion was anything but pale. He was arrayed like a lily of the field, a somewhat wilted one, and his "debilitated" health had not affected his appetite. He greeted the guest with chilly hauteur.

The Captain was very conversational during the meal. Toward the housekeeper his manner was flattering and admiringly polite. He praised her cooking and, when the news of her engagement to Mr. Burgess was broken—by Wentworth, who treated it as a joke—he rose from his chair and shook Obadiah's hand and that of the lady with tremendous heartiness. Obe was mighty lucky, that was all he could say, he declared. He listened to the great Calvin's aristocratic tales of metropolitan life admiringly, and whenever Mr. Wentworth snubbed him, which was often, he accepted the snub with becoming and grateful humility. Altogether he made a very favorable impression upon every one except Obadiah, who regarded him with amazement and alarm.

Mr. Jabez Small dropped in before dinner was over, and to him, too, Captain Elisha was exceptionally cordial. He had heard of Mr. Small; every one on the Cape had heard of him, of course.

"One of the selectmen over at Denboro was sayin' to me only last Thursday," said the Captain, "that when it come right down to real, good business judgment on any business matter there wa'n't any better man than Jabez Small, over to Wellmouth."

He was glad to hear Obe had his affairs in the hands of such an adviser. There were one or two little investments of his own concerning which he might ask Mr. Small's opinion when he came to know him better. The conversation drifted to stocks and investments, and Mr. Small gave his views, and Mr. Wentworth condescended to give his, and the Captain listened respectfully and eagerly. While he listened he shot admiring glances at Mrs. Howes.

By the time dinner was over there was no doubt that Captain Elisha had made a good impression. Also that he had inspired interest. Mr. Burgess was waylaid and questioned three separate times that afternoon. First by Mr. Small, who asked how much the Captain was supposed to be worth. Obadiah said he didn't know, but he cal'lated twenty thousand, anyhow, besides his house and land. Mr. Wentworth asked much the same thing, but in a much more careless and languid way. As for the Widow Elvira she cornered her prospective husband in the sitting-room and, with her arm about his neck, pumped him lovingly but thoroughly.

"So he's rich as that?" she said.

"Yup, I guess likely. Don't hang on to me so; you're wiltin' my collar."

"Never mind your old collar. I can iron you another one. He doesn't look like a rich man. Acts sort of simple-minded, seems to me."

Obadiah stirred uneasily. He was inclined to agree with her. And yet Captain Warren, in the old days, had been anything but simple-minded. "Maybe he is simple now," he admitted gloomily. "Get us salt-water fellers ashore and we kind of lose our grip, sort of. Ought to stay on board ship—that's where we belong."

"Never mind, dearie. *You'll* have somebody to love you and take care of you. Now poor Captain Warren hasn't anybody. He's a bachelor, you said?"

"Um—hm. Oh, good land! do let go of me. I'm goin' outdoor for a walk."

He went and did not return until suppertime. And during supper and afterward Captain Elisha was as agreeable and receptive and simple-minded as at dinner.

So he continued to be during the next day and the next. Obadiah saw but little of him; either Mr. Wentworth or Mr. Small or Mrs. Howes, or two of them, or all three together, were with him continually. They had evidently taken a great fancy to the innocent, kindly, wealthy, retired sea-dog. Mr. Burgess couldn't understand it.

"What makes 'em so everlastin' chummy with you, 'Lish?" he demanded, on one of the rare occasions when he and his guest happened to be alone together. "I thought first they'd be down on you for comin' here and on me for lettin' you come, but they

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"FOR THE LAND SAKES!" HE DEMANDED, "WHY DON'T YOU SAY SOMETHIN'? AIN'T YOU SURPRISED?"

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ain't. They—they—by godfreys! they love you like a brother, all hands of 'em. Why? That's what I want to know. Why?"

Captain Elisha smiled. "They're bein' kind to me, that's all, Obe," he said, calmly. "They're such kind-hearted folks they can't help it. Jabez Small is helpin' me in a business way. He's got a little investment—a land speculation, sort of—he's goin' to put in my way. Goin' to make a little money for me. It's real good of him."

"Humph! Well, maybe so. But what's that—that Cousin Calvin doin'? *He* ain't helpin' you make money, is he? He don't care about money. All he wants to do is to be let die in peace."

"No, no, he ain't doin' anything of that kind. Fact is, Obe, he's been sort of lonesome here; nobody of just his kind to associate with, you see. I'm a man of the world, he says, and I've traveled a good deal, so he likes to talk to me. He's real nice; not proud a bit. Just as common and everyday as if I was a New Yorker like him. Why, he borrowed twenty dollars off me yesterday; he'd been expectin' a dividend check and it hadn't come."

"Humph! All right. *I* wa'n't good enough for him, I could see that. But what about Elviry? What makes her so sweet and lovely to you? A body would think 'twas you, not me, she was engaged to. She ain't hardly spoke to me for two days."

The Captain laughed. "Ain't gettin' jealous, are you, Obe?" he asked.

Mr. Burgess snorted. "Jealous!" he repeated. "My godfreys! You can have her for all me. But 'Lisha, I can't understand——"

"You don't have to understand, Obadiah. All you've got to do is to eat your three meals a day and keep your hatches closed the rest of the time. I'm skipper of this craft; you're only passenger this v'yage, even if the ship does belong to you."

It was at dinner the day after this—to Obadiah—unsatisfactory interview that the conversation turned to the subject of mining stocks. Most of the table talks for the past few days had had a distinctly financial flavor, drifting from cranberry-bog profits to land values and from these to speculations on the stock exchange. In all these discussions Mr. Small had been the leader, with Calvin Wentworth a close second and Captain Warren an interested listener. Occasionally he offered an observation based upon his own experience as an investor, but for the most part his remarks had been merely admiring exclamation points. In this particular instance, however, it was he who voiced the belief that mines and mine land were "about as good risks as there is."

"Why, I've known of land," he declared, "land out there in the West, that turned out to be solid full of gold and silver. Yes sir, solid full, as you might say."

Jabez Small grinned. "Yup," he observed, with sarcasm, "and I've known a plaguy sight more that proved to be full of hot air, and nothin' else. Don't talk to me about mine land out West! I've had my experience with that sort of stuff. So's Elviry here. Her husband was one of them miners. A healthy lot of money *he* made! Ain't that so, Elviry?"

Mrs. Howes sniffed. "I should think so," she said. "I've got some deeds to mine land out there now that I'd be glad to sell for carpet linin', if anybody'd buy 'em."

Mr. Wentworth smiled tolerantly. "Mining stocks," he observed, "are principally wild-cat; nothing more. Speculating in them is like following the ponies, or bucking faro; the other fellow wins most of the time."

Captain Elisha nodded. "I suppose likely you ought to know," he said. "You've had so much experience."

Mr. Wentworth started. "What?" he asked, sharply.

"I mean you've had so much more experience in minin' land than I have. But all the same every once in a while there's a strike, and a big strike, out West there. Why, I had a letter from a feller out in Montana only 'tother day, and he wrote me that he knew of a big strike that had just been made. 'Twas bein' kept quiet, but those on the inside was buyin' up every foot of land they could get."

Mrs. Howes laughed shrilly. "I wish they'd buy mine," she said. "I'd sell it cheap. There! there! what's the use of talkin' silly? Do have another piece of pie, Cap'n Warren. I baked it purpose for you. *Do* take another piece, to please *me*."

Captain Elisha passed his plate for the "other piece." His hand and that of the widow touched. Mr. Small, who seemed to notice most things, may have

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noticed this. At any rate, when he spoke his tone was rather sharp.

"There's other things besides talk about minin' stocks that's silly and don't come to nothin'," he observed. "Folks who meddle with 'em better be careful."

He was looking straight at the housekeeper, who tossed her head, but looked a bit uneasy nevertheless. Captain Elisha began his attack on the pie.

"Where is this mine land of yours, Mrs. Howes?" he asked.

"Oh, that's out in Montana somewheres, too. A place called Coyote Run, I believe."

The fork fell from the Captain's hand. "Coyote Run!" he repeated. "Coyote Run! Why, that's—" He stopped, swallowed, and hurriedly picked up the fork. Jabez Small and Mr. Wentworth were watching him intently.

"What were you goin' to say?" asked the former, after a moment.

The Captain either did not hear or pretended not to. Jabez repeated his question.

"Oh, nothin'! nothin'!" was the hasty answer. "My, this is good pie! Don't cal'late I ever eat any better."

Calvin spoke next. "You never heard of this—what is it?—Coyote Run, did you, Captain?" he asked.

Captain Elisha did not look up. He shook his head. To Obadiah his manner seemed embarrassed, almost guilty.

All that afternoon he was unusually attentive to Mrs. Howes. If Mr. Burgess had been inclined to jealousy he might have found cause. Being distinctly not inclined that way, he did not mind in the least. At four the Captain went to his room, remained there a few moments, and then went out. Mr. Small saw him go; so did Mr. Wentworth. And upon his return both were in sight and hearing.

"Where've you been, 'Lish?" asked Obadiah.

Captain Elisha waved a warning hand. "Shh!" he said. "I've been up to the Center, to the telegraph office. But say, Obe," he nodded, "you needn't tell any one else that."

The following day he divided his time between the widow's society and the sitting-room. Mr. Burgess asked him to go for a walk alongshore. He declined. He was expecting something, he said, and wanted to be on hand when it arrived. Mr. Small heard him say this; so did Cousin Calvin.

After supper that evening he went out again, alone. When he returned to the sitting-room he found Mr. Small and Mr. Wentworth there, both, apparently, paying strict attention to the morning papers. Obadiah and Mrs. Howes were in the kitchen washing dishes.

"Hello, Jabez!" said the Captain, uneasily. "Evenin', Mr. Wentworth. Say, there ain't either of you fellers seen a—a message—a telegram for me, have you? The operator up to the Center said he sent it down about an hour ago. Have either of you seen it?"

Wentworth declared he had not seen the telegram. He appeared much interested. Small slapped his knee.

"There!" he declared. "I'm mighty glad you spoke of it, Cap'n. I'm losin' my memory, I guess. I signed for it down to the gate and put it in my pocket. I'd have forgot it sure if you hadn't spoke. This is it, ain't it?"

From his pocket he produced a yellow envelope. Captain Elisha seized it eagerly and with evident relief. "Yup," he cried. "I guess this is it. Humph! They don't use very good mucilage up to that office, do they? You'd hardly think this envelope had been sealed at all."

Jabez nodded. "That's the way the Government skins us voters," he declared. "I've noticed it more'n once."

Mr. Wentworth said nothing, but he regarded the speaker intently. Captain Elisha seemed to regard only that telegram.

"Whew!" he whistled, under his breath.

Calvin sat up in his chair. "Anything important, Captain?" he asked.

"Oh, no, no!"—quickly. "Just—just a little somethin' about—about a personal matter of mine, that's all. Well, I'm glad it's no worse."

He tore the telegram in pieces and tossed them into the waste-basket.

That night, after the lamps had been extinguished, after Mr. Small had gone home and the other inmates of the Burgess cottage had retired, long after Wellmouth Port in general was wrapped in slumber, the aristocratic Mr. Calvin Wentworth sat at the table in his own room, busily at work.

The sitting-room waste-basket stood on the floor beside him and he was fitting together torn bits of yellow paper. When the last bit was in place Mr. Wentworth read this:

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"I WAS JUST PEEKIN' OUT OF MY WINDOW AND I SEE 'EM SNEAK AWAY TOGETHER."

CAPTAIN ELISHA WARREN,
Wellmouth Port, Mass.
Property you mention now worth at least a thousand dollars a foot. S. WARREN

III

During the next few days, the widow Howes became, all at once, the most popular member of the household. Not only did Captain Elisha seem eager for her society, but so, too, did Cousin Calvin and Mr. Small. The attitude of the latter pair had changed utterly. Jabez, heretofore, had been rather domineering and overbearing in his manner toward the housekeeper whom he had selected for his neighbor. Now he was extremely kind, even eager to please her and to be with her. Mr. Wentworth had either ignored her utterly or treated her as an inferior, a servant. Now, all at once, he began to treat her as an equal, a friend. His politeness and gallantry were quite wonderful. Captain Warren's attentions were thrown into the shade by those of the other two.

As for Obadiah, he was nowhere. No one, least of all Elvira herself, paid any attention to him. He questioned the Captain, but the answer he received did not help to solve the riddle. Captain Elisha bruskly bade him "say nothin' and saw wood," if he had any to saw. Obadiah was aggrieved.

"All right," he said, "al-l right. Course 'tain't none of *my* business. *I* ain't nobody in this house no more. All I am is the poor fool that owns the house and is engaged to marry the woman, that's all."

"Do you *want* to marry her?"

"*Want* to? You know——"

"Well then; don't worry, that's all. And don't ask questions."

"I ain't askin' any—except one. What in time has got into you folks, you and Calvin and Jabez? I swan to man you all act to me as if you'd gone loony over Elviry Howes."

"Maybe we have. She's a pretty fine figger of a woman—for her age."

"Humph! My soul! I never knew you was much of a hand at figgers. You've been an old bach all these years. And as for Jabez—why, he's been down on women ever since his wife died. And that 'debilitated' Calvin—I can't understand *him*. A body would have thought nobody short of the Queen of Sheby would have been good enough. And now you're all three makin'

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up to her and bowin' and scrapin' and fetchin' and carryin'! What are you up to? A body'd think all three wanted to get her away from me and marry her yourselves."

"Humph! Perhaps we do."

"You do! Well," in huge disgust, "if this is your great plan it's a funny one. If them other two want to get her, let 'em, I'd say. But I did think *you* had more sense!"

The Captain laid a hand on his friend's shoulder. "Never mind my sense, Obe," he said. "This ain't a question of sense—it's dollars."

For three more days the trio of new converts at the Howes shrine ran a neck-and-neck race. Elvira was kind to all three, also she was kind to Obadiah. Then, all at once, Mr. Small dropped out of the race. He suddenly ceased to "bow and scrape" before the widow and seemed to have lost interest in her and her affairs.

It was on the evening of the third day that Mrs. Howes again questioned her fiancé. "Obadiah, dear," she said, "I suppose we'll be real rich when your Cousin Calvin dies. How rich is he, did you say?"

"Don't know," was the sullen answer. Mr. Burgess strongly resented the "we". "I don't know how much he's got. Got enough, I guess. A body'd think he'd live on it 'stead of wantin' to die on me."

"Oh, dearie! now ain't that kind of ungrateful, when he's goin' to leave it all to you? And there must be a lot. Ten thousand, do you think?"

"Ought to be four times that. His dad left him fifty, anyhow, and he's always talkin' about his 'investments.' "

"Yes—yes, so he is. And Cap'n Warren is rich, too. But he isn't as rich as that; he hasn't got forty thousand?"

"'Lisha? No, no. Not much more'n half that. Why? What do you care how much he's got?"

"Oh, I don't. I don't, of course. But there! I mustn't sit here. I've got things to do."

She went away then, and without the customary kiss at parting. Obadiah shed no tears over this omission.

This was on Friday. On Monday morning, when he came down-stairs it was past the usual breakfast hour, but to his astonishment no breakfast awaited him. The table was not set, the window-shades were down, and there was a general air of desertion about the sitting-room and dining-room and kitchen. Obadiah couldn't understand it. He went out of doors and there, on the bench by the back door, sat Captain Elisha, an expression of serene contentment on his face.

"Where's Elviry?" demanded Mr. Burgess.

"I don't know where she is."

"You don't? Where's Calvin?"

"I don't know that, either, but I have my suspicions. Did you get your note, Obe?"

"Note? What note?"

"There was an envelope addressed to you layin' on the dinin'-room table when I come down. I'd read it if I was you."

Obadiah hastened into the house. When he reappeared he was holding a letter in his hand and on his face was a strange expression—an expression of great surprise, chagrin, and—relief.

"My godfreys!" he exclaimed. "My godfreys mighty! They—they've gone!"

"Who's gone?"

"Elviry and—and that Cousin Calvin. They've cleared out and got married and—and— Here! My soul! Read that!"

Captain Elisha took the letter. He read it through, then he handed it back without a word. His friend stared at him in amazement.

"For the land sakes!" he demanded. "Why don't you say somethin'? They've gone—cleared out—married! And you set there and——Ain't you surprised?"

"Not very. Yesterday your precious cousin borrowed a hundred from me and I had a suspicion 'twould pay honeymoon expenses. I heard tiptoein' and whisperin' down in the sittin'-room about six this mornin'. I cal'late they was leavin' then."

Obadiah gasped. "And she married him!" he exclaimed. "Run off with him, after pretendin' to be so dead sot on me!"

"Well—" calmly—"do you feel bad?"

"Bad! *bad?* No—o; but—but why should she want to marry *him?*"

"She thinks he's worth thirty or forty thousand dollars and a dyin' man besides. I guess that's the answer."

"Humph! The schemin', sneakin' hussy! And that money was comin' to me. To *me*, by godfreys!"

"I shouldn't worry. Nigh's I can find out, your debilitated cousin gambled and horse-raced away every cent his dad left him, long ago. I had Cousin Calvin's record looked up afore I come here, Obe."

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Mr. Burgess received this shock in silence. Then he said: "The dum scamp! Then all he wanted to come here and die for was so's I'd pay the bills?"

"That's about all, I guess. He knew you were easy, Obe."

Obadiah took another period for reflection. Then he shook his head. "But Elviry?" he observed. "What made him take up with her? He—he never'd even look at her first along; and then all at once he starts in makin' love to her. What's the answer to that?"

Captain Elisha smiled. "Here comes your friend, the business man," he said. "Maybe he's got that answer."

Jabez Small was approaching across the yard. He was grinning—a grin of complete and somewhat malicious satisfaction.

"Well, Obe," he observed, "how's it feel to be a cast-off? Oh, I know all about it. I was peekin' out of my window and I see 'em sneak away together. The depot wagon was waitin' for 'em up at the corner. I knew what they was up to."

"You knew? And you let 'em go?"

"Sartin. Why not? 'Twa'n't any of my business—not now. I didn't care nothin' about him—the snake in the grass—pretendin' to be worth so much money when he didn't have a cent."

"I told Jabez what I'd found out about Wentworth," explained Elisha.

"But you cared about Elviry." Obadiah's tone was shrill and emphatic. "You told me she was everything that was fine. Why, 'twas you fetched her here in the first place."

"That's all right. Business first—that's my motto. Her husband owed me money, and the only way I could get it was fetchin' her here and takin' so much a week out of her wages. Look out for Number One—that's what I say."

The man of business chuckled. Then he turned to Captain Elisha. "I kind of put one over on you, too, Warren," he declared. "On you and on Wentworth, too, drat him. He found out, same as I did, that that Montana land of hers is worth a thousand a foot. That's what he married her for. You'd have done it, too—only he got ahead of you. But I got ahead of you both. *She* didn't know the land was worth nothin', and I bought the deeds off her last Thursday. Only give five hundred for 'em. He! he! he!"

Obadiah was speechless. Captain Elisha regarded Mr. Small intently. "So you opened the telegram envelope, did you, Small?" he observed. "Well, I thought you would."

"You thought I would! What do you mean by that?"

"Just what I say. I had that telegram delivered to you on purpose. I knew you'd be low-down enough to open it and read it. And I had a pretty good idea that Cousin Calvin would get it out of the waste-basket and read it, too. He did, I guess. Anyhow, I saw him sneak up-stairs with the basket. You both did just what I meant for you to do—just exactly."

Mr. Small turned red. "I—I don't care," he snarled. "I got ahead of you, anyhow. I bought that land."

"Yes, you bought it. Maybe you can sell it some time—for carpet linin'."

"Carpet linin'! That telegram said 'twas wuth——"

"Oh no, it didn't. That telegram was an answer to one I sent. I asked what some property my nephew owns in New York was sellin' at now. *I* ain't interested in minin' land 'way out in Montana. I leave that for you business fellers."

That evening Captain Elisha and Obadiah concluded one more business transaction. The Captain bought the Burgess homestead and the land upon which it stood for three thousand dollars.

"It's a fair price," he said; "more than the land company offered. I'll take out my expenses, the money I lent Cousin Calvin. The rest is yours. And now, Obadiah, you can travel, if you want to. Fact is, I think you'd better. The bride and groom will be comin' back here pretty soon, when the hundred is gone, and maybe——"

Mr. Burgess interrupted. "I'll go," he declared. "I'll start tomorrow mornin' for — for Syracuse, or somewheres. But, 'Lisha—" he grasped his friend's hand—"how can I thank you for all you've done! You handled it better'n anybody ever I see. I—I——"

The Captain laughed.

"That's all right," he said. "I got my sailin' orders out of the Bible. You was the feller that fell amongst thieves—remember, I told you that—and I— Well, I was the other feller, the Samaritan one. Everybody has to be a Samaritan once in a while."

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BASEBALL IS A PRETTY SICK OLD SPORT JUST NOW.

The DOLLAR DEMON and the NATIONAL GAME

By
IRVING E SANBORN

ILLUSTRATIONS
BY
JOHN SLOAN

WHAT happened to Julius Cæsar several years before any of us were born was a mere playful rib-tickle compared to what they have been handing baseball recently. So far it has survived the wounds inflicted by false friends and protégés, but it is a pretty sick old sport just now. A radical operation and careful nursing may save it, but I would rather insure the life of a biograph film in Hades than that of baseball under present treatment.

Selfishness and greed permeating the whole structure, wrangling and strife among the promoters, soon will transform the grand old game so completely that even its friends can not identify it without the aid of the Bertillon system. Instead of the gripping obsession of a nation, easily within reach of the masses six months of every year, there will be evolved a sort of grand opera of the diamond, exploiting gifted athletes as full of temperament as a flock of *prime donne*, and receiving so many thousands for each performance that only limited seasons in the wealthier cities will be profitable.

Talk about "three major leagues"! The

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way things are going there soon will be only one circuit for star players, composed of New York, Chicago, Boston, and a vagrant fourth member located intermittently wherever enough optimists can be uncovered to pocket the deficits.

When the Federal League, because of its inability to butt into the feed-box, attacked the foundations on which organized baseball had stood so insecurely for more than ten years, it started something that was bound to result eventually in some kind of a wreck.

THE "GENTLEMAN'S AGREEMENT" IN BASEBALL

Invariably the over-prosperous grow so fat, mentally speaking, that they can not see their own feet, doubling their liability to stumble and fall over bricks that are perfectly obvious to others. That was the fate of the National and American leagues, which prospered tremendously under conditions too nearly ideal to be fool-proof. Operating since 1903 under a system little more substantial than a "gentleman's agreement," baseball promoters established property rights which some of them imagined were real instead of ephemeral.

The national agreement on which was erected the structure of organized baseball was designed to protect promoter, player, and public perpetually from all the elements that threatened the sport. Wisely observed, it would have done so indefinitely without opposition. This agreement established the American and National leagues on an equality, as so-called majors. It bound the club-owners of each to let the other's players alone and to confine themselves to the yards in which they had been playing — the National to Boston, New York, Brooklyn, Philadelphia, Pittsburgh, Cincinnati, Chicago, and St. Louis; the American to St. Louis, Chicago, Cleveland, Detroit, Philadelphia, Washington, New York, and Boston. It ceded the rest of the earth to the minor leagues, with two important provisos—that the minors be satisfied with the residue of the map, and that they surrender to the majors on demand at a fixed price any star players they discovered.

Besides this allotment of territory, the national agreement, by the right of reservation, entitled the discoverer of a player to something akin to a copyright, prohibiting anybody else from profiting by the "find" except by purchasing said copyright. It protected players from oblivion in the minors by a draft system so strong that no perniciously-disposed promoter could hide the light of a star under a bushel. It protected the public from too much or too bad baseball by restricting the output and providing severe punishment for indifferent or dishonest players.

The Federal promoters expected to break into this combination by financing an independent league to gum up the system so badly that they would be admitted to save trouble. Failing, they attacked organized baseball in court, crying "monopoly!" It may be all that; but organized baseball has developed a clean, healthful sport into what Judge Landis called a "national institution." And experience has shown that professional baseball can not exist healthily without some monopolistic features—if for no other reason, because of the scant supply of real players. There never were enough to keep all sixteen American and National league teams simultaneously up to the standard demanded by the public, even before the Federal League tried last year to establish eight more high-class clubs.

But it would not be fair to put quite all the blame on the Federal League. The mistakes of the self-appointed guardians of baseball were also responsible. Baseball has been under the shadow of the dollar-sign for ten years; and the dollar-sign was in large part the inspiration of the Federal League. Its butting-in, however, tremendously accelerated the commercializing of a great sport. The cost of the diamond celebrity promptly and enormously increased.

With the visible supply practically fixed, the demand intensified fifty per cent., and no lid on "bull" operations, bidding was bound to run high. It will continue to soar unless there is a change. But there must be a limit.

Before the advent of the windmill there was a popular impression that water would not rise higher than its source. But there is a limit to the power even of the windmill. There also is a more limited supply of water in some spots than in others. Baseball promoters have learned that, without the aid of fat bank-rolls, operating expenses can not increase faster than the turnstiles revolve. There is a limit to the speed of a turnstile, but it clicks faster in some localities than in others. Already a start has

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been made toward concentrating the best playing talent where the speed limit is highest.

The whole machinery of three leagues has been in motion to condense the best attractions into New York, Boston, and Chicago, where the promoters have found it easiest to separate native sons and tourists from their dough, with St. Louis a tentative fourth choice as a battleground for coin.

Collins, Bender, and Plank proved too costly for Philadelphia, where one of the greatest baseball teams of all times has failed to produce enough to pay fair dividends in recent years on the investment necessary properly to stage its performances. The methods of the warring magnates make it difficult to forecast whether these former Athletics will land eventually in Leavenworth, Kansas, or in the Belgian League. But at the time this is being fed into the typewriter it looks as if Chicago would have an opportunity to show its appreciation for the talent of the great Keystone guardian, and the two former Athletic slabmen would agitate Federal League turnstiles in Greater New York and St. Louis. Connie Mack, veteran designer of the Athletics, probably would have been transplanted either to Chicago or to New York if he had not been too deeply rooted in the ownership of his own club.

Washington at first thought Walter Johnson too great a luxury and let him slip away, only to be recaptured later. A whole winter of endeavor has been devoted to concocting viands which, it is hoped, will sharpen New York's blasé baseball appetite. New and progressive owner-

ship, replacing the stand-pat jinx under which the American League had struggled for years without success, was offset in the National League by obtaining Lobert from the Phillies to plug a yawning chasm on the Giants' infield. Even Boston, with one team of world's champions and another of likely candidates for the ultimate honors, has profited in this star-shifting campaign by the addition of Sherwood Magee to the Braves. He, too, was transferred from the unfertile soil of Philadelphia.

Conservation of the bankroll, of course, is the compelling motive in this concentration of talent where wealth is most fluid—and fluent. But the promoters are off the track, speeding up a blind alley, headed for a blank wall. Unless they throw the lever into reverse and step on the gas-pin hard there is going to be a shocking bump. There is no quicker way to dissipate a bank-roll than to crab the source thereof, and baseball backing is furnished by the American public. That is where the money eventually must come from, and it will not be forthcoming in quantities sufficient to support three alleged major leagues even in the big cities when that public sees things being manipulated solely to uplift revenues.

After the smash—if things are allowed to go to smash—somebody will piece together out of the wreckage one four-club league of all-stars.

In their accelerando dash after the dollar everybody connected with baseball, from the chairman of the national commission to the second assistant secretary of the department of bats, seems to have turned his back on the

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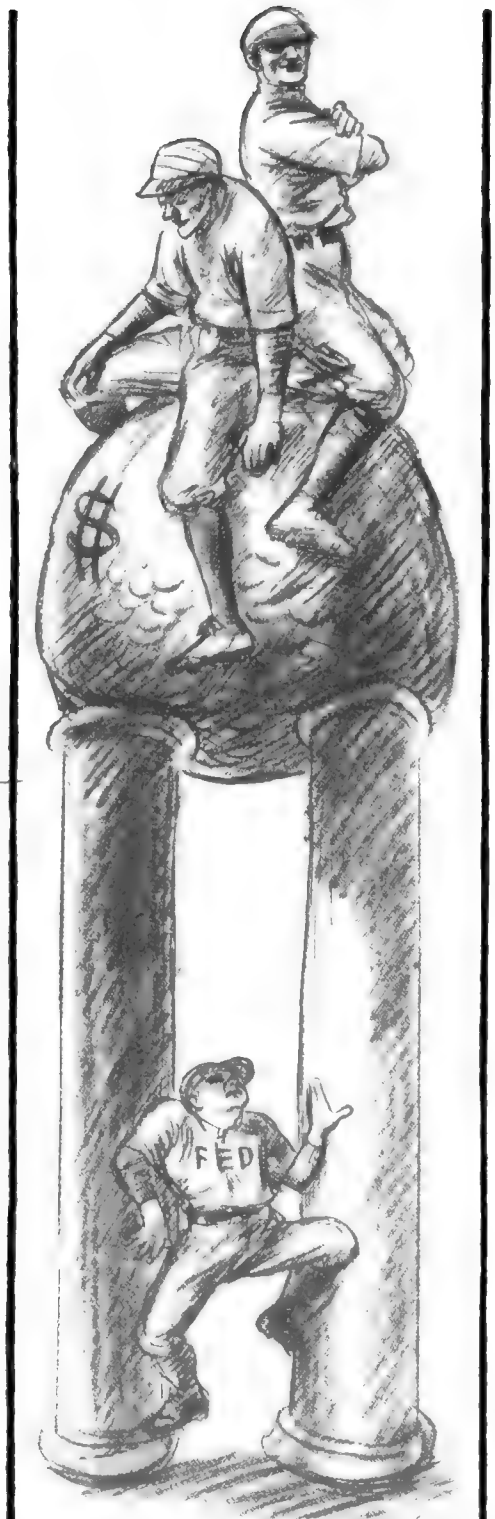

THE DOLLAR-SIGN WAS IN LARGE PART THE INSPIRATION OF THE FEDERAL LEAGUE.

mint. The dollar-sign has replaced the green diamond as the trademark, and this insignia of commercialism has become so prominent it has obscured almost everything else. It need not surprise any one if the rule-makers substitute dollars for baseballs to use in the game.

When they do, there are a lot of players, now batting around six and seven eighths, who will hit over .444. And an outfielder won't muff a fly once in six months.

Time was, not long ago, when the club-owner heralded the acquisition of a new player with some reference to his effect on the team's outlook for a pennant. He used to hand out dope about the newcomer's batting or pitching average, or to mention that he had burned up some bush league's base-lines by stealing more than a century of cushions. Now the promoter puts in the first line of his announcement a life-sized dollar-sign, followed by any old Arabic numeral and a string of ciphers as long as he thinks his public can swallow without turning purple in the map. This is supposed to represent the alleged cost of the player and expected to prove a stronger magnet at the "gate" than any old-fashioned stuff about batting or fielding averages.

There must be something behind the dollar-sign, however, to represent value. You can't make $$$,000.00 pay for many dinners beginning with *hors-d'œuvres* and ending with *café diable*. The wealthy symbol will attract a lot of people once through curiosity, but there must be something else to hold them. The kind of baseball given the public last year will not. The reluctant click of the turnstile in many a city proved that.

The promoters tried to fix the blame for decreased patronage on the Federal League. What possible effect did competition with "outlaws" have on the attendance in Philadelphia or Milwaukee, in both of which towns championship teams cost their backers money? The magnates cussed the European War for what was happening to baseball; but the alien unpleasantness did not break out until the diamond season was two-thirds gone, and patronage began to fall off in May. They blamed everything except the deterioration of their own commodity.

They were blind to the demand of the public that baseball be played out in the open on green diamonds instead of in stuffy court-rooms where the umpire's verdicts are

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subject to so many reviews and reversals that it takes years to win or lose a game. The steady procession of injunctions and incriminations, damage-suits and defamations, resulting from the Federal League's endeavor to bluff its way into organized baseball, has worked havoc which only years can repair.

The "outlaw" promoters utterly disregarded the welfare of the sport in their blindness to everything except their own advertisement and aggrandizement. They attempted to justify their methods by the desperate nature of the battle they were waging. They masked their attacks on the integrity of the sport and the reputation of the ball-player behind an alleged campaign to free diamond athletes from slavery and to bust an iniquitous trust for the benefit of the fans, *née hoi polloi*.

Nothing was farther from the minds of the Federals than this sort of philanthropy. Their inside object was to jimmy their way into the mint—to compel that horrid octopus to adopt them as its ninth tentacle, as the events of last fall proved. This failing, Samson's stuff was utilized—and the court proceedings into which baseball was plunged may wreck the whole concern.

When organized baseball began fighting fire with fire, box scores were crowded out of the sport pages by court proceedings, and foxy lawyers were signed to pinch-hit for favorite athletes, greatly to the disgust of thousands of baseball patrons. Little enough does the public care about the alleged peonage of its diamond idols. Every last one of those collarless rooters out on the bleachers and most of the more comfortable reserved-seat occupants would grab at the chance to become slaves for life at $10,000 or $15,000 per annum. But they don't want to see their idols tied up by court injunctions, besmirched by the charges and cross-fire allegations of belligerent promoters, which, if believed, leave no choice but to suspect the whole sport is played with marked cards. Where the magnates and lawyers left off nauseating the public, the players began.

In twenty-four years I never before saw so much rotten baseball played in one season as last year in the three leagues pretending to majority. Indifference was rampant among the players and they made little effort to mask it. With two-thirds of them signed to iron-clad contracts and the other

GASOLINE HAS BECOME A NECESSITY TO THE MODERN BASEBALL PLAYER.

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third listening to temptations from the Federal League, there was no monetary incentive for the athletes to extend themselves to win, and they didn't. With their salaries for the coming season assured, no matter what happened, it made no difference to most of the players how the score-board looked.

The Players' Union, excellent in theory but misused in practise, merely served to shatter what remnants of discipline were left. The presence of an independent organization alert to pick off a dissatisfied player the moment he was punished by even the mildest of fines, did not tend to strengthen the authority of the manager.

One night in New York Frank Schulte, veteran outfielder of the Cubs, and Henry O'Day, then manager of the team, hooked up in a verbal controversy over a fancied grievance, and the player was suspended. Ten minutes later George Stovall, manager of the St. Louis Federals, who were quartered directly across Columbus Avenue from the Cub beanery, had Schulte by the arm trying to lead him into the fold of the "outlaws." Cooler heads intervened and the player, whose name is inscribed on a tablet in baseball's Hall of Fame, did not jump his contract.

In Philadelphia one day Hal Chase of the White Sox failed to score an important run because he did not slide, but came in to the plate standing up and was nipped by the catcher's touch, which he could easily have avoided. When his attention was called to this cardinal sin, Chase's alibi was that the Athletics' catcher had nonchalantly deposited his mask in the base-line. The catcher had not time to anchor that mask, consequently the runner's feet would have brushed it aside if he had slid. At worst the complete wrecking of the mask would have entailed only slight expense on the opposing club; none whatever on Chase or his teammates. Shortly afterward Chase hopped to the Federal League between days.

In Detroit one night last summer a group of players were standing in front of their hotel after dinner. A teammate joined them and cut in with a line of thought about the particularly hard-luck defeat they had encountered that afternoon. One of the others wheeled and scolded the newcomer this way:

"Shut up, you goof. Eddie's trying to think of some more of the jokes he heard at the burlesque last night."

Next morning, out of curiosity, I asked several of those players where they stood in the pennant race. Only one could tell without consulting a newspaper. They were seventh and didn't care. If they had been nineteenth it would not have made a dollar's difference in their 1915 salaries. That's the answer. The incident is typical, not extraordinary. These athletes were not exceptionally indifferent, and the club to which they owed allegiance made some money last season.

After a spell with the American League my employers sent me over the Federal circuit to whose games novelty and the dollar-sign were attracting some people. There was no such general indifference on the field as prevailed in the older circuits. But the teams of the infant organization were composed of a thin splash of good players in the foreground with a background of inexperienced youngsters and veterans going back. The few stars made the others look worse, and the contrast presented by different departments was so glaring that the average summer girl's sunshade would seem like modest drab by comparison.

PLAYERS WHO WANT TO WIN

Just before the European War happened, the assignment came to take a slant at the Cubs, who then had climbed close to the leading Giants and apparently were in a fair position to cop a large oblong piece of bunting with "National League Champions" engrossed thereon. In spite of careful looking and listening no indication was discovered that the Cubs were in the pennant race. They did not look, act, or talk like champions of anything, and they were not. To be sure, there were those on the team who worked to win games although their salaries for 1915 were assured. One of them called down Zimmerman so hard for pulling a phantom double play that a fracas occurred in the rathskeller at the Brooklyn park between innings.

Lest you have forgotten, a phantom double play usually occurs with runners on first and third bases and one out. When the batsman hits a soft grounder to the third baseman, he steps on his own base, retiring nobody at all, then throws to first, retiring the man who hit the ball, letting the man who was on third score a run unmolested. Three different times the pride of the Bronx

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committed that or a similar *faux pas*, and the player who finally objected so strenuously as to start a ruction was made manager of the Cubs for the next three years without a chance to be fired. The winning spirit sometimes is considered of value.

Nobody blames any star performer for annexing all the coin he can, whether it be nice new Federal currency or dirty old National bank-notes of earlier vintage. No one is expected to insist on a forty-sixty split when it comes to him fifty-fifty or better. But the player who will not work as hard to win a ball-game as to earn a raise in salary has not in him that of which diamond idols are made; nor is he honestly earning his keep.

John Wesley Coombs, discarded Athletic pitcher, caught his spikes in the slab in the ninth inning of what ought to have been the final game of the world's series of 1911 and wrenched his side so severely that he never fully recovered. In spite of managerial advice that day he refused to be relieved and begged to be allowed to complete the victory which already apparently was his. Even his lion's heart was unequal to the task and the Giants won out in ten innings, although it cut no particular figure in any history except Coombs's.

John James Evers, who once won a world's pennant for Chicago by remembering to touch second in a pinch, broke his ankle sliding home on the eve of the world's series of 1910 to win a game the result of which was so inconsequential that it was not worth the risk—and the Cubs lost the big flag that year with John James watching them on crutches. The same Evers was the mainspring of a baseball machine

DOLLAR-SIGNS FOR ADVERTISING.

which was nowhere on July 18 and a world's champion on October 13 of last year. It was composed largely of young persons not yet afflicted by the strabismus that makes the figures on the bi-monthly paycheck loom larger than those on the score-board.

Yet when that Boston array of comparative unknowns upset all the dope by wading through the National League like so much shallow water, and crowned that achievement by the record-breaking feat of beating a supposedly unbeatable galaxy of luminaries in four straight games for the world's pennant, it gave the wise gentry, who live by reading the back of a card, a chance to cast suspicion on the honesty of baseball. Several weeks before the late world's series half a score of big betting men confided in me that they knew to a "moral" that Boston's Braves were scheduled to beat the Athletics, because it would mean a lot of money to the club owners to have a new deal. They declared they were going to take all the short-end bets they could cover and clean up on Boston. All arguments based on the relative abilities of the players were ridiculed.

Later on, these same wise guys, looking as if they had cleaned up well, took turns coming around and poking fun at the very idea that baseball was on the level. They did not even bat an eye at the fact that it cost the promoters thousands of dollars to have the 1914 series end in four games.

It was wasting wind to call the attention of these bettors to their own costly mistake in 1913 when they had it figured out the Athletics were all set to lose the fifth game of that series with the Giants in New York, because nearly $46,000 worth of seats already had been sold

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BASEBALL HAS BEEN TOO PROSPEROUS.

for a sixth game, if necessary, to be played in Philadelphia. To the gamblers it had not seemed possible any one could be so loony as to think of handing back a small fortune, already locked up in the safe, when all that was necessary to retain it was to lose a ball-game without in any way jeopardizing Philadelphia's chances for the world's pennant. But the Giants were beaten 3 to 1, the gamblers were stung plentifully, and the fan citizens recouped their $46,000.

Any one who has been intimately associated with baseball for any length of time knows the sport itself is honest. Those who believe to the contrary have a limited knowledge of the game or else their horizon is shortened by some astigmatism in their own characters. But baseball owes its honesty to itself, not to the exceptional probity of the athletes or promoters connected with it, as is so often claimed. There are more ball-players who would "throw" a game for personal profit, than there are bank clerks who would pinch a $10,000 stack from the teller's cage if they could get away with it. There are more men engaged in the promotion of baseball who would manipulate games so as to increase their own profits, than there are presidents of banks who would misappropriate deposits to bolster up their private investments.

But the honesty of baseball and the safety of your National bank funds are both assured by the impossibility of being crooked without the absolute certainty of detection in the end. It is easier to loot a bank than to fix a pennant race, consequently it has been done oftener. Profit and collusion are essentials. Substantial profits are possible in tampering with baseball only by making sure of the result of a game in advance, and that would require the collusion of so many persons that exposure would be inevitable.

No one ever has suspected Fred Snodgrass of being paid to muff the fly which cost the Giants the world's championship in 1912. Until that fly was batted no one on earth could have foretold that it would be up to Snodgrass to win or lose that series, and there was neither time nor opportunity to slip him any coin while that ball was in the air. Not a lisp of scandal has been heard against Amos Strunk for losing in the sun field that long drive by Deal which resulted in Boston's second victory over the Athletics last October and, in the opinion of numerous experts, decided that world's series.

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Suspicion's searchlight always is directed at the promoter, not the player, because the former is chief custodian of the bank-roll, and the man most likely to profit by fixing anything. Yet nothing can be fixed in baseball without the knowledge and assistance of the ball-player. In more than thirty-five years there has not been discovered an instance of such connivance. If there had been any in all that time it's a cinch some of the many disgruntled athletes, turned loose before they even imagined they were slowing up, would have whispered it to some of the lynx-eared, owl-eyed newspaper reporters always on the alert to uncover anything that will net good "space," and all the world would have known it next day.

The dollar is the microbe, bacillus, or whatever ornery germ it is that has brought baseball to the operating-table. But the disease is of comparatively recent virulence. Fifteen years ago when Charles A. Comiskey invaded Chicago with an American League club, he had to visit a pawnbroker to raise the wind necessary to complete the original White Sox grandstand, which cost something like $25,000. To-day Comiskey owns unencumbered a plant which represents more than $500,000.

To-day there are scores of good players who could finance the original White Sox investment without backing up on the grocer beyond the first of next month. Gasoline has become such a necessity to the modern athlete that Charles W. Somers, owner of the Cleveland club, attributes his light attendance last season partly to the difficulty experienced by patrons in getting into his ball park on account of the players' automobiles parked around it.

THE DOLLAR DEMON'S EARLY DAYS

The process of apotheosizing the dollar in baseball began with the inception of the modern world's series, which has done the sport more good and more harm than any other one thing. Conceived as a combination climax of the season and benefit for the players who had won their respective league championships, it was surrounded by many rules designed to safeguard it from every breath of suspicion; to stand the strongest searchlight. But the dollar-sign was left in evidence everywhere.

Prominent in black type at the front of every story of a world's series combat has

DO THEY WORK AS HARD TO WIN A GAME?

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been a flock of $$$$$$$$$. The gross receipts, the players' pool, the owners' share of the coin, and the national commission's bit always have been featured at the top of the column, usually ahead of the actual result of the game.

At first the dollar-mark was followed by fairly modest figures, but these grew and grew in size, as interest in the diamond derby increased. In the fall of 1912 the players' share of the world's series amounted to nearly $150,000 and each member of the winning team received for his week's endeavor over $4,000—more than Amos Rusie, Buck Ewing, or John Clarkson ever dreamed of getting in a whole year.

This dress parade of the dollar-sign brought in its wake most of the ills that have befallen baseball. As I have said, it was largely responsible for the Federal League. The sight of so much easy money, apparently all velvet, created in the palms of certain men an intense itching. This was intensified by looking at the photographs displayed in baseball offices and other places where fans are wont to congregate. Did you ever see a picture of a baseball crowd that did not look like 11,000,000 people?

One Federal League promoter, discussing his financial outlook before the season opened last spring, figured in all seriousness on a minimum attendance of 5,000 for any of the 154 games his team was scheduled to play. He scoffed at the thought that 5,000 was nearer the average than the minimum for major league crowds. His awakening was rude almost to the point of shocking, for his team played to nineteen paid admissions one day in another city. He admitted, in the light of more mature experience, that his attendance dream had been based on seeing the crowds at important series—the only games he had attended before donning the garments of a promoter. It was like doping out the financial success of any old theatrical venture on the weekly receipts of "Shore Acres," "Secret Service," or "Floradora" at the height of their careers.

More seriously damaging than being foster mother to the Federal League was the dollar-sign's effect on the public and everybody implicated in baseball. When the receipts of a single post-season game amounted to more than the average man earns in an average lifetime, it was small wonder that the average fan opened wide his eyes and ears and developed a set of mental tissues susceptible to infection by the first germ of suspicion that came along.

Moreover, this fast coinage of dollars during world's series warped the vision and characters of promoters and players alike. The chairman of the national commission, the governing body which aimed to protect the contest from every doubt, thought it unbecoming the august dignity of his position to purchase even cigars with small change, so practised flashing thousand-dollar bills at frequent intervals between games. The rival champions, idols of the hour, developed a porcine greed and bristled with indignation because their share of the spoils was something less than the gross receipts. They grunted about the national commission's ten per cent. rake-off, and snorted angrily because the insignificant revenue from the picture-privilege was not put in their trough, too. The owners of the New York Giants objected to having one quarter of their slice of the October melon diverted to the support of the National League and hired wise lawyers to help them keep the whole slice.

Tales of the money madness which has bereft magnate and player of every sense except dollar-sense could be multiplied *ad lib.*

Professional baseball can not thrive without money any more than a duck can swim without water. What April showers mean to the duck-pond, sportsmanship means to baseball's treasury. Without them things are bound to run dry. Commercialism has crowded sport so far from the home-plate that often it requires strong field-glasses to discern it from the grand-stand. The nation's pastime has partaken of too much prosperity. For an overdose of this poison there is no better antidote than adversity, because it acts like an emetic on baseball's most vital organ—the coin chest.

Another season like 1914 will have one of two effects. Either it will rid the patient's arteries of the dollar microbes and make room for more of the red corpuscles of sportsmanship, or there will be more business for the embalmer and all that will be left will be an anemic mummy, preserved to future generations solely for exhibition purposes.

Save the game and the dollars will take care of themselves; but when commerce stalks in at the front door sport flies out the back window. Play ball!

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"MAKING MONEY"

by

OWEN JOHNSON

AUTHOR OF "STOVER AT YALE," "THE SIXTY-FIRST SECOND," ETC.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY JAMES MONTGOMERY FLAGG

TOM BEAUCHAMP CROCKER, otherwise known as "Bojo," just out of Yale, comes to New York to tackle life. He has spent the summer near Doris Drake, daughter of a money magnate, and his heart is set on entering Wall Street; but he expects objections from his father, a wealthy manufacturer, who would like to put his son in his mills. He goes to an apartment which he is to occupy with the rest of "The Big Yale Four"—Marsh, De Lancy, Granning—and they spend the first evening in exchanging frank confessions of their ambitions.

The next day Bojo calls at the Drakes' and, while waiting for Doris, informally meets "Patsie," her young sister, and Patsie's terrier. Patsie is spontaneous and natural, Doris a carefully trained woman of the world. Bojo is not sure he loves Doris, whom he was mad about in schoolboy days, but as they are lunching together he discovers that she cares more for him than he had ever supposed. From Doris he goes to an interview with his father—goes with the expectation of being thrown out if he refuses to enter the mills. His father does try hard to persuade him, to give him his view of their common work; but at last he writes the boy a check for fifty thousand dollars to use in trying out Wall Street, with the prophecy that he will lose it all within two years.

"DRINA, DEAR CHILD," HE SAID IN A WHISPER.

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A week later Bojo has an interview with Drake, who frankly tells him that he wants him for a son-in-law, and helps him to start for himself in Wall Street. Bojo enters the offices of a brokerage firm and makes rapid advances. Through Doris, who has constituted herself his General Manager, he gets a tip on Indiana Smelters, and not only clears thirty-three thousand dollars himself, but passes the tip to his firm and his friends, who make big winnings. But Bojo is disturbed because he thinks the tip came through Jimmie Boskirk, who wants to marry Doris and whom Bojo thoroughly detests.

At the ball given by the Drakes before the eldest daughter's marriage to a duke, Patsie "comes out" and makes a deep impression on Bojo. But Doris, with her beauty and her ambition, fires him with thoughts of the brilliant future before them.

All the big Wall Street magnates, particularly Borneman and Haggerdy, are at the ball, speculating about Drake's next moves. He startles them by giving Borneman orders to sell several stocks the next morning. Borneman, believing Drake is long of the market, pronounces this a mere bluff.

THE evening was still at its height as Daniel Drake left Haggerdy and Borneman with their heads together puzzling over the significance of his selling orders.

"Let them crack that nut," he said, chuckling grimly. "Borneman will worry himself sick for fear I'll catch him again." And he looked around for further opportunities. Across the room through the shift of gay colors he saw the low, heavy-shouldered figure of Gunther, the banker, in conversation with Fontaine and Marcus Stone. Gunther was a genius of common sense whose unhuman gift of silence had magnified in the popular imagination the traits of tenacity, patience, and stability which in the delicately constructed mechanism of confidence and credit had made him an indispensable balance-wheel. Fontaine was of the old landed aristocracy, Stone a Middle-Westerner floated to wealth on the miraculous flood of oil.

Aware that every conversation would be noted, Drake allowed several minutes to pass before approaching the group, and then, profiting by a movement of the crowd, contrived to carry off Gunther on the pretext of showing him a new purchase of Chinese porcelains in the library. They remained a full twenty minutes engrossed in the examination of the porcelains and Renaissance bronzes, of which Gunther was a connoisseur, and returned without a mention of matters financial. But as Wall Street men are as credulous as children, this interview made an immense impression, for Gunther was of such power that no broker was willing to concede that the slightest move of his could be without significance.

In the next hour Drake conversed with a dozen men, seemingly bending before their advice, bullish or bearish, mixing up his orders so adroitly that had the entire list been spread before one man, it would have been impossible to say which was the principal point of attack. At two o'clock, as the party began to thin out, Borneman and Haggerdy came up to shake hands, Borneman restless and worried, Haggerdy impassive and brooding.

"What, going already? Haven't they been treating you right?" said Drake jovially.

"Dan, you've a great poker face," said Borneman slyly.

"In what way?"

"That was quite a little bluff you threw into us—those selling orders. Orders are cheap *before* business hours."

"So you think I'll call up in the morning, bright and early, and cancel?"

Borneman nodded with a nervous, jerky motion of his head.

"I suppose you've been sort of fretting over those orders all evening. Trouble with you, Al, is *you* don't play poker: great game. Teaches you to size up a bluff from a stacked hand."

"I've got your game figured out this time all right," said Borneman with his ferret's squint.

"Have you told Haggerdy?" said Drake, laughing. "You have. Want a little bet on it? A thousand I'll tell you exactly what you've figured out." He took a bill from his pocketbook and held it out tauntingly. "Are you game?"

Borneman hesitated and frowned. Then he nodded.

"My check to-morrow if you win. What exactly have I figured your game to be?"

"You've figured out that I am long to the guzzle in the market, and that I'm putting up a bluff at running down values to get you fellows to run stocks up on me while

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I unload. Credit that thousand to my account. I'm going to use it!"

Haggerdy smiled grimly, while Borneman, completely perplexed, stood staring at the manipulator like a startled child. Drake shook hands with them, and returned to the supper-room, where he signaled Crocker and drew him aside.

"Tom, I'll have a little something for you to do to-morrow. It's about time we started moving things. I'm going to put some orders in through you and I'm going to operate some through one of my agents. Put this away in your head—Joseph R. Skelly. Write it down when you get home. Anything that comes through him, I stand behind. We won't do anything in a rush, but we'll lay a few lines. To-morrow I want you to sell for me—" He paused and deliberated, suddenly changing his mind. "No, do it this way. Call me up from your office at twelve—no, eleven sharp. I've got that wedding at three. Ask for me personally. Understand? All right?"

At half-past three Fred DeLancy, Marsh, and Bojo went out with the last stragglers. Fred was in high spirits, keeping them in roars of laughter, on the brisk walk home. He had been with Gladys Stone constantly all the evening, and the two friends had watched a whispered parting on the stairs.

"I believe it's a go," said Marsh while DeLancy was passing the time of day with the policeman at the corner. (Fred was assiduous in his cultivation of the force; he called it "accident insurance.")

"Something was settled," said Bojo, nodding. "I passed them once tucked in back of a palm, and they stopped talking like a shot. Wish we had the infant safely put away, Roscy."

"So do I."

The streets were unearthly still and inhuman as they came back to Ali Baba Court, with all the windows black, and only the iron lanterns at the entrances shining their foggy welcome.

Alone in his room, Bojo did not go to bed at once. He was nervously awake, revolving in his mind many new impressions, new ambitions, and strange philosophies. The evening at the Drakes' had swept from him his last prejudices against the adventurous life on which he had embarked. There was something overpowering in the spectacle of society as he had seen it, something so insolently triumphant and aloof from all plodding standards, so dramatically enticing, that he felt no longer compunctions but only fierce desires. The appetite had entered his veins, infusing its fever. The few words Drake had spoken to him had sent his hope soaring.

The market went off a shade the next morning, rallied, and then weakened under a steady stream of selling orders. Rumors filled the air of possible causes known only to the inside group—a conflict of big interests, a suit for dissolution or a Federal investigation. Something was up—Drake's name was whispered about, along with Haggerdy's and a Western group. On the Exchange a hundred rumors came into existence like newly hatched swarms of insects. Some one was steadily "bearing" Eastern railroads and some one as obstinately supporting them; but who, remained a mystery.

At eleven o'clock, true to appointment, Bojo called up Daniel Drake on his private wire and received an order to buy at once 500 shares of Seaboard Air Line and sell 500 of New Orleans & Pittsburgh. He turned the order over to Forshay, with the caution of secrecy that had been transmitted to him. This transaction created quite a flurry, and after a consultation Forshay was delegated to sound Bojo.

"Personal order from the old man himself?" he said when he had reported to Bojo the execution of the order. "Nothing confidential, of course. Happened to hear you telephone."

"Why, no," said Bojo, telephoning in his report.

"Suppose you've an inkling what's up? Naturally you have," said Forshay. "Now I'm not going to beat around the bush or worm things out of you. We're mighty grateful to you, Tom, for the shot at Indiana Smelters. If you can let us in on anything, why, do so. You understand. I've been talking things over with Hauk & Flaspoller. If Drake's going into the market, we don't see why we can't be of use. 'Course, on account of your relations, he probably wouldn't want to do much openly here. Too many eyes on us. But what we want you to put up to him is—we can cover things up as well as any one else. Any orders to be placed quietly, we can work through certain channels—you understand. By the way, doing anything on your own account?"

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"Not yet."

"Don't want to talk?"

Bojo shrugged his shoulders. "I'm quite in the dark, Mr. Forshay," he said cautiously.

Forshay took a few steps thoughtfully about the room, stopping curiously to examine the tape, and came back.

"Look here, Tom, if there's anything on a big scale on, why shouldn't we get a whack at it? We consider you a sort of a member of the firm. I made you a proposition once. Perhaps we can better it now." He hesitated, rearranging the sheets on the desk before him. "I'm trying to see how we could work this out. It's not exactly etiquette to give commissions down here—though why, the Lord knows. Suppose I work out a scale of salary—to meet, say, certain eventualities. Let me think that over." He stopped, considered Bojo thoughtfully, and added: "Tom, we want some of Drake's business. No reason in the world why you shouldn't get it. You know us. You know we can be trusted, and you know we are appreciative—understand?"

"I can try," said Bojo doubtfully.

But to his surprise when he approached Drake on the following night he found a receptive listener.

"Don't know but what I could use your firm," said the operator thoughtfully, "for what I want them to know. Get your raise, but keep out of the firm—for the present anyhow. Just now I'm holding back a little, Tom; a little early to uncover my game. Tell you, though, what you might do: sell five hundred shares a day of New Orleans & Pittsburgh for me, but tell them to break it up, 100 here and 100 there. I don't mind telling you one thing, but keep it under your belt; no confidences this time." He looked up sharply at the young fellow, who twisted on his heel under the look. "Confidences sometimes react and I don't want the cat out of the bag. What's New Orleans & Pittsburgh quoted?"

"47 ⅛ closing," said Bojo.

"A month from to-day it'll sell below thirty. And another thing, Tom: don't go trying any fliers on your own hook, without coming to me. You had fool's luck once; don't try it again. Remember, I'm manipulating this pool and I have my ways!"

"WANT A LITTLE BET ON IT? A THOUSAND? ARE YOU GAME?"

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This time Bojo was under no illusions. Despite his warning he knew in the bottom of his heart that when the moment came he would operate for himself. However, he resolved on two things: to share his secret with no one and to watch the course of New Orleans & Pittsburgh for a week before making up his mind. The first flurry had subsided. To the surprise of every one the attack ceased overnight. The list resumed its normal position with the exception of several Southern railroad stocks, notably New Orleans & Pittsburgh, which remained heavy, declining fractionally.

During these days Bojo resolutely stuck to his resolve, imparting no information, keeping out of the market himself. On the announcement of the first order for Drake his salary was raised to $125 a week, and the affection of the firm showed itself in several invitations to enter the consultation. Each day Forshay found opportunity to ask in a casual way:

"Not doing anything on your own hook, yet, eh? Sort of watching developments?"

Ten days after the first attack, another flurry arrived, but this time the attack was from the open, from all the bear cohorts who for months had been grumbling in vain, predicting disaster from inflation and the panic that must follow inevitable readjustment. Borneman and his crowd sold openly and viciously, raiding all stocks alike, particularly industrials. That day among other orders Hauk, Flaspoller & Forshay sold 10,000 shares of New Orleans & Pittsburgh, which broke from 44 to 39⅝ under savage pounding. Crocker resisted no longer and sold a thousand for his own account. That day Forshay failed to make his usual inquiry.

After three days of convulsive advances and speedy falls, the attack again slackened, but this time the whole list rallied with difficulty, receding almost imperceptibly, slowly yielding under a decided change of public sentiment. When New Orleans & Pittsburgh touched 38½ Bojo squared his conscience to the extent of exacting the most solemn promises of undying secrecy from Fred and Marsh before communicating to them the information that he had agreed to place $50,000 in a pool which Drake was engineering—a pool whose purpose he firmly believed was to sell short and make a killing of New Orleans & Pittsburgh.

BORNEMAN HESITATED AND FROWNED. THEN HE NODDED.

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He imparted the confidence not simply because it had become an almost intolerable secret to carry, but for deeper reasons. Fred DeLancy had sunk half of his former profits in the purchase of an automobile and in free spending, and Marsh was faced with serious losses on the paper from a strike of compositors and a falling of advertising as a result of the new radical policy of the editorial page.

Bojo butts in

SUNDAY the four were accustomed to lounge through the morning and saunter down the Avenue for a late luncheon at the Brevoort. On the present date Granning was stretched on the window-seat rereading a favorite novel of Dumas, Bojo and Marsh pulling at their pipes in a deep discussion of an important rumor which might considerably affect the downward progress of New Orleans & Pittsburgh—a possible investigation by certain Southern states which was the talk of the office—while Fred at the piano was replaying by ear melodies from last night's comic opera, when the telephone rang.

"You answer it, Bojo," said DeLancy, "and, hist, be cautious!"

Bojo did as commanded, saying almost immediately: "Party for you, Freddie."

"Male or female voice?"

"Male."

DeLancy rose with a look of relief and tripped over to the receiver. But almost immediately he crumpled up with a simulation of despair. Bojo and Marsh exchanged a glance, and Granning ceased reading, at muffled sounds of explanation which reached them from the other room.

"Pinched," said DeLancy, returning gloomily, and, flopping on the piano-stool, he struck an angry chord.

The three friends, according to male etiquette, maintained an attitude of correct incomprehension while Fred marched lugubriously up and down the keyboard. "Holy cats, now I am in for it!"

"Louise Varney?" said Bojo.

"Louise! And I swore on my grandmother's knuckles I was going up country this afternoon. Beautiful—beautiful prospect! I say, Bojo, you got me into this—you've got to stick by me!"

"What's that mean?"

"Shooting off in the car with us for luncheon. For the love of me, stand by a fellow, will you?"

Bojo hesitated.

"Go on," said Marsh with a wary look. "If you don't, the infant'll come back married!"

"Quite possible," said DeLancy disconsolately.

"I'll go if you'll stand for the lecture," said Bojo sternly.

"Anything. You can't rub it in too hard," said Fred, who went to the mirror to see if his hair was turning gray.

Delighted at Bojo's adherence that saved him from the prospects of a difficult tête-à-tête, he began to recover his spirits; but Bojo, assuming a severe countenance, awaited his opportunity.

"I say, don't look at me with that pulpit expression," said DeLancy an hour later as they streaked through the Park on their way to upper Riverside. "What have I done?"

"Fred, you're getting in deep!"

"Don't I know it?" said that impressionable young man, jerking the car ahead. "Well, get me out."

"I'm not sure you want to get out," said Bojo doubtfully.

DeLancy confessed; in fact, confession was a pleasant and well-established habit with him.

"Bojo, it's no use. When I'm away from her, I can call myself a fool in six languages. I *am* a fool. I know I have no business hanging round; but, say, the moment she turns up I'm ready to lie down and roll over."

"It's puppy-love."

"I admit it."

"I thought you were cleverer. Thought you'd planned out your whole career; remember the night up on the Astor roof—you weren't going to make any mistakes, oh no! You were going to marry a million. You weren't going to get caught!"

"Shut up, Bojo. Can't you see how rotten I'm in it? I'm doing my best to break away."

"Get up a row then and stay away."

"I've tried, but she's too clever for that. Honest, Tom, I think she's fond of me."

Bojo groaned. "She thinks you're a millionaire, with your confounded style and your confounded car—that's all!"

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"Well, maybe I will be," said DeLancy with a sudden reversion to cheerfulness, "if New Orleans & Pittsburgh keeps a-sliding."

"Suppose we get caught!"

"I say, there's no danger of that?" said Fred, alarmed. "I'm in deep."

"No, not much, but there's always the chance of a slip."

At this moment they came to a stop, and Fred said in a comforting tone, "Louise'll be furious because I brought you."

Miss Louise Varney did not seem over delighted at the spectacle of a guest in the party as she came running out, backed by the vigilant dowager figure of Mrs. Varney, who never let her daughter out of her charge. But whatever irritation she might have felt she concealed under a charming smile, while Mrs. Varney, accustomed to swinging in solitary dignity in the back seat, welcomed him with genuine enthusiasm. The old Grenadier, as she was affectionately termed

THEY STOOD PEEPING ABOUT A PROTECTING TREE AT THE GROUP IN THE DRAWING-ROOM.

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by her daughter's admirers, was out in her war paint, dressed like a débutante, fatly complacent and smiling with the prospect of a delicious lunch at the end of the drive.

"Say, I think Fred's the sweetest feller," she began, beaming on Bojo, "and so smart too. Louise says he could make a forchin in vaudeville. I think he's much cleverer than that Pinkle feller who gets two-fifty a week for giving imitations on the pianner. Why haven't you been round, Mr. Crocker?" She nudged him, her maternal gaze fondly fixed on her daughter. "Isn't she a dream in that cute little hat? My Lord, I should think all the men would be just crazy about her."

"Most of them are, I should say," said Bojo, and, smiling, he nodded in the direction of Fred DeLancy, who was at that moment in the throes of a difficult explanation.

Mrs. Varney gave a huge sigh and proceeded confidentially. "'Course Louise's got a great future, every one says, and vaudeville does pay high when you get to be a top-notcher; but my sakes, Mr. Crocker, money isn't everything in this world, as I often told her——"

"Mother, be quiet—you're talking too much," said Miss Louise Varney abruptly, whose alert little ear was always trained for maternal indiscretions. Mrs. Varney, as was her habit, withdrew into an attitude of sulky aloofness, not to relax until they were cozily ensconced at a corner table in a wayside inn for luncheon. By this time Miss Varney had evidently decided to accept the protestations of DeLancy, and peace having been declared and the old Grenadier mollified by her favorite broiled lobster and a carafe of beer, the party proceeded gaily. Fred DeLancy, in defiance of Bojo's presence, beaming and fascinated, exchanged confidential whispers and smiles with the girl which each fondly believed unperceived.

"Good Lord," thought Bojo to himself, now quite alarmed, "this is a pickle! He's in it for fair this time, and no mistake. She can have him any time she wants him. Of course she thinks he's loaded with diamonds."

Mr. Fred's attitude, in fact, would have deceived a princess of the royal blood.

"Louis, get up something tasty," he said to the bending *maître d'hôtel*. "You know what I like. Don't bother me with the menu. Louis," he added confidentially, "is a jewel—the one man in New York you can trust."

He initialed the check without examining it and laid down a gorgeous tip with a careless flip of the finger.

"The little idiot!" thought Bojo. "I wonder what bills he's run up. Decidedly I must get a chance at the girl and open her eyes."

Chance favored him, or rather Miss Varney herself. Luncheon over, while Fred went out for the car, she said abruptly:

"Let's run out in the garden. I want to talk to you. Don't worry, mama. It's all right." And as Mrs. Varney, true to her grenadierial instincts, prepared to object, she added with a shrug of her shoulders: "Now just doze away like a dear. We can't elope, you know!"

Despite his growing alarm, Bojo was forced to admit that Miss Varney, with her quick Japanese eyes and bubbling humor, was a most fascinating person, particularly when she exerted herself to please in little intimate ways.

"Mr. Crocker, you don't like me," she said abruptly. He defended himself badly. "Don't fib—you are against me. Why? On account of Fred?"

"I don't dislike you—no one could," he said, yielding to the persuasion of her smile, "but if you want to know, I am worried over Fred. He is head over heels in love with you, young lady."

"And why not?"

"Do you care for him?"

"Yes—very much," she said quietly, "and I want you to be our friend."

"Good heavens, I really believe she does," he thought, panic-stricken. Aloud he said abruptly: "If that is what you want, let me ask you a question. Please forgive me for being direct. Do you know that Fred hasn't a cent in the world but what he makes? You can judge yourself how he spends that."

"But Fred told me he had made a lot lately, and I know he expects to make ten times that in something—" she stopped hastily at a look in Bojo's face. "Why, what's wrong?"

"Miss Varney—you haven't put anything into it, have you?"

"Yes, I have," she said after a moment's hesitation. "Why, he told me you yourself told him he couldn't lose. You don't mean to say there's any—any danger?"

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"I'm sorry. He shouldn't have told you! There's always a risk. I'm sorry he let you do that."

"Oh, I oughtn't to have let it out," she said contritely. "Promise not to tell him. I didn't mean to! Besides—it's not much, really."

Bojo shook his head.

"Mr. Crocker—Tom," she said, laying her hand on his arm, "don't turn him against me. I'm being square with you. I do care for Fred. I don't care if he hasn't a cent in the world; really I'm not that sort, honest."

"And your mother?"

She was silent, and he seized the advantage.

"Why get into something that'll only hurt you both? Suppose things turn out all right. He'll spend every cent he'll make in a few months. Now listen, Louise. You're not made for life in a flat; neither is he. It would be a miserable disaster. I'm sorry," he said, seeing her eyes fill. "But what I say is true. You've got a career, a brilliant career with money and fame ahead; don't spoil your chances and don't spoil his."

"What do you mean?" she said, flaring up. "Then there is some one else! I knew it! That's where he's going this afternoon."

"There is no one else," he said, lying outrageously. "I've warned you. I've told you the real situation. That's all."

"Let's go back," she said abruptly, and she went in silence as far as the house, where she turned on him. "I don't believe what you've told me. I know he is not poor or a beggar, as you say. Would he be going around with the crowd he does? No!" With an up-spurt of rage of which he had not believed her capable, she added: "Now I warn you. What we do is our affair. Don't butt in or there'll be trouble!"

On the return, doubtless for several reasons, she elected to send her mother in front, and to keep Bojo company on the back seat, where, as though regretting her one revealing flash of temper, she sought to be as gracious and entertaining as possible. Despite a last whispered appeal accompanied by a soft pressure of the arm and a troubled glance of the eyes, no sooner had they deposited mother and daughter than Bojo broke out:

"Fred, what in the name of Heaven possessed you to put Louise Varney's money

"I'LL GO IF YOU'LL STAND FOR THE LECTURE," SAID BOJO STERNLY.

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in a speculation? How many others have you told?"

"Only a few—very few."

"But, Fred, think of the responsibility! Now look here, straight from the shoulder—do you know what's going to happen? Before you know it, you're going to wake up and find yourself married to Louise Varney!"

"Don't jump on me, Bojo," said Fred, miserably. "I'm scared to death myself."

"But, Fred, you can't do such a thing. Louise is pretty—attractive enough—I'll admit it—and straight; but the mother, Fred—you can't do it, you'll just drop out. It'll be the end of you. Man, can't you see it? I thought you prided yourself on being a man of the world. Look at your friends. There's Gladys Stone — crazy about you. You know it. Are you going to throw all that away?"

"If I was sure of a hundred thousand dollars I believe I'd marry Louise to-morrow!" said Fred with a long breath. "Call me crazy—I am crazy—a raving, tearing fool, but that doesn't help. Lord, nothing helps!"

"Fred, answer me one question. We all thought, the night of the ball, you and Gladys Stone had come to an understanding. Is that true?"

Fred turned his head away from Bojo and groaned. "I'm a cad, a horrible, beastly little cad!"

"Good Lord, is it as bad as that!" said Bojo. "But Fred, old boy, how did it happen? How did you ever manage to get in so deep?"

"How do I know?" said DeLancy miserably. "It was just playing around. Other men were crazy over her. I never meant to be serious in the beginning—and then—then I was caught."

"Fred, old fellow, you've got to get hold of yourself. Will you let me butt in? Will you?"

"I wish to God you would."

That night Bojo sent a long letter off to Doris, who was staying in the Berkshires, with Gladys Stone as a guest. As a result the two young men departed for a week-end of winter sports. On the Pullman they stowed their valises and wandered back into the smoker, where the first person Bojo saw, bound for the same destination, was young Boskirk.

Snow Magic

BOSKIRK and Bojo greeted each other with that excessive cordiality which the conventions of society impose upon two men who hate each other cordially but are debarred from the primeval instincts to slay.

"He wouldn't gamble, he wouldn't take a risk! Oh no, nothing human about him!" said Bojo to Fred, sending a look of antagonism at Boskirk, who was adjusting his glasses and spreading the contents of a satchel on the table before him.

"The human cash-register!" said DeLancy. "Born at the age of forty-two: middle names Caution, Conservatism, and the Constitution. Favorite romance—Statistics."

"Thank you!" said Bojo, somewhat mollified.

> "There was a young man named Boskirk,
> Who never his duty would shirk,"

began De Lancy, and forthwith retired into intellectual seclusion to complete the limerick.

The spectacle of Boskirk immersed in business detail irritated Bojo immeasurably. The feeling it aroused in him was not jealousy, but rather a sense that some one was threatening his right and his property.

A complete and insidious change had been worked in his moral fiber. The hazardous speculation to which he was now committed, which was nothing but the most vicious form of gambling, the wrecking of property, would have been impossible to him six months before. But luxury had become a second nature to him; contact with men who could sell him out twenty times over had brought him the parching hunger for money. All other ideals had yielded before a new ideal—force. To impose oneself, making one's own laws, brushing aside weak scruples, planing above ridiculously simple and obvious schemes of legal conduct for the ordering of the multitude, silencing criticism by the magnitude of the operation—a master where a weak man ended a criminal—this was the new scheme of life which he was gradually absorbing.

He had become worldly with the confidence of succeeding. Whatever compunctions he had formerly felt about a marriage

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with Doris he had dismissed as pure sentimentality. There remained only a certain pride, a desire to know his worth by some master-stroke. In this fierce need he had lost moderation and caution. With the steady decline of New Orleans & Pittsburgh his appetite had increased. It was no longer a fair profit he wanted, but something miraculous. He had sold hundreds of shares, placing always a limit, vowing to be satisfied, and always going beyond it. He had plunged first to the amount of thirty-odd thousand, reserving the fifty thousand which was pledged to the pool but which he had not been called on to deliver. But this fifty thousand remained a horrible, ever-present temptation. He resisted at first, borrowing five thousand from Marsh when the rage of selling drove him deeper in; then finally, absolutely confident, he had yielded, without much shock to his conscience, and had drawn each day —until on this morning he had drawn on the last ten thousand as collateral.

And still New Orleans & Pittsburgh receded, heaping up before his mind fantastic profits.

"When asked, 'Don't you tire?'
He said, 'Di diddle dire—
I never can get enough work,'"

finished Fred with a grimace. "That's pretty bad—but so's the subject."

It was well after seven when they stepped out on the icy station amid the gay crowd of week-enders. Patsie, at the reins, hallooed to them from a rakish cutter, and the next moment they were off over the crackling snow, with long, luminous, purple shadows at their sides, racing past other sleighs with jingling bells and shrieks of recognition.

"Heavens, Patsie, you're worse than Fred with his car! I say, look out — you missed that cutter by a foot," said Bojo, who had taken the seat beside the young Eskimo at an imperious command.

"Pooh, that's nothing!" said that reckless person. "Watch this." With a sudden swerve she drew past a contending sleigh and gained the head of the road by a margin so narrow that the occupants of the back seat broke into many cries.

"Here, let me out.—Murder!—Police!"

"Don't worry, the snow's lovely and soft!" Patsie shouted back, delighted. "Turned over myself yesterday—doesn't hurt a bit."

This encouraging information was received with frantic cries and demands on Bojo to take the reins.

"Don't you dare," said the gay lady indignantly, setting her feet firmly and flinging all the weight of her shoulders against a sudden break of the spirited team.

"Pulling pretty hard," said Bojo, watching askance the riotous struggle that whirled past cottage and evergreen and filled the air with a snowy bombardment from the scurrying hoofs. "Say when, if you need me."

"I *won't!* Tell the back seat to jump if I shout!"

"Holy murder!" exclaimed Fred DeLancy, who so far forgot his animosities as to cling to Boskirk, possibly with the idea of providing himself a cushion in case of need.

"Are they awfully scared?" said Patsie in a delighted whisper. "Yes? Just you wait till we get to the gate. That will make them howl! How's your nose—frozen?"

"Glorious!"

"Too cold for Doris and the rest. Catch them getting chapped up. Their idea of winter sports is popping popcorn by the fire. Thank Heaven you've arrived, Bojo! I'm suffocating. Hold tight!"

"Hold tight!" sang out Bojo, not without some apprehension as the sleigh, without slacking speed, approached the sudden swerve which led through massive stone columns into the Drake estate. The quick turn raised them on edge, skidding over the beaten snow so that the sleigh came up with a bump against the farther pillar, and then shot forward up the long hill crowned with blazing porches and to a stop at last, saluted by the riotous acclaim of a dozen dogs of all sizes and breeds.

"Scared—honor bright?" said Patsie,

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leaping out as a groom came up to take the horses.

"Never again!" said DeLancy, springing to terra firma with a groan of relief, while Boskirk looked at the reckless girl with a disapproving shake of his head.

They went stamping into the great hall to the warmth of a great log blaze, Patsie dancing ahead, shedding toboggan cap and muffler riotously on the way, for a dignified footman to gather in.

"Don't look so disappointed!" she cried, laughing, as the three young men glanced about expectantly. "The parlor beauties are up-stairs splashing in paint and powder, getting ready for the grand entrance!"

Boskirk and DeLancy went off to their rooms, while Bojo, at a sign from Patsie, remained behind.

"Well?" he said.

"Bojo, do me a favor—a great, great favor," she said instantly, seizing the lapels of his coat. "It's moonlight to-night and we've got the most glorious coast for a toboggan, and, Bojo, I'm just crazy to go. After dinner, won't you? Please say yes."

"Why, we'll get up a party," said Bojo, hesitating and tempted.

"Party? Catch those mollycoddles getting away from the steam-heaters! Now, Bojo, be a dear. You're the only real being I've had here in weeks. Besides, if you have any spunk you'll do it," she added artfully.

"What do you mean?"

"Just let Doris get her fill of that old fossil of a Boskirk. Show your independence. Bojo, please do it for me!"

She clung to him, coquetting with her eyes and smile with the dangerous unconscious coquetry of a child, and this radiance and rosy youth, so close to him, so intimately offered, brought him a disturbing emotion. He turned away so as not to meet the sparkling, pleading glance.

"Young lady," he said with assumed gruffness, "I see you are learning entirely too fast. I believe you are actually flirting with me."

"Then you will!" she cried gleefully. "Hooray!" She flung her arms about him in a rapturous squeeze and fled like a wild animal in light, graceful bounds up the stairs before he could qualify his acquiescence.

When he came down dressed for dinner, Doris was flitting about the library, awaiting his coming. She glanced correctly around to forestall eavesdroppers, and offered him her cheek.

"Is this a skating costume?" he said, glancing quizzically at the trailing, mysterious silken ball-gown of lavender and gold which enfolded her graceful figure like fragrant petals. "By the way, why didn't you let me know I was to have a rival?"

"Don't be silly," she said, brushing the powder from his sleeve. "I was furious. It was all mother's doings."

"Yes, you look furious!" he said to tease her. "Never mind, Doris: General Managers must calculate on all possibilities."

She closed his lips with an indignant movement of her scented fingers, looking at him reproachfully.

"Bojo, don't be horrid. Marry Boskirk? I'd just as soon marry a mummy. I should be petrified with boredom in a week."

"He's in love with you."

"He? He couldn't love anything. How ridiculous! Heavens, just to think I'll have to talk his dreary talk sends creeping things up and down my back."

Bojo professed to be unconvinced, playing the offended and jealous lover, not perhaps without an ulterior motive, and they were in the midst of a little tiff when the others arrived. Mrs. Drake did not dare to isolate him completely, but she placed Boskirk on Doris's right, and to carry out his assumed irritation Bojo devoted himself to Patsie, who rattled away heedless of where her chatter hit.

Dinner over, Bojo, relenting a little, sought to organize a general party, but meeting with no success went off, heedless of reproachful glances, to array himself in sweater and boots.

Twenty minutes later they were on the toboggan, Patsie tucked in front, laughing back at him over her shoulder with the glee of the escapade. Below them the banked track ran over the dim, white slopes glowing in the moonlight.

"All you have to do is to keep it from wobbling off the track—with your foot," said Patsie.

"How are you—warm enough? Wrap up tight!" he said, pushing the toboggan forward until it tilted on the icy crest. "Ready?"

"Let her go!"

He flung himself down on his side, her back against his shoulder, and with a shout they were off, whistling into the frosty

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night, shooting down the steep incline, faster and faster, rocking perilously, as the smooth, flat toboggan rose from the trough and tilted against the inclined sides, swerving back into place at a touch of his foot, rising and falling with the curved slopes, shooting past clustered trees that rushed by them like inky storm-clouds, flashing smoothly at last on to the level.

"Lean to the left!" she called to him as they reached a banked curve.

"When?"

"Now!" Her laugh rang out as they rose almost on the side and sped into the bend. "Hold tight, there's a jump in a minute—Now!"

Their bodies stiffened against each other, her hair sweeping into his eyes, blinding him as the toboggan rose fractionally from the ground and fell again.

"Gorgeous!"

"Wonderful!"

They glided on smoothly, with slacking speed, a part of the stillness that lay like the soft fall of snow over the luminous stretches and the clustered mysterious shadows; without a word exchanged, held by the witchery of the night, and the soft, fairylike, crackling descent. Then gradually, imperceptibly, at last the journey ended. The toboggan came to a stop in a glittering region of white with a river bank and elfish bushes somewhere at their side, and ahead a dark rise against the horizon with lights like pin-pricks far off, and on the air, from nowhere, the tinkle of sleigh-bells, but faint, as if shaken by some will-o'-the-wisp.

"Are you glad you came?" she said at last, without moving.

"Very glad."

"Think of sitting around talking society when you can get out here," she said indignantly. "Oh, Bojo, I'm never going to stand it. I think I'll take the veil."

He laughed, but softly, with the feeling of one who understands, as though in that steep plunge the icy air had cleansed his brain of all the hot, fierce, worldly desires for money, power, and vanities which had possessed it like a fever.

"I wish we could sit here like this for hours," she said, unconsciously resting against his shoulder.

"I wish we could, too, Drina," he answered, meditating.

She glanced back at him. "I like you to call me Drina," she said.

"Drina when you are serious, Patsie when you are trying to upset sleighs."

"Yes, there are two sides of me, but no one knows the other." She sat a moment as though hesitating on a confidence, and suddenly sprang up. "Game for another?"

"A dozen others!"

They caught up the rope together, but, suddenly serious, she stopped him. "Bojo?"

"What?"

"Sometimes I think you and Doris are not a bit in love."

"What makes you think that?" he said, startled.

"I don't know—you don't act—not as I would act—not as I should think people would act in love. Am I awfully impertinent?"

Troubled, he made no answer.

"Nothing is decided, of course," he said at last, rather surprised at the avowal.

They tramped up the hill, chatting confidentially on less intimate subjects, averting their heads occasionally as truant gusts of wind whirled snow-sprays in their eyes.

"Let's go softly and peek in," she said, returning into her mischievous self as the great gabled house afire with lights loomed before them. They stood, shoulder to shoulder, peeping about a protecting tree at the group in the drawing-room. Mrs. Drake was reading under the lamp, Fred and Gladys ensconced in the bay-window, while Doris at the phonograph had resorted to Caruso.

"Heavens, what an orgy! Sh-h. Hurry, now."

A second time they went plunging into the night, close together, more sober, the silence cut only by the hissing rush and an occasional warning from Drina as each obstacle sprang past. But her voice was no longer hilarious with the glee of a child; it was attuned to the hush and slumber of the countryside.

"I hate the city!" she said rebelliously when again they had come to a stop. "I hate the life they want me to lead."

All at once a quick resentment came to him, at the thought that she should change and be turned into worldly ways.

"I'm afraid you're not made for a social career, Patsie," he said slowly. "I would hate to think of your being different."

"You can't say what you want, or do what you want, or let people know what you feel," she said in an outburst. "Just

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let them try to marry me off to any old duke or count and see what'll happen!"

"Why, no one wants to marry you off yet, Patsie," he said in dismay.

"I'm not so sure." She was silent a moment. "Do you think it's awful to hate your family—not dad, but all the rest—to want to run away, and be yourself—be natural? Well, that's just the way I feel!"

"Is that the way you feel?" he said slowly.

She nodded, looking away. "I want to be real, Bojo." She shuddered. "I know Dolly's unhappy—there was some one she did care for—I know. It must be terrible to marry like that—terrible! It would kill me—oh, I know it!"

They were silent; come to that moment where secret barriers are near, she still a little shy, he afraid of himself.

"We must go back now, Drina," he said after a long pause.

"Oh, must we"?

"Yes." He held out his hand and raised her to her feet. "Come."

"I don't want to go back," she said, yielding reluctantly. She threw out her arms, drawing a long breath, her head flung back in the path of the moonbeams with the unconscious instinct of the young girl for enchanting the male. "You don't want to go either. Now do you?"

He made no reply, fidgeting with the rope.

"Now be nice and say you don't!"

"No, I don't," he said abruptly.

"Drina?"

"Drina."

She took his arm, laughing a low, pleased laugh, quite unconscious of all the havoc she was causing, never analyzing the moods of the night and the soul which were stealing over her too in an uncomprehended happiness.

"I think I could tell you anything, Bojo," she said gently. "You seem to understand, and so much that I don't say too!"

All at once she slipped and flung back against him to avoid falling. He held her thus, his arm around her.

"Turn your ankle? Hurt?"

"No, no—ouf!"

A galloping gust came tearing over the snow, whirling white spirals, showering them with a myriad of tiny, pointed crystal sparks, stinging their cheeks and blinding their eyes. With a laugh she turned her head away and shrank up close to him, still in the protection of his arms. The gust fled romping away and still they stood, suddenly hushed, clinging with half-closed eyes. She sought to free herself, felt his arms retaining her, glanced up frightened, and then yielded, swaying against him.

"Drina, dear child," he said in a whisper that was wrenched from his soul. Such a sensation of warmth and gladness, of life and joy, entered his being that all other thoughts disappeared tumultuously as he held her thus in his arms, there alone in the silence and the luminous night, reveling wildly in the knowledge that the same irresistible impulse had drawn her also to him.

"Oh, Bojo, we mustn't; we can't!";

The cry had so much young sorrow in it as she drew away that a pain went through his heart to have brought this suffering.

"Drina, forgive me. I wouldn't hurt you —I couldn't help it—I didn't know what happened," he said brokenly.

"Don't—you couldn't help it—or I either. I don't blame you—no, no, I don't blame you," she said impulsively, her eyes wet, her hands fervently clasped. He did not dare meet her glance, his brain in a riot.

"We must go back," he said hastily, and they went in silence.

When they returned Patsie disappeared. He entered the drawing-room, and though for the first time he felt how false his position was, even with a feeling of guilt, he was surprised at the sudden wave of kindliness and sympathy that swept over him as he took his place by Doris.

Bojo makes a decision

THE next morning Patsie persistently avoided him. Instead of joining the skaters on the pond, she went off for a long excursion across country on her skees, followed by her faithful body-guard of Romp and three different varieties of terrier. Bojo came upon her suddenly quite by accident on her return. She was coming up the great winding stairway, not like a whirlwind, but heavily, her head down and thoughtful, heedless of the dogs that tumbled over each other for the privilege of reaching her hand. At the sight of him she stopped instinctively, blushing red before she could master her emotions.

He came to her directly, holding out his

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THE MESSAGE WAS THE END OF HOPE.

hand, overcome by the thought of the pain he had unwittingly caused her, seeking the proper words, quite helpless and embarrassed. She took his hand and looked away, her lips trembling.

"I'm so glad to see you," he said stupidly. "We're pals, good pals, you know, and nothing can change that."

She nodded without looking at him, slowly withdrawing her hand. He rushed on heedlessly, imbued with only one idea—to let her know at all costs how much her opinion of him mattered.

"Don't think badly of me, Patsie. I wouldn't bring you any sorrow for all the world. What you think means an awful lot to me." He hesitated, fearing to say too much, and then blurted out: "Don't turn against me, Drina, whatever you do."

She turned quickly at the name, looked at him steadily a moment, and shook her head, trying to smile.

"Never, Bojo—never that. I could not," she said, and hurriedly went up the stairs.

A lump came to his throat; something wildly, savagely delirious seemed to be pumping inside of him. He could not go back to the others at once. He felt suffocated, in a whirl, with the need of mastering himself, of

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bringing all the unruly, triumphant impulses that were rioting through his brain back to calm and discipline.

At luncheon Patsie proposed an excursion in cutters, claiming Mr. Boskirk as her partner, and with a feeling almost of guilt he seconded the proposal, understanding her desire to throw him with Doris. DeLancy and Gladys Stone started first, after taking careful instructions for the way to their rendezvous at Simpson's cider-mill—instructions which every one knew they had not the slightest intention of following. Boskirk, with the best face he could muster, went off with Patsie, who disappeared like a runaway engine, chased by a howling brigade of dogs, while Bojo and Doris followed presently at a sane pace.

"We sha'n't see Gladys and Fred," said Doris, laughing. "No matter. They're engaged!"

"As though that were news to me!"

"Did he tell you?"

"I guessed. Last night in the conservatory." He added with a sudden feeling of good-will: "Gladys is much nicer than I thought, really."

"She's awfully in love. I'm so glad."

"When will it be announced?"

"Next week."

"Heaven be praised!"

In a desire to come to a more intimate sharing of confidences he told her of his fears.

"Louise Varney, a vaudeville actress!" said Doris, with a figurative drawing in of her skirts.

"Oh, there's nothing against her," he protested, "except—except perhaps her chaperon! Only Fred's susceptible, you know—terribly so—and easily led."

"Yes, but people don't marry such persons; you can get infatuated and all that, but you don't marry them!" she said indignantly. She shrugged her shoulders. "It's all right to be—to be a man of the world, but not that!"

He hesitated, afraid of going further, of finding a sudden disillusionment in the worldly attitude her words implied. A certain remorse, a feeling of loyalty betrayed, impelled him on, as though all danger could be avoided by forever settling his future. Their conversation by degrees assumed a more intimate turn, until at length they came to speak of themselves.

"Doris, I have something to ask you," he said, plunging in miserably. "We have never really—formally been engaged, have we?"

"The idea! Of course we have," she said, laughing. "It's only you who wouldn't have it announced because—because you were too proud or some other ridiculous reason!"

"Well, now I want it announced." He met her glance and added: "And I want you to announce at the same time the date of the wedding."

He had said it—irrevocably decided for the path of conscience and loyalty, and it seemed to him as though a great load had shifted from his shoulders.

"Bojo! Do you mean—now, soon?"

"Just that. Doris, when this deal is settled up—and I'll know this week—I'm going to have close on to two hundred thousand—on my own hook, not counting what I'll get from the pool. I've plunged. I've put every cent I had in it or could borrow," he said hastily, avoiding an explanation of just what he had done. "I've risked everything on the turn——"

"But supposing something went wrong?"

"It won't! This week we're going to hammer New Orleans & Pittsburgh down below thirty: I know. The point is now—when that's all safe—I want you to marry me."

"I have a quarter of a million in my own name. Father gave us each that three years ago."

He hesitated. "Do you need that very much? I'd rather you'd start——"

"Oh, Bojo, why? If you've got that, why shouldn't I?"

He wavered before this argument. "I would rather, Doris, we started on less, on what I myself have got. I've thought it over a good deal. I think it would mean a great deal to us to start out that way—to have me feel you were by my side, helping me. It *is* pride, but pride means all to a man, Doris."

"If I only used it for dresses and jewels—just for myself?" she said after a moment. "You want me to look as beautiful as the other women, and we aren't going to drop out of society, are we?"

"No. Keep it, then," he said abruptly.

"I won't take a cent from father," she said virtuously, and was furious when he laughed.

"And you are willing to give up all the

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rest, now, and be just plain Mrs. Crocker?"

She nodded, watching him askance.

"When?"

"In May, at the close of the social season —butterfly."

He had begun with a hunger in his heart to reach depths in hers, and he ended with laughter, with a feeling of being defrauded.

They stopped at Simpson's for a cool drink of cider and were off again, passing through wintry forests, with green Christmas trees against the creamy stretches where rabbit paths ran into dark entanglements. All at once they were in the open again, sweeping through a sudden factory village, Jenkinstown, stagnant with the exhaustion of the Sunday's rest.

"There, aren't you glad you didn't begin there?" she said gaily, with a flick of the whip toward the grim gray lines of barracks that crowded against the street.

"You never would have married me then," he said, nodding wisely.

"Oh, ask me anything but to be *poor!*" she said, shuddering.

"She might at least have lied," he thought grimly. He gazed with curiosity at this glimpse of factory life; at the dulled faces of women, wrapped in gay shawls, staring at them; at the sluggish loiterers on the corners, and the uncleanly hordes of children who cried impertinently after them, recalling his father's words—"a great mixed horde to be turned into intelligent, useful American citizens!" Squalid and hopelessly commonplace it seemed to him, cruelly devoid of pleasure or joy in the living. But such as these had placed him where he was, with an opportunity to turn in a year what in the lifetime of generations they could never approach.

The spectacle affected Doris like a disagreeable smell. "I hate to think such people exist," she said, frowning.

"But they do exist," he said slowly.

"Yes, but I don't want to think of it. Heavens, to be poor like that!"

"It's late; we'd better be going back," he said.

They came back enveloped in the falling dusk, Doris running on gaily, quite delighted now at the prospect of their coming marriage, making a hundred plans for the ordering of the establishment, debating the question of an electric or an open car to start with, the proper quarter in which to

"MR. DRAKE, I WANT TO KNOW WHAT I OWE YOU."

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seek an apartment, and the number of servants; while Bojo, silent, rather grim, listened, thinking of the look which would come into some one's eyes when their decision was told.

At the porte-cochère Gladys and Patsie came rushing out with frightened faces. Fred had caught the last train home after a call from New York. Bojo, with a sinking feeling, seized the note he had left for him.

Roscy telephoned. There's a rumor that a group have been cornering New Orleans & Pittsburgh all this while. If so there'll be the devil to pay in the morning. Forshay's been wild to get you. Get back somehow. If in time, get the Harlem 6:42 at Jenkinstown. In haste. FRED.

"Can I make the 6:42 at Jenkinstown?" he cried to the groom.

"Just about, sir."

"Jump in."

"I'm so frightened! Telephone at once!" He heard Doris cry and, hardly heeding her, he looked about vacantly. Then something was pressed in his hand and Patsie's voice was sounding in his ears. "Here's your bag. I packed it. Keep up your courage, Bojo."

"Patsie, you're a dear. Thank you. All right now!" He took her hands, met her clear brown eyes, and sprang into the sleigh.

A terrible, sickening dread came over him, an unreasoning, superstitious dread. He felt ruin and worse, cold and damp in the air about him, ruin inevitable from the first, the bubble's collapse as he waved a hasty farewell and shot away in the race across the night.

The Crash

HE ARRIVED in New York at three in the morning, after an interminable ride in the jolting, wheezing train. The city was quiet with an unearthly, brooding quiet as he reached the Court, where one light still shone in the window of a returned reveler. Marsh and DeLancy came hurriedly out at the sound of his entrance.

"What's wrong?" he cried at the sight of Fred's drawn face.

"Everything. The city's full of it," said Marsh. "It leaked out this afternoon, or rather the Gunther crowd let it leak out. New Orleans & Pittsburgh will declare an additional quarterly dividend to-morrow."

"It's the end of us," said Fred. "The stock will go kiting up."

"We've got to cover," said Bojo.

"In a crazy market? If we can!"

"Suppose there is a corner and we have to settle around 100 or 150?" said DeLancy, staring nervously away.

There was no need for Bojo to ask how deeply involved the two were. He knew.

"Some one's been buying large blocks of it. That's known," said Marsh, calmer than the rest. "Ten to one it's Gunther's crowd. They had the advance information. Ten to one they've laid the trap and sprung a corner."

"No, nonsense! It's not as bad as that. If they're putting out an extra dividend, the stock's going to jump up—for a while. That's all. And then some one else may have a card up his sleeve," said Bojo, fighting against conviction.

"Call up Drake," said Fred.

Bojo hesitated. The situation called for any measure. He went to the telephone, after long minutes getting a response. Mr. Drake was out of town on a hunting trip; was not expected back until the following night. There remained Drake's agent, Skelly, but a quick search of the book revealed no home telephone.

"Can you put up more margin?" asked Bojo.

DeLancy shook his head.

"I can, but it may be better to take the loss," said Marsh. "We'll have to wait and see. Quick work to-morrow! By the way, there's a call for you from Forshay to be at the office by eight o'clock in the morning. Well, let's get a few winks of sleep if we can. Luck of the game!"

"I'm sorry," said Bojo desperately.

"Shut up. We're over age," said Marsh, thumping him on the back; but DeLancy went to his room, staring. The moment he was gone Marsh turned to Bojo. "Look here, whatever we do we've got to save Fred. You and I can stand a mauling. Fred's caught."

"If we can," said Bojo, without letting him know how serious the situation was for him. "How deep in is he?"

"Close to 2000 shares."

"Good heavens, where did he get the money?"

Marsh looked serious, shook his head, and made no further reply.

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At seven o'clock, when Bojo was struggling up from a sleepless night, Granning came into his room, awkwardly sympathetic.

"Look here, Bojo, is it as bad as the fellows feared?"

"Can't tell, Granning. Looks nasty."

"You in trouble too?"

Bojo nodded.

"I say, I've got that bond for a thousand tucked away," said Granning slowly. "Use it if it'll help any."

"Bless your heart," said Bojo, really touched. "It's not a thousand, Granny, that'll help now. You were right—gambler's luck!"

"Cut that out," said Granning, shifting from foot to foot. "I'm sorry—tough luck, damned tough luck. I wish I could help!"

"You can't—no use of throwing good money after bad. Mighty white of you, all the same!"

When he reached the offices he learned for the first time how deeply the firm had speculated on the information of Drake's intentions. Forshay was cool, with the calm of the sportsman game in the face of ruin, but Flaspoller and Hauk were frantic in their denunciations. It was a trick, a stock-jobbing device of an inner circle. Nothing could justify an additional dividend. The common stock had not been on a two-per-cent. basis more than three years. Nothing justified it. Some one would go behind the bars for it! Forshay smoked on, shrugging his shoulders, rather contemptuous.

"Hit you hard?" he said to Bojo.

"Looks so. And you?"

"Rather."

At nine o'clock Skelly's office called up. A clerk gave the message, Mr. Skelly being too occupied. Bojo listened, hoping desperately against hope, believing in the possibility of salvation in an enormous block to be thrown on the market. The message was the end of hope!

"Cancel selling orders. Buy New Orleans & Pittsburgh at the market up to 20,000 shares."

He tried ineffectively to reach Skelly personally and then communicated the order to the others, who were waiting in silence.

"If Drake's out, good-by," said Forshay, who went to the window, whistling. "Well, let's save what we can!"

The realization of the situation brought a sudden calm. Hauk departed for the floor of the Stock Exchange. The others prepared to wait.

"Match you quarters," said Forshay with a laugh. He came back, glancing over Bojo's shoulder at a few figures jotted down on a pad, reading off the total: "12,350 shares. I thought you were in only ten thousand."

"2,350 Saturday," said Bojo, staring at the pad. "At five per cent. margin, too."

"Lovely. What cleans you out?"

Bojo figured a moment, frowned, consulted his list, and finally announced: "37½ wipes me out nice and clean."

"I'm good for a point higher. I say, there's rather a rush on this office; have you got buying orders elsewhere?" Bojo nodded. "Good. Take every chance. What did we close at Saturday—31 and ½?"

"32."

"Oh, well, there's a chance." He looked serious a moment, turning a coin over and over on his hand. "No fool like an old fool, Tom. If I've been stung once I've been stung a dozen times! It's winning the first time that's bad. You can't forget it—the sensation of winning. Sort of your case, too, eh? Come on—I'm matching you!"

An hour later, with the announcement of the additional dividend, they stood together by the tape and watched New Orleans & Pittsburgh mount by jerks and starts—5,000 at 33, 2,000 at 35½ . . . . . 1,000 at 34½ . . . . . 4,000, 35¾ . . . . . 500, 34.

"Having a great time, isn't it? Jumping all over the place. Orders must be thick as huckleberries. Selling so fast they can't keep track of it."

Flaspoller came in with the first purchase by Hauk, who was having a frantic time executing his orders.

"I've bought 2,000 at 34, thank God," said Bojo, returning from the telephone. "What's it now?"

"Touched 36: 10,000 at 35½—big orders are coming in. 36 again. Lovelier and lovelier."

Back and forth from telephone to ticker they went, without time for luncheon, elated at the thought of shares purchased at any price, grimly watching the ominous figures creep up and up—mute, paralyzing indications of the struggle and frenzy on the floor.

At two o'clock New Orleans & Pittsburgh had reached 42. An hour before, Bojo had left the ticker, waiting breathlessly at the telephone for the announcement of purchases

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that meant precious thousands. At two-thirty the final dock of 500 shares came in at 42½. Mechanically he added the new figures to the waiting list. Of the $83,000 in the bank and the $95,000 which yesterday summed up his winnings on paper, he had to his credit when all accounts were square hardly $15,000. The rest had collapsed in a morning, like a soap-bubble.

"Save anything?" said Forshay, struck by the wildness in the young man's look.

"I can settle my account here, I'm glad to say," said Bojo with difficulty. "That's something. I think I'll pull out with around fifteen thousand. Hope you did better."

"Thanks awfully."

"Cleaned out?" said Bojo, startled.

"Beautiful. Clean. Well, good-by, Tom, and—better luck next time!"

Bojo looked up, aghast. But Forshay was smiling. He nodded and went out.

Bojo reached the Court still in a daze, unable to comprehend where it had all gone—this fortune that was on his fingers yesterday. Yesterday! If he had only closed up yesterday! Then through the haze of his numbed sense of loss came a poignant, terrifying recall to actuality. He stood pledged to Drake for the amount of $50,000, and he could not make good even a third! If the pool had been wiped out—he was dishonored.

The realization came slowly. For a long while, sitting in the embrasure of the bay-window, his forehead against the cold panes, it seemed to him incredible—the way he had gone these last six months; as though it had all been a fever that had peopled his horizon with unreal figures.

But the unblinkable, waking fact was there. His word had been pledged for $50,000 to Drake, to the father of the girl he was to marry. Marry! At the thought he laughed aloud bitterly. That, too, was a thing that had vanished in the bubble of dreams. He thought of his father, to whom he would have to go; but his pride recoiled. Rather beg Drake on his knees for time to work out the debt than that!

At eight o'clock, when all the high electric lights had come out about the blazing windows of the Court, recalled by the sounds of music from the glass-paneled restaurant he went out for dinner, wondering why his friends had not returned. At ten, when he came back after long tramping of the streets, a note was on the table, in Granning's broad handwriting:

> Hoped to catch you. Fred's gone off on a tear; God knows where he is. Roscy and I have been trying to locate him all day. Hope you pulled through, old boy. GRANNING.

At twelve o'clock, still miserably alone, tortured by remorse and the thought of the wreck he had unwittingly brought his chums, he could bear the suspense of evasion no longer. He went up to Drake's to learn the worst, steeled to a confession.

In the hall, as he waited chafing and wretched, Fontaine, Gunther's right-hand partner, passed out hurriedly, jaws set, oblivious. Drake was in the library in loose dressing-gown and slippers, a cigar in his mouth, immersed in the usual contemplation of his picture-puzzle.

"Hello, Tom," he said, looking up, "what's brought you here at this time of night? Anything wrong?"

"Wrong?" said Bojo faintly. "Haven't you heard about New Orleans & Pittsburgh?"

"Well, what about it?"

Bojo gulped down something that was in his throat, steadying himself against the awful truth that would mean ruin to him.

"Mr. Drake, tell me what I owe you. I want to know what I owe you," he said desperately.

"Owe? Nothing."

"But the pool?"

"Well, what about the pool?" said Drake, eyeing him closely.

"The pool to sell New Orleans & Pittsburgh."

"Who said anything about selling!" said Drake sharply. "The pool's all right." He looked at him a long moment, and the boyish triumph, suppressed too long, broke out with the memory of Fontaine's visit. "I bought control of New Orleans & Pittsburgh at eleven o'clock this morning, and sold it ten minutes ago for what I paid for it, plus—plus a little profit of ten million dollars." He paused long enough to let this sink into the consciousness of the reeling young man, and added, smiling: "On a pro-rata basis, Tom, your fifty thousand stands you in just a quarter of a million. I congratulate you."

The next instalment of **"Making Money"** *will appear in the June number.*

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The SNARL of WAKING ASIA

By GARET GARRETT

Shall we marry, fight, or cooperate with the Japanese?

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IF TO write truthfully about the possibility of war with Japan one must write dangerously, that alone should be reason enough for doing it. Consider the visible facts:—

Under delusions of national destiny and economic self-interest a friendship is breaking up between the only two peoples who could unite Eastern and Western civilization. Each regards the other with increasing alarm, unreason, and racial misunderstanding.

Neither knows defeat in war.

The dawn of a new time is breaking on the immemorial Night Children of Asia; Japan is their champion, and the aggressive Day Children of the West are put upon notice.

That is the American-Japanese situation. To challenge it is to fly in the face of conservative counsel. We are entreated to touch it softly, to give you again all the reasons why the two countries can not afford to fight, and to adjure you at the end therefore to stop talking about it.

Drawn by Vincent Lynch

THE PITTSBURGH OF THE ORIENT—THE IRON-WORKS AT HANYANG, CHINA.

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But the Editors of EVERYBODY'S are resolved, instead, to give you the reasons on both sides. You may weigh them for yourself.

THE THREAT OF WAR IN 1913

It is not the United States Government that talks of war with Japan. The State Department deplores any mention of it and frantically guards the files in which the information accumulates. It is you and I and Hobson, and people generally. Nobody can help it. The thought is current. Some are for peace; they dispute with others who are not. That is only for both to go on talking about it.

It is not the Japanese Government that talks of war with the United States. In Japan, as here, it is Hobson and the people. They can not help it. They have newspapers like our own that appeal to the racial ego and to national vanities for the sake of circulation; but one day last winter they printed a true story from Washington, D. C., U. S. A., more sensational than anything a jingo editor could invent. Richmond P. Hobson, member of Congress, testifying on the subject of national defense before the Secretary of the Navy, said:

"In the month of May and for several weeks of last year, 1913, our gunners at Corregidor stood at their guns night and day; provisions for a two-years' siege were assembled. The harbor was mined. Troops from all over the island were brought into Corregidor."

Corregidor is a little fortified island guarding the entrance to Manila Bay.

Mr. Hobson challenged the Government to deny the incident. The Government did not deny it; therefore it was true.

Everybody in the United States said: "So we *were* right on the verge of war with Japan and didn't know it!"

And the Japanese said: "They thought we were going to seize their Philippines!" The Japanese added: "They are afraid of us." They couldn't help thinking so. Every Japanese believes, not without good reason, that such respect as his country now receives from Western civilization was won by the sword.

Viscount Kentaro Kaneko, LL. D. (Harvard), Privy Councillor of Japan, formerly Minister of Justice, writes: "Had our nation remained a China or a Korea, the clamor of the race problem would not have been raised to so high a pitch. As it is, Japan has emerged out of her two foreign wars as a nation with a splendid organization and as civilized as the foremost countries in Europe and America, imposing respectful consideration upon them and breaking, to the resentment of some of them, their traditional assumption that the white race is essentially superior to the yellow. Consequently, Japan was allowed a membership in the council of nations, which position had been long denied her. Not all the older members liked to admit her, *but she demanded such admission from them on the strength of her achievement*, and was given it."

WHY JAPAN STOPPED BEING AFRAID

We pretend not to remember when and why we began to think about war between the United States and Japan. We say there is no accounting for it; or we lay it on the gun-makers. But are we honest with ourselves? That may be harder than to be honest with the Japanese. There was no thought of trouble with Japan before the Russo-Japanese War. Do you see the significance of that? Until then the world thought the arms of Western civilization invincible against those of Asia. During the war we were emotionally pro-Japanese. We wished the "wonderful little people" to win. But from the signing of the treaty of peace at Portsmouth, New Hampshire, between Japan and Russia, a change of feeling began to take place in this country toward Japan. Suddenly we began to think of her as a formidable power. And suddenly, too, the Japanese began to show that they feared neither us nor any other Western power.

Then we began to be afraid of things that might happen on account of their not being docile, or submissive as before to the authority of Western civilization. We were first afraid that they might meddle with the open door of trade with China. So Mr. Knox, our Secretary of State, calmly proposed that they surrender to the Western Powers the South Manchurian railroads which they had won by force from Russia and which gave them possession of the door at Port Arthur. This they declined to consider, even though it was

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intimated that the Powers might insist; they had learned not to be afraid.

Next we feared that when the question should be raised as to how Japanese immigration should be restricted, and how the competition of Japanese with white labor on the Pacific coast should be checked, we could not just slam the gate, as we did on the Chinese, saying: "Asiatics, stay out!" And that fear was very well founded, for although we tried to close the gate politely, the Japanese protested bitterly.

Then California began to be really afraid and to demand warships and fortifications to defend the frontier of the White Man's civilization. It saw the Yellow Peril in every Pacific Ocean sunset.

Therefore, how different the reality of a stupendous event from the vision of it entertained by American statesmen when the United States Government sent Commodore Perry to open Japan to civilization, sixty odd years ago! William H. Seward, Secretary of State, saw in this meeting of the East and the West—". . . the reunion of the two civilizations which, parting on the plains of Asia four thousand years ago and tending ever afterward in opposite directions around the world, now meet again on coasts and islands of the Pacific Ocean. Certainly no mere human event of equal dignity and importance has ever occurred upon the earth."

What might have been an event of incomparable human dignity miserably broke down under racial prejudice. It is a mocking world.

In about three hundred years the continent of North America racially has changed from red to all white (a black streak excepted), and now the appearance of a trace of yellow on the Pacific coast stirs up inside of us a racial prejudice as old as the human ego.

It is only a trace. There are fewer than one hundred thousand Japanese in all the United States. Approximately half of them are in California. Except by births, which would not change the ratio of Japanese to other

YOUNG JAPAN

population, the number will not increase, because immigration has been rigidly restricted by agreement. And yet the efforts of California to keep this tiny yellow streak from spreading, to quarantine it, so to speak, and especially to prevent its becoming rooted in land proprietorship, have deeply offended Japanese pride, and there now is a situation which many people are unable to discuss at all without thinking of more warships and fortifications on the White Frontier.

Is California right? If she is, what has happened since the little yellow people first began to come and sell their labor there? In the beginning they were welcomed and liked. They were the Twilight Children of the earth, whom the Day Children had discovered. Their industry, earnestness, willingness to endure hardships, and wistful expectancy presented them to the Day Children in a pathetic aspect. They were especially pathetic for wanting to be like the Day Children in everything. That had begun with them at home, where the Western custom of sitting on chairs had been adopted in the hope of making their legs longer and straighter.

To-day they are treated in California as racially and economically undesirable. Have the Twilight Children changed? Yes, they have changed. Have the Day Children changed? Yes, they have changed more. And both have changed for selfish reasons.

Human labor has always been a scarce and volatile commodity on the Pacific coast. An unlimited source of supply was closed in 1882 by an act of Congress prohibiting Chinese immigration. That act was demanded by a majority of the people of the Pacific coast themselves, on the representation that Chinese labor tended to lower the standard of common living. Naturally, after the exclusion act the price of labor began to rise, because the demand went on increasing while the supply did not, and it was a tough problem for the agriculturists, who seasonally require a great deal of

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COALING A SHIP AT NAGASAKI: LABOR IS JAPAN'S CHEAPEST COMMODITY.

hand-labor for the fruit and berry and vegetable crops.

In 1887 four Japanese appeared in Vaca Valley, wanting to work. They were the first. The next year thirty came. Between 1890 and 1900 more than twenty-five thousand came. The demand for them was instant. They solved the labor problem for the agriculturists in two ways: that is, they increased the supply of labor and they stopped the rise in wages. They were docile, intelligent, and moved quickly in large gangs controlled by bosses. As there was no law excluding them as immigrants, they could increase their numbers while the Chinese could not. Thus the supply of Japanese labor tended to increase and that of Chinese labor to decrease by deaths and departures. So Japanese labor succeeded Chinese labor in California.

Having gained a monopoly of labor over considerable areas, they began to adopt some highly modern Western World methods. They organized. Then they became less docile. They demanded higher wages. That was not the worst. Unlike the Chinese, who only wanted to make money and take it back to China, the Japanese were ambitious and adventurous, with an affinity for the soil unmatched perhaps by any other people in the world. They began to acquire ground for themselves. Their passion for tenantry was amazing. They resorted at last to coercion to obtain the lease or ownership of farms and orchards on which they had set their hearts. Instances of that are verified by the United States Immigration Commission and by all independent investigators. If the owner of an orchard or a farm desired by the Japanese refused first to lease and then to sell he might be threatened with a labor boycott. The first to sell out were the best quit, for after the Japanese had once obtained foothold in an agricultural community land values were very sure to fall. New white settlers were disinclined to come in and white residents were anxious to move out.

So, from having in the beginning displaced only other labor, the Japanese began now to displace white farmers. And the displacement in some districts was sweeping. In the Vacaville and Newcastle districts a majority of the orchards got into the hands of the Japanese. Nearly the whole of the California strawberry industry went under their control. It made strawberries cheaper, of course, but that was not the thing. They were ultimately in control of the truck-farming on which Sacramento

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and Los Angeles relied for vegetables, and produced a large part of the total celery crop of Southern California.

The total number of Japanese farmholdings in California has never been above four thousand. The total acreage controlled by the Japanese, by lease or ownership, never exceeded one hundred and fifty thousand acres, in a state containing nearly one hundred million. And besides, a good deal of the land they took was such as would not otherwise have been brought under cultivation for many years more. They would take swamp land, drain it, clear it, and coddle it, by the most painful and primitive kind of hand labor, using almost no implements at all, and make it wonderfully productive. But if the movement was unhindered, the intensive agriculture of the state would pass rapidly into the hands of the Japanese. That was obvious.

In the meantime, Japanese competition had begun to be felt severely in the cities, especially San Francisco, not only by white common and semi-skilled labor, but by small capitalists, as in laundries, restaurants, barbershops, and light merchandise. It was most severe in the laundry business. White laundrymen formed anti-Japanese leagues. The Japanese formed protective unions. Wherein the Japanese succeeded in the competition it was always by reason of his willingness to "do it for less." No matter how little a white man would do it for, he would do it cheaper. His calculations were often wrong, and he would undertake to do it for even less than he could afford to take, so that he smashed up in his venture, as many farmers and small merchants did; but the damage by that time had already been done. Lower standards had been set.

Economic defeat on terms which the loser feels are beneath his dignity to accept begets prejudice and hate. The competition of the Japanese being intolerable economically, they began to be hated racially and morally. That was inevitable. That they did tend to lower the standard of

ONE OF THE OPEN DOORS—THE BEGINNING OF THE MANCHURIAN RAILROAD AT PORT ARTHUR.

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competitive living, both in the country and in the cities, was obvious. Also, they had moral ideas different from those of white people. But that they really did ever impair community morals is much to be doubted. Customs differ. Japanese have not the same restraint as Western people about exposing their bodies, being almost childlike in that way; but they are scandalized by public kissing. The economic case against them is proved, among people who believe in a living wage, in a high standard of comfort, and in the undesirability of cheap labor as such. The moral case against them, though much insisted upon, is not proved.

But prejudice is easily persuaded, and on moral grounds the Japanese were excluded from public bathing-places in San Francisco, and Japanese children at one time were to be segregated in an Asiatic school because it was alleged that grown-up Japanese sometimes misrepresented themselves as children. These two things together were a terrible blow to Japanese pride.

EXCLUDING THE JAPANESE

So now the people of the Pacific coast, under the leadership of California, began to demand a Federal law excluding the Japanese, as the Chinese had been excluded in 1882. It was embarrassing for the Government at Washington, for there was a treaty with Japan under which her people were free to come and settle in this country. It was hard to make the Japanese Government understand. It was impossible to argue with the anti-Japanese feeling, which led to painful disorders and reached in places the pitch of racial frenzy.

At length, in 1907, President Roosevelt tactfully drew from the Japanese Government an agreement to stop issuing passports to Japanese laborers. That left the land question still to be dealt with. The Japanese already here had to be checked, California believed, in their passion for agricultural land; hence the Anti-Alien Land Bill, a vaguely worded law passed by the state legislature in 1913, the intent of which is to make it impossible for Japanese to acquire land for agricultural purposes or to lease it for more than three years.

You may have observed that the facts as set forth disclose conditions on the Pacific coast, between Japanese and whites, which seem to differ only in degree from conditions arising more or less continually elsewhere.

In the tides of European immigration, beating on the Eastern shore, people succeed people, the newcomers beginning at the bottom and displacing their immediate predecessors in the fields of common and semi-skilled labor and also in the kinds of enterprise requiring small capital. Alien communities where strange people dwell in foreign squalor are common. Real estate adjacent is always damaged. But the feeling toward other alien communities is not the same as toward a Japanese community. Do you know why?

A community of European aliens is regarded as a "healthy sore." It will heal up and disappear, because these people will be assimilated by all the rest of us. The difference is that when you look at a Japanese community you think of it as a permanent sore, or at least a majority of us do. We could possibly assimilate Japanese, but we hate to think of it. It is a matter of physical repulsion. Ask yourself:

Could you endure the thought of your daughter or sister marrying a Japanese? why not!

If you answer instantly, you speak from feeling, and it simply is not arguable. If you answer slowly, you speak out of reason. Then it is debatable.

A California farmer, called to give testimony on the Japanese land situation, forgot to mention a single economic fact. Instead, he startled his audience in this fashion: "Gentlemen, the farm next to me is owned by a Jap. He has a white woman. That woman is carrying something around in her arms. It ain't white. It ain't yellow. But it's the greatest problem confronting us to-day."

And it was several minutes before anybody could return to scientific ways of thinking. Moreover, under the Constitution the California farmer's "problem" is an American citizen.

The incident is often referred to by pro-Japanese writers to illustrate unreasoning prejudice, and yet who is quite free from it? Dr. Sidney L. Gulick, who spends most of his time in Japan and is ardently pro-Japanese, writes a book on the American-Japanese problem. He devotes two chapters to an argument affirming that the white race can assimilate members of the yellow race. He puts in pictures of Japanese-American unions (there are not very many),

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together with their offspring, and shows the offspring to be normal, healthy, and intelligent. Then suddenly he breaks into his own argument to say: "Lest some may promptly conclude that the writer advocates free intermarriage of races, he states at once that such is not his view. Rather, he earnestly deprecates it."

Is it really the free intermarriage of races that Dr. Gulick deprecates, as between Americans and all European races, or the intermarriage only of white and yellow races?

To some people, especially the missionaries, a very simple solution presents itself. C. M. Cady, after twenty-seven years' work among the Japanese, thinks every fair and peace-loving American must fervently pray that all the rest may be willing to concede to the Japanese the one right that would solve all our difficulties with them and about them, namely, "the right of citizenship." Then they could migrate hither in unlimited numbers and acquire land and be legally full Day Children like the rest of us, with one fundamental reservation. Should we be willing to marry them? Unless we are willing to do that, it is idle to talk of giving them citizenship. The thought of creating in this country a class of legal citizens who should be permanently alien in the racial sense is preposterous.

Is the racial instinct true? Is it merely a sense preference for the color of a skin, or has it a biological significance? It would be important to know. Science can not answer conclusively. The data as to human beings are meager and imperfect. People can not be bred in a scientific manner, crossed and recrossed a thousand times by arbitrary selection, like plants or beasts.

THE GULF BETWEEN WHITE AND YELLOW

Such evidence as science possesses all tends to show that the crossing of varieties of the same species of thing produces an improved stock, only provided the varieties are not too far apart. If the parent varieties are too dissimilar, the result is inferior and tends to be or become sterile.

Thus, Burbank crossed the California walnut with the Persian variety, known as the English walnut, and produced a tree of amazing size, but, alas! it was almost barren. It bore only a handful of nuts for all its physical proportions. Then he crossed the California walnut with the walnut of eastern America and got a tree not only much larger and more vigorous, but wonderfully more fruitful than either parent. The varieties in the first instance were too far apart. Too many of the combining factors in the germ plasma were antagonistic. It is a law that holds good on the evidence of millions of experiments through all plant and animal life up to human beings, where the experiments cease.

White and yellow people are but different varieties of the same species. They are probably closer together than white and black. They are yet wider apart than any two races of the white variety. They are separated by thousands of years of thought, environment, and reaction. Biologists agree that the crossing of any two of the better varieties of the white race is very likely to improve the human stock. They generally hold that white and yellow varieties are too far apart to be advantageously crossed.

Therefore, instinct and scientific presumption are on the same side.

CALIFORNIA'S RIGHTS

And now, as to the treatment of the Japanese by California, shall we say it has been right or wrong? Let us decline to say. We are not obliged to answer that way. But on the evidence we shall have to admit that it could not be helped.

The California agriculturist who welcomed Japanese labor could hardly have been expected to consider the remote consequences. Crops won't wait. And, besides, nobody knew that the Japanese were ambitious. Therefore, the land problem was unforeseen.

When California, a sovereign state, came to have to deal with the land problem she passed a law saying that land should not be acquired for agricultural purposes, nor leased for more than three years, by persons *ineligible to become citizens of the United States*. The law did not mention Japanese. It simply took advantage of the fact that the United States bars alien yellow persons from citizenship—also without mentioning the Japanese. The naturalization law is limited "to aliens being free white persons and to aliens of African nativity and to persons of African descent." That bars all alien yellow persons by omission.

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Washington, Arizona, Minnesota, Missouri, and Illinois have enacted anti-alien land laws substantially like California's. The only difference is that the Japanese had begun to absorb land in California and their government made an issue of it. That a foreign government should *demand* for her citizens access to land in California did not improve American-Japanese feeling on the Pacific coast.

The right of American labor to protest against competition that lowers the standard of living has been too long honored in this country to be now arguable. Australia and British Columbia are as hostile to Japanese immigration as California is, and for the same reasons. Mexico is not, probably because the standard of living there is low. Canada has restricted Japanese immigration exactly as we have. In British Columbia a Japanese already in may acquire citizenship, with one important disqualification: He may not vote.

Therefore, right or wrong, nothing else could have happened in California. Nor in anything that has happened there is there rational ground for war. It is inconceivable that Japan should ever think of going to war with the United States on an issue of racial equality. That is something that can not be won in war. To attempt it would be stupid.

"No, of course," you say, "it would not be that. It would be about the land. That is the reality. Japan wants our land."

LAND HUNGER WILL NOT BRING WAR

It is not the land, either. Japan is land starved. More than seventy per cent. of her people subsist on agriculture. She has a population of 357 per square mile, against thirty-one in the United States and seventeen in California. Her population is growing at the rate of six hundred thousand a year. Japan is already importing food. Her own soil is intensively developed. An upland farm is worth ten thousand dollars an acre.

But for all of that, Japan will never go to war with the United States for land in California. Land on the North American continent is no longer essential to the triumphant economic future of the Japanese people. They now have Korea to conquer economically, and that is a very big task. They have at last got foothold in Manchuria, with a sphere of influence which will never be less and which offers room and work for generations to come.

Moreover, the economic ideal with which Japan now is imbued is the industrial ideal. She will become a manufacturing and trading nation, like Great Britain, and then she can afford to buy her food, as England does. She will be the Great Britain of Asia.

"Then," you say, "it must be the Philippines."

No, neither is it the Philippines, Mr. Hobson's convictions notwithstanding. Recently the subject of the Philippines was discussed by a Senate Committee with former President Taft. He was asked if our possession of the Philippines might not become a cause for war. Mr. Taft thought not. The only nation that might be supposed to want them was Japan, and he believed she did not want them at all. He had discussed it intimately with the Japanese, and that was his conclusion.

And now you say: "Well, if it is not going to be a question of race equality, if it is not land in California, and if it is not the Philippine Islands, what is left to make war possible between Japan and the United States?"

Two things are left:—

One is a state of feeling.

The other is trade rivalry in Asia. The state of feeling comes first. It relates itself to everything else.

No other people have cut the Japanese as we have to the very quick of their racial pride. You really must see that. We have citizenship to give and we give it freely to all sorts of people—provided they are white. We have land to spare and we are anxious to get it settled by any industrious people—only provided they are white. We have neither citizenship nor land for the Japanese, because they are yellow. The United States Government makes a treaty with them on the assumption that they are our equals in every way; they are invited to come and settle and buy land. It is in the treaty. But when at length they come, the states in which they settle pass laws forbidding land to people who are ineligible to become citizens of the United States. That raises a new issue, namely, the ineligibility of Japanese to become citizens. They protest on the ground of its being discrimination; it assigns them to an inferior plane in comparison with all the alien white people

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WINNING THE RESPECT OF WESTERN CIVILIZATION.

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from Europe who are eligible to become citizens. We say it is not discrimination. It is only a rule we once made that people had to be either white or black to be eligible for citizenship. And so we go on pretending.

We can not say America is for Americans. We admit, naturalize, marry, and assimilate people from anywhere in the world of any race, provided they are white. We exclude the Japanese, not because they are Japanese—far be it from us to discriminate against Japanese—but because of the fact that they are ineligible to become citizens. And they are ineligible to become citizens not because they are Japanese but because they are yellow. We love the Japanese; we can not love yellow people. If only the Japanese could make themselves over white, that would solve everything.

HOW WAR MIGHT COME

So, to the Japanese we seem a nation of hypocrites. We offend their pride and belittle their intelligence. They burn with indignation and shame inwardly. It is a dangerous way for people to burn.

Allow this state of feeling to continue, let it be inflamed from time to time by awkward incidents which friends could so easily understand, and then—*then* if the United States should seem to Japan to be thwarting her economic and political ambitions in Asia she would quickly fight us, not in sorrow for having to do it, but joyful of the opportunity. Then she would seize the Philippines and then might California be afraid.

The notion of the United States ever trying to thwart Japan's ambitions in Asia is remote to the average American person. He thinks of Commodore Perry, U. S. N., who opened the country to Christian civilization, who introduced the shy Twilight Children into the wide-awake Day Children's world. It is a beautiful tradition. And it really happened. The Japan Year-Book begins with it, suddenly, like the lifting of a curtain, or as if nothing had ever happened before, so:

> OPENING OF THE COUNTRY.—In 1853 four American men-of-war arrived at the Bay of Yeddo demanding the conclusion of a treaty of intercourse.

But the Japanese remember things about Perry that we have almost forgot. The message he sent ashore from his flagship, the first Japan ever received from us, was this:

> Many of the large ships of war destined to visit Japan have not yet arrived in these seas, though they are hourly expected; and the undersigned, as an evidence of his friendly intentions, has brought but four of the smaller ones, designing, should it become necessary, to return to Yeddo in the ensuing spring with a much larger force. But it is expected that the Government of Your Imperial Majesty will render such return unnecessary by acceding at once to the very reasonable and pacific overtures contained in the President's letter. M. C. PERRY.

And the President's message was this:

> These are the only objects for which I have sent Commodore Perry, with a powerful squadron, to pay a visit to Your Imperial Majesty's renowned city of Yeddo: friendship, commerce, a supply of coal and provisions and protection for our shipwrecked people. MILLARD FILLMORE.

That was the beginning of a greedy exploitation of Japan by Western civilization.

We talk of the Yellow Peril. We hardly know that in China and Japan they talk of the White Peril, and have had more reason to fear us than we have ever had to fear them. The story of how the white man has exploited the yellow man's countries for gain from the beginning of an intercourse which he imposed upon them by force is filled with incidents of reckless cupidity, dishonesty, racial arrogance, and sheer brutality.

Japan's experiences have been cruel enough to embitter her soul forever.

Almost her first experience with Western traders was disastrous. Gold everywhere else in the world was at a ratio of one piece of gold to fifteen pieces of silver; in Japan, which had been so long isolated, the ratio was one to five. That is, in Japan, for five pieces of silver you could get a piece of gold worth fifteen pieces of silver outside. Western traders, seeing this, forgot that they had come to trade in goods and began to ship all of Japan's gold money away.

The Western Powers forced upon Japan treaties which afterward she was obliged to regard with deep humiliation, not only because they were unjust, but because they were a reflection upon her intelligence. Among other things, those treaties deprived her of the right to regulate her own tariff duties; they gave to foreign powers extra-territorial rights upon Japanese ground, where Japanese law had no jurisdiction and where foreigners were subject not to Japanese justice, but to trial by representatives

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of their own governments. Only a few years ago Japan with great dignity suspended all of those treaties and negotiated new ones that were fair; but she had been unable to get fair treatment until she was able to meet guile with guile and until she was not afraid.

Her first war was with China, over a dispute about Korea, and when, to the amazement of the Western powers, it appeared that she was likely to win, they tried to stop the war, because they wanted China for themselves. Japan refused to stop until she was in a position of undoubted victory and could demand the fruits of her sacrifice. She won not only Korea but Southern Manchuria, which China ceded to her outright. Then the Western powers appeared, all of them having war-ships about, and represented to Japan that it was not desirable for her to hold Southern Manchuria, as that was a part of China and they were all trying to maintain the territorial integrity of the Chinese Empire. Under great pressure, Japan gave Southern Manchuria back to China. Within four years the powers that had compelled her to do this had seized all of that Manchurian territory for themselves and more of China besides.

Russia, not content with possessing Liao-Tung peninsula, which is the lower extremity of Southern Manchuria on which she built Port Arthur, sought to gain ascendency over Korea, wherein Japan had successfully contested supremacy with China. And then Japan, unable to bear it any longer, went to war with Russia. To the greater amazement of the Western powers she whipped Russia away from Korea and out of all that

PICTURESQUE JAPAN.

Southern Manchurian territory which she had won from China before and had been compelled to give back. All the rights which Russia had obtained from China on the Liao-Tung peninsula were now transferred to Japan, by the treaty of peace, including also possession of the Southern Manchurian railroads leading north from Port Arthur.

At last Japan had got her foothold in Asia—that is, on the continent of Asia. Control of Port Arthur and of the railroads leading north into Manchuria were of tremendous value, for they gave her the means of access to commercial success in Asia beyond the let or hindrance of other powers.

And then Secretary Knox calmly proposed that those railroads, which had cost Japan a hundred thousand lives, be neutralized. He desired that Japan should sell them to the Western powers and take reimbursement in money. Japan quietly declined. She has never forgiven us for even proposing it. If we had insisted—well, if in the present state of feeling we should insist upon anything like that, in the name of the Open Door, Japan would go to war with the United States enthusiastically.

One of the very first things the Western powers did for Japan, at the beginning of commercial intercourse, was to fix her tariffs and to fix them very low. That is to say, they imposed what we call a free-trade policy upon a land-starved people whose destiny lay in the direction of industry. Japan was immediately flooded with the cheap machine-made wares of Europe and America, and her own craftsmen were deprived of their historic employments.

Matches will do for illustration. Japan changed from

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JAPAN IN CALIFORNIA: NEARLY ALL THE STRAWBERRY INDUSTRY IS IN JAPANESE CONTROL.

flint to matches all at once, so that within a few years after the advent of Western traders European matches had penetrated to the remotest villages. Then all the Japanese who had got their living in the primitive flint industry were out of work. Multiply that by a thousand instances and you will have some notion of what the flooding of Japan with Western goods meant to the Japanese. It was a long time before they understood what was happening to them. When they did understand it and perceived the necessity of adopting the white man's machine methods of production in order to be able to produce their own goods instead of buying them, they found themselves almost hopelessly handicapped. Their trade was in the hands of foreigners. The foreigners fixed their tariffs. There was no way in which they could "protect" infant industries. The Powers, who wanted to sell their own goods, would not allow it. So, without tariff protection, without any mechanical or industrial skill to begin with, they had to change from hand labor to machine production and lay the foundation of their industrial independence in desperate competition with the cheap wares of the West.

It was wonderful. Perhaps no other country could have done it. It was worse than toiling up the Manchurian hills afterward, with their guns, a few inches a day, to drop shells into Port Arthur. And it meant that human labor in industry had to be very cheap. Do you see the irony of that? Western powers, including the United States, forced upon Japan a competition which she could meet only by sweating her labor, and then the fact that Japanese labor was cheap, and therefore, lowered the standard of living, became the strongest economic objection to the presence of Japanese years later in California.

But they succeeded wonderfully. They mastered the match industry among the first, because it came first, and now they not only make their own matches, but a surplus besides for export. They make for themselves and for export besides a great many other

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things which formerly they bought from Europe and America. They have learned to import raw materials, like cotton and wool and metals, add their labor to it, and export the finished product. That is what a land-starved people must do. It is what England does. They have learned to build their own railways and their own steamships, and to do their own banking—all with cheap labor.

Sixty years ago their entire foreign trade was conducted by foreigners. In 1906 they had got forty-six per cent. of it into their own hands. In 1910 they had got control of fifty-four per cent. The Japanese call that progress, as we should if we were in their place. Western traders define it differently. It is stealing. "The Japs are stealing our trade," they say.

They will steal more of it, until they control it as a great nation should. And they know what they are about. They need increasing quantities of raw materials to which to apply their labor, and then they need an outlet they can be sure of for the finished products. The biggest single outlet is China, where are a quarter of all the people on earth—the Night Children just waking up. The Japanese and Chinese have in common a language written in ideographs. They know the same mysteries. They understand the same symbols. China is Japan's field of least resistance for trade, unlimited trade, and she is pursuing it purposefully; but, alas! China is the greatest trade prize known to Western civilization, and there is the point of conflict.

Japan's trade with China is increasing faster than that of any competitor. In 1891, of China's total trade with other countries Japan had less than five per cent.; in 1912 she had more than seventeen per cent. Our share remained stationary at about eight per cent. Great Britain's fell from over seventy per cent. to less than fifty per cent. Japan has invested heavily in her future with China, with a kind of Oriental fatalism. The cost of the war with Russia was a part of that investment. Since then she has been investing both time

THE OLD JAPAN: HOW THEY LIVE AND WORK AT THE FOOT OF FUJIYAMA.

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and capital in China. Her influence there has not been advertised; it is hardly realized. It has become very great. It is both political and commercial. While running up a debt with Europe Japan has been building up a credit in China.

And now, seizing an unexpected opportunity, when the Powers of Europe are intensely preoccupied with other things, she makes sweeping demands upon China, as that China shall turn over to her all the concessions hitherto granted to Germany and Austria, pledge herself to give no special privileges in the future to any people but the Japanese, give Japan permission to utilize certain natural resources of China, such as minerals, and build her own railroads to them, and grant Japanese people special rights in land and trade in Manchuria and East Mongolia.

She would be China's tutor, champion, over-lord, and preferred customer. Her strongest argument with China may be:

Asia for the Asiatics.

Why not? Is that intrinsically any more unreasonable than America for Americans, according to the Monroe Doctrine?

Hobson for once was probably right when he said that the United States would either have to fight for the Open Door in China or surrender that darling policy. It is time we began to think whether trade on our own terms in China is worth fighting Japan for. The situation would be treacherous enough between friends; with feeling in its present state between Japan and the United States, it is very dangerous.

"So it comes to that," you say. "We shall have to abandon our trade with China or accept the possibility of war with Japan."

WHY NOT OFFER THE PHILIPPINES?

There is even no such rational finality as that. Trade relations are flexible. The radical, positive problem is how to convince the Japanese that, though we withhold our citizenship from them on account of their color, and fortify our lands against them on account of their color, we are yet their nearest friends. That will require not only patience and tact but some immediate sacrifice.

What shall be sacrificed? What is it worth?

Suppose we should say to Japan: "The Philippines are a source of friction between us. Will you take them under your protection? You are the mistress of Asia. It is your work, really."

She probably would decline to take them. That is not the point. Nobody could ever think of them again as a possible cause of war.

Suppose we should be the first Western power handsomely and formally to recognize that Japan's economic interests are and by natural right ought to be paramount in Asia. That would not be to abandon our trade with China. Trade would have to accommodate itself to an idea of Japan's destiny in Asia. It would mean that we sacrificed the principle of the Open Door. To concede the paramountcy of Japan's economic rights in Asia would of course be to concede her right to control the doors of trade.

—AND COOPERATION?

Thereafter we should be obliged, perhaps, to cooperate with Japan in the trade with China. The Japanese are very anxious for that.

Kikusahuro Fukui, one of the great merchants of Japan, says: "I think it is a great mistake for any nation to do business in the Far East without taking Japan's position, geographically and commercially, into consideration. Instead of looking upon her as an opponent, they should consider her as a business partner and avail themselves of the special facilities she has to offer. As an instance of successful cooperation I can mention that the General Electric Company have taken a share in the Shibaura Engineering Works, Tokyo, and much of the work which was formerly imported is now produced in Japan at a considerably less cost, a considerable part of the raw materials or half-finished goods being imported from America."

Cooperation! It is a wonderful solvent. It requires sympathy and understanding. Japan *demands* justice. She would fight for it. But she craves sympathy and understanding, which given, justice can be trusted to administer itself.

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The COURAGE of the CONVICTION

By
ETHEL LLOYD PATTERSON

ILLUSTRATIONS BY
T. K. HANNA

HE COULD hear his telephone bell ringing as he climbed the second flight of stairs to his rooms. It was late—well past midnight. And he was tired—dead tired. He had made his after-dinner speech, smiled back at the women and girls who had crowded around him afterward, gone through with the whole evening creditably enough; but now he wanted to be alone. Nobody ever seemed to be alone in America, he reflected, as he turned his key in the lock and the telephone bell seemed fairly to jump at him through the opened door.

"Ghastly hour for this sort of thing!" he muttered as he took the receiver from the hook.

He had not grown used, as yet, to the mechanism of the instrument, and he fumbled with it. His own, in his place outside of London, was the regulation English joined transmitter and receiver. Also he disliked saying "Hello!" To him it seemed a very familiar form of address.

For a little moment there came to him over the wire only a vague buzzing sound. He braced himself for the hated salutation.

Then suddenly, but softly as a flower opens at dawn, a woman's voice whispered:

"Dear!"

At once in Alan Mackenzie the Latin which was his mother and the British which was his father gave battle to each other.

The Latin won; in him it often did. He bowed his head over the instrument and whispered back as tenderly as though his lips were at her cheek:

"Dear!"

There was a startled pause. It almost seemed to him he

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could hear her heart leap suddenly, then—throb with apprehension. For she would know—of course she would know the instant he spoke—he was not the one she sought. Trust a woman for that! What would she do? Cut him off? Leave him with this one soft endearment knocking at his heart? Or would she turn coarse—reproach him? But—apparently she did not guess.

"Dear—" she whispered again, "did I wake you? I'm so sorry; but I could not sleep until I told you—I love you!"

Her voice quivered and died away. He knew that even though she were sure of the love of the one to whom she thought she spoke, yet it took courage for her avowal. She sounded very young and very maidenly. And still beneath the quiver there was a tone as deep as the urge of the tide for the moon. Very much he wished he had told her at once there was a mistake; that she had the wrong number. Now—what to do? He cursed the little theatrical devil who had prompted him to answer as he did. But it must not go on. He wasn't a cad.

"There is a mistake," he said firmly. "The wires are crossed or—something."

"A mistake!" she echoed aghast. "Oh—isn't this Alan?"

How wonderfully she said "Alan!" He had always thought it a comic-opera sort of name. But it seemed to be a pretty good one—"Alan"—after all. He pulled himself up sharply. His own voice was very pleasant to hear when he spoke. "I am really very sorry," he said. "How can I make you understand how sorry I am? I should not have answered. I am an 'Alan,' but I'm the wrong 'Alan,' I know."

"Oh, what will you think of me!" she cried. There was no mistaking her genuine distress. Caught by it, he failed to use the trained logic of the dramatist; failed to realize it scarcely could matter what he thought of her since he could not see her face nor know her name.

"I only think you are brave and womanly," he said; then—driven on in spite of himself: "And—talk to me a little, *please!* Just one moment! You *must* let me talk to you. If you do you won't mind what has happened—not as much! If you cut me off——"

"A—No! No! No!" she interrupted. It was as though she were putting her hands over her ears and backing away.

He tried to cling to her. "Listen—" he began. But some sixth sense told him she was no longer there. He waited, holding his breath.

"Number, please!" It was Central this time. The little lovely moment was done. He hung up the receiver. Then he sat drumming his fingers on the desk before him. His eyes were fixed. Unconsciously he sent his spirit after her into the night; wandering, groping through the vast city in search of the voice that had come to him out of space.

Presently he began to walk back and forth before the open fire. He was no longer tired. His imagination was trapped like a bird in a net. It fluttered and struggled to free itself and fly—out to the end. For there must be more to this, he frowned. It was the beginning of something, surely. It was like a blue-and-gold initial letter at the beginning of a chapter. But how go on—how use it? That was it—that was why her voice had so stirred him. Subconsciously he had hailed the dramatic possibilities of the situation. Perhaps he could use it in the play he was working on now. Again he frowned.

It was a strange city, this New York, to which he had come but a few weeks ago. It was Topsyturvy Town. Every place where one would expect to find adventure—in the eyes of its young men, in the parks, on the banks of the river, there was only—commerce. And then—in the belching, bellowing factories; in the high, fine lines of a Marconi tower trawling the void; or over a wire that wound past slums and palaces to the little instrument upon his desk, there seethed and sang true drama and red romance.

He gave his mind its head. Impressions; pictures; words forming themselves into sentences, then parting again like dancers in a minuet, were just at the edge of his brain. He tingled. Well—anyway, she had awakened him! For the first time in a fortnight of dining and being toasted as the latest "lion" among the young English dramatists of the new school, his work was calling him. He flung off his dress clothes hurriedly and searched for his bath-robe. Almost with one gesture he cleared a place at his desk. Five minutes later he was driving his pencil over the paper like mad—lost to the world.

And the spell lasted for days. Ungratefully enough, he unscrewed the bells from

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THAT VERY AFTERNOON HE FOUND HER! A SMALL BROWN-AND-GOLD PERSON WHO MADE HIM THINK OF A PANSY.

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the telephone so no chance call might disturb him at his writing. The new play progressed marvelously. It was as though he were but a tool wielded dexterously in the hands of the Idea. His fine features became a little pinched. His eyes went back in his head; but they were glowing. A pile of scented notes, unopened, grew higher on his table. He never even glanced at them.

For—what were soft hands and soft looks to him now? He was a man with a man's work. It had been odd enough at first—well, flattering if you like—to find himself a celebrity. Newspaper reporters had come to the dock to interview him. In England they do not make that sort of fuss over a chap, even if he has written plays. Here, people seemed to say things out loud. That he was "handsome," for example. One woman with jade earrings and scarlet lips had called him "Hermes." Nobody ever before had said such things to him. It made him uncomfortable in the beginning, then afterward—one could not seem to help it—it went to the head like wine.

And the girls! My word—what girls! Such pretty ones. He thought he never had seen such pretty ones. So *chic!* And all asking him to lunch or to tea, to motor or to dine. How in the name of good sense did the men in New York manage to work? As for him—Alan Mackenzie—he had been like a cat given the freedom of the dairy, until that voice, over the telephone, had called to his sleeping imagination.

Slowly the spell of feverish effort wore itself away. On the fifth night he pushed back his chair and straightened his body to ease his aching shoulders. Then he yawned—prodigiously.

"Done! by the Great Lord Harry!" he said.

And, like a blue-bottle fly caught beneath a glass, the dismantled telephone buzzed an answer at his elbow.

It was rather welcome. For the time he had had enough of his labors. He turned to it with boyish eagerness.

"Now we'll see what the bally old world's been about since I've been dead!" he commented and then, out of sheer high spirits—"Hello!" he shouted.

There came no answer, and he waited. Finally—"Are you there?" he queried.

Once more there was that strange vision of flowers opening at dawn; fugitive, yet so nearly tangible.

"Alan!" she sighed. "I can't go on with my work without you. Come back!"

It seemed so perfectly natural in the half stupor of his brain fag, he answered without thought:

"I haven't been away. I've been working, too."

"But I thought you hated the very sight of me!" she protested. "I could not make you look at me last time. Alan—I could not bear it! All my little rhymes got out of tune."

How dear she was! And her voice—what was it like? A spirit chord struck from a spirit harp—that was it! Unconsciously he had spoken aloud.

"Now you sound kind," she told him. "I didn't hear what you said, but it sounded—not angry."

Good heavens—was he going mad? Why did her answers fit into his thoughts in this perfect way? Why did he feel as though he knew her—this girl who spoke to him the second time through some quaint error? Why—most particularly *why*—did he want her to go on talking at any cost, when plainly she loved and was loved by some phantom "Alan"?

"Look here," be began determinedly. "Now don't cut me off till I've finished. You remember you got on the wrong wire a few nights ago? Well, you're on the wrong wire again—I mean the same wrong wire. Hang it all—do you get it? What I mean to say is this—you needn't be frightened, anyway; but besides I don't even know your name; do you understand? I've no way of getting it; so—why won't you talk to me a bit? Oh, Lord," he groaned, "you'll think me an awful beast! I've *got* to make you understand!"

"Can you make me understand?" came faintly and coldly over the wire.

He took a long breath and started once more.

"My name is Alan Mackenzie," he said. "I write plays." And then—to himself, angrily—"Sounds like a blooming servant with a reference."

"What kind of plays, Alan Mackenzie?" she asked.

"Oh—plays," he answered vaguely. "They don't matter very much just yet; but they're going to, some day. But what I wanted to say to you was this—it was your voice started me to work again the other night. I'd been playing too much—

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forgetting. You called me back. I thought you'd like to know. You sound like the sort of girl who would."

"Thank you, Alan Mackenzie," she said quietly. "I *am* glad I helped you. Particularly as—you've guessed, haven't you? —my own work has gone wrong these last few days because I have not seen the one I love. Tell me, when a man and a girl are parted do you think it is wrong for the girl to—to—" she stammered—"make the first advance?"

"I think it is fine of her!" he answered warmly. "Why, of course, if you care, there is no such silly thing as pride, is there? You can not make true love undignified." He laughed a little shakily. "Why, if I loved a woman big enough to do that sort of thing, I—why, I'd feel like a god!"

"Now you have helped me," she told him gravely. "I think the little rhymes I write will begin to sing again. And I think I must tell *you* something. I know your plays, Alan Mackenzie. When I said 'What kind of plays?' just now, it was a sort of lie. I wanted to hear in your voice whether you would be annoyed because there was some one who did not know your work. Will you forgive me for that? It was stupid of me. Having read them, I should have known."

"But *your* work," he begged—"give me some clue to it. It's only fair. You've read what I've written."

"They're only little songs," she said. "I make them as—a child in a sunlit field weaves daisy chains. They used to be just —plain happy. Lately—I don't know! Let's let my little songs go."

"But you're not going to leave me like this!" he exclaimed. "Why, we're—almost friends. Please!"

"My name is Joan," she said. "I write little songs." A clear laugh held him spellbound. "I go," she announced, "like the Cheshire Cat—my grin disappears last!"

"By George!" said Alan Mackenzie. "No, you don't! Not like that, my lady! I'm going to find you! I'll teach you to disturb a dramatist in his lair!"

He banged the receiver back on the hook with a firmness that almost broke it. Then he reached for the telephone-book. Then he grinned at himself acidly. The thickness of the book was the answer. Also he knew only her Christian name. Still he started with the "A's" laboriously, in search of a "Joan," until he decided the amusement was downright childish. Then he hurried into his boots to go to the nearest book-shop to ask some salesman what woman there was in America who wrote poetry and whose first name was "Joan." He was rather pleased with himself till he remembered it was well past the hour when book-shops are open and—she might write under a *nom de plume*.

Probably his brain was over-sensitized from recent application. But whatever the reason, he could not drive her from his mind. It became irritating. He rambled about his rooms picking up books and putting them down again. Lighting his pipe and—letting it go out.

To him she had a distinct personality. "Joan." He did not need to see her. He felt as though he would know her were he to pass her on the street. Womanly—above all, womanly. He decided on gray, steady eyes. And a mouth—well, of course with such a voice and—and caring for that other silly Alan sort of chap—as she did! At which point he kicked a chair out of his way, jammed his hat down on his head, and went out.

Strangely enough, when he awoke in the morning he still remembered her. When he began opening the pile of notes that had awaited his attention for almost a week, his mind wandered in the middle of a sentence—

"Would Mr. Mackenzie take tea with Dolly Marsden on Friday the twenty-eighth?" Would he? Well—which one was "Dolly"? Oh, yes, the girl with the awful voice and the little hat and the funny little bare ear with her hair brushed slickly away from it. No—Mr. Mackenzie would not take tea with Miss Marsden.

"Would Mr. Mackenzie dine with Mrs. Philip Haverstraw? Mr. Haverstraw was *so* anxious to meet him!" Which one was she? Oh, the one with the queer feet—poor old thing; so weary looking and all "shored-up" in stays and veils and heels. He remembered she had made him think of an apple-tree the old limbs of which had been braced to keep them from breaking. The note fluttered to the rug.

He had thought them all so seductive! Now? He rose impatiently to his feet. Presently he began to hum as he went about his dressing. Then he sang, and the words were the beginning of an old hymn:

"There were ninety and nine who safely lay
In the shelter of the fold,
But one was off on the hills away—"

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"YOU LITTLE FIEND!" HE CRIED. "YOU'RE LAUGHING! I THOUGHT YOU WERE CRYING!"

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He laughed so hard he made himself quite normal, and so finally swore at his cravat with his customary good-humor.

But the visit to the book-shop in the afternoon was unproductive. He decided the salesman, whom he questioned, looked like an owl, and he almost told him so. He had a very bad half-hour indeed when he realized—and this was his British father in him—he was in hot pursuit of a girl who obviously belonged to some other man. Nor was there any dodging it—quite plainly she liked belonging to him. And that brought Alan Mackenzie straight up against the question of what he was going to do if he did find her.

"Well—hang it all, I'm not trying to marry her!" he told himself angrily. "It's the sport of the thing—that's what it is. If I could just see her once and say—'Aha—trapped, my lady!' I wouldn't care if I never saw the silly little baggage again!"

At which point, being a good Englishman, he carefully avoided meeting his own eye.

And that very afternoon he found her! A small brown-and-gold person who made him think at once of a pansy. He had been right about the mouth. Otherwise she was quite plain. Except perhaps when she dared to raise her glance to his. He had been wrong about the eyes. They were brown and soft and looked as though they were made of sealskin. It was a square sort of little face, wide of forehead and with a primitive width of jaw. Her russet hair grew down in a "widow's peak." A pulse beat in her throat and made her tremble very slightly, as though a light wind stirred her.

"Yes," he said to himself, "altogether like a brown-and-yellow pansy."

He had been just leaving the Thé Dansant when his hostess detained him with a touch on his arm. "One moment," she said. "Miss Harris, may I introduce Mr. Mackenzie?"

He turned. Against the ultra accented dress of the women about her she seemed a pleasant spot of satisfying color. What was this little plain creature doing here? Then—she spoke.

"How do you do—Alan Mackenzie?" she said.

And the blood that flew to his head rushed no less quickly than the agonizing blush that crept to her very forehead.

"So—I've found you!" he managed. Their hostess had turned away.

"Oh," she whispered—almost she seemed holding back her tears—"oh, I can scarcely bear it!"

All the chivalry in him answered. "That's utter nonsense," he told her briskly. "You called your fiancé on the telephone and the beastly operator gave you the wrong number. Where's the harm? It happens every day," he added, stretching a point.

"Does it?" she asked.

"Of course," he reassured her. "Now—come along, there's a good girl. I've forgotten all that part. Swear it never happened. So—can't we sit down and talk a bit like ordinary persons?"

Which might have been managed had they been "ordinary persons;" but they weren't. He was in love with her before he left her on the first afternoon. At the end of a short three weeks things burst into flame. It happened in her studio while they were having tea. The week he met her he had called upon her but every other day. He prided himself on that. It seemed restrained. But for the last ten days he had appeared regularly each afternoon at half-past four.

"Joan!" he began suddenly, as though he owned her. "Of course you're going somewhere with that rotten Alan of yours! That's why you won't go to my 'exhibish' with me. I won't stand it!"

"But my dear man—" she began.

"Oh, what's the use of pretending!" he interrupted. "I'm at the end! Call me what you like! I don't know—it's all a muddle. Engaged or not"—now it was his mother speaking in him— "I—I love you! Joan—I *want* you; you're *mine*. Can't you feel it? Of course you can! Why, it's absurd. You're just the other half of me. I—I'd catch cold without you. You know it. Joan, give that old Alan the boot—there's a dear!"

"I can't! Oh, I can't!" She buried her little square face in her hands. She was really trembling now.

"Look here," he said. He had planted himself very firmly before her. He looked as though he meant to stay. "Look here—of course it's a muddle, Joan. But where's the use of going on muddling? I don't give a hang *what* you say—you couldn't make me believe you care for that chap—*now!* Joan, you're not a flirt—I know you

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well enough for that. Look here, old dear, I'll clear out for a week and give you a chance to boot him; bury him with honors. That's rather decent of me, considering, Joan, you're *mine!*"

She looked up.

"You little fiend!" he cried between his teeth. "You're laughing! I thought you were crying!"

In another instant he would have had her in his arms, but she warded him off. Suddenly the little square jaw became even more square. The sealskin eyes looked at him very straight. Through them he caught a glimpse of something unbelievably firm and steadfast.

"Alan," she said, "leave me—please. I want to write something to you. I'll send you a note—to-night. If I told you, you wouldn't half listen. Besides, I haven't the courage—quite. I have to write it. Read it carefully, will you? *Think* what it means. Now—please go!"

"Right-O!" he said. "I'm off! But—" he paused at the door—"of course you know nothing makes any difference? You're *mine*, Joan. And—" very quietly—"I trust you and—all that sort of thing. You understand, dear, don't you?"

She nodded. And the look she sent after him was a flame from the fire that burns in the heart of the world.

That night he read the letter which came with a messenger:

"Alan Mackenzie," she wrote, "I've loved you for a year. For months before ever you dreamed of coming to America. I've read every line you've ever written, and I knew you were *mine*—Alan—my mate! When I saw in the newspapers you were coming; when the people I knew began to talk of entertaining you; when I knew I should see you—it seemed to me I scarcely could bear the happiness of it! I felt like a bride! A *girl* bride, Alan; and I'm *not* a girl. I'm—thirty.

"And then—you came! You'll never know how carefully I dressed for that first tea-party. Somewhere you wrote you loved the autumn. So, for you, I made myself like the woods in the fall—brown and gold, with scarlet-like maple leaves. And—*you never even saw me!* Alan—shall I ever forget it! You looked at me, and—*did not see me!* You spoke to me—you've forgotten—but my throat was dry and I could not answer, so you turned away! And I crept home.

"All those women with painted mouths and penciled lids, and little high-heeled slippers with big buckles, and that sweet artificial perfume that seems to drug you—all of them crowding about you! And I wasn't like them. I didn't know what to do. And I *knew* you, Alan—I knew your heart and your soul. I wouldn't have cared a bit, had I thought you belonged to them. But—you didn't. You belong to *me*, you see.

"And there's Irish in me, Alan! I have dreams like yours. If I listen I can hear the thrum of the gipsy music—calling, calling, and—I have to follow. And I have to fight for what's mine. I don't just give in. Oh, no! And—I'm not stupid.

"So I telephoned you, Alan. And—I meant what I said. Do you remember?

"You see I have an imagination of my own. I've snared it when I wanted to pluck a feather from its wing to sell in the market-place. I reasoned what would catch my imagination would—catch yours. Alan, it was my only chance! Oh—*what* do you think of me! It was *never* the wrong telephone number! It was the number for which I asked. There was no mistake. And—I meant what I said.

"Now—I wonder! To me it seems quite right. You are mine—I know it. I was made for you—you were made for me. No other man could do for me; no other woman could fill my place with you. Alan, I understand every bit of you. And, since you did not come to me, I—came to you.

"And—*now*—Alan?"

Reverently he folded her letter. When he raised his eyes they were quite dazed, as are the eyes of one who has but just been in a holy place.

His voice was low but very, very steady when he spoke her number in the telephone. Then—

"Dear!" he whispered.

And—

"Dear!" she whispered back. And once more the word bloomed softly, as a flower opens at dawn.

"Dear—" he said—"did I wake you? I'm so sorry. But I could not sleep until I told you I—love you!"

Over the wire there came a low laugh from a woman's heart filled to the brim with happiness.

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STRADIVARIUS *and the* FOOD *of* LOVE

By
RICHARD MATTHEWS HALLET

ILLUSTRATIONS BY
EDWARD L. CHASE

TO THE READERS OF EVERYBODY'S:—I am venturing, for the briefest possible moment, to intervene between you and the author of the following story. You have never met him before. You are going to meet him several times in the near future. And unless I am much mistaken you are going to be progressively gladder and gladder to acknowledge his acquaintance.

But first—a word in your ear. Mr. Hallet is not just a new writer. We run across *them* every day. He is, as it happens, an old and often-wished wish of ours suddenly come true. And since, being creatures of habit, we frequently fail to recognize our own pet wishes when they do finally materialize for us, I want, if I can, to insure your identifying Mr. Hallet at the start. He isn't, if I may so phrase it, a literary gentleman writing character stories for us from his study. He is a "character" himself—talking to us.

Hundreds of us, in all sorts of odd corners of the world—by mountain camp-fires; in the lee of deck-houses

MAN, OH, MAN, IT WAS THE STRADIVARIUS BEGINNING AGAIN IN THE FIST OF THAT SYDNEY MUG.

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on strange sea-craft; in foremen's shanties by new rights of way—have listened by the hour to some sun-browned Dick or Bill whose racy drawl, and native mother wit, and acid scraps of self-taught philosophy, have driven home inimitably the drama of his reminiscent yarns. And some of us have come home, and told of our experiences, and said, "Dickens ought to have met that chap!" And some of us have said, to the chap himself, "Dick (or Bill), why don't you write that down?" And some of us, alas, have seen the dead, denatured stuff that Dick (or Bill) did write.

Well, here's a Dick—Dick Hallet, no less—who actually *has* written it down. Here is the racy speech; the mother wit; the acid wisdom; the sense of drama. Here is a Dick who has sweated in the stoke-holes of the Seven Seas; who has "hit the road" in many lands; who has looked into the unsuspecting hearts of men and into the eyes of women off their guard; and who can talk to us—*talk* to us, mind you—with a pen in his hand. Here is our wish come true. Don't forget, if you would get the real flavor of it all, to *listen to him while you read.*

J. B. KERFOOT.

WE HAD a fiddle once, Frank Hyde and I, that had a song in it better than the song of songs that was the song of Solomon; and never knew it till that old Stradivarius was ours no longer. And thereby hangs a tale, man: the tale of Kitty Rolfe, if you would hear it.

There we were, then, rolling down the road to Melbourne, with the flies as thick on our backs as ever they were on raw meat, and the metal of the road gouging the leather from the soles of our feet, and the heat blinding us, and our throats closed for lack of water. Sorry bodies we bore that day, and sore hearts. And old Frank swore by the red-roaring, crinkle-eyed, woogle-faced Chink that bit the right ear off the buck nigger from Shanghai, that if ever he came to grips with the Sydney larrikin that had got his hooks in our ten-shilling piece, he would put him to the rightabout, until such time as just God should call to the dead, "Turn out; the watch below."

That Sydney lad had come into camp the night before and yarned with us, and smoked with us, and rolled himself up in one of our blankets; and then he had lifted the semi-quid out of old Frank's pocket while we slept, and burnt a black arrow into the trunk of the gum-tree over our heads. An amiable lad that was, with a brown beard, and deep eyes in a hollow face, and long brown fingers that were always dancing a devil's dance on his knee.

Well, we burnt a circle around the arrow to hold the curse in; and then we shouldered our maruleys—those were our blankets rolled up, with the grub in them—and took the road. At first we kept a sharp eye out for the trail of his hob-nailed boots; but the road was hard, without dust to take the print of the nails; and so we came to counting horseshoes.

Man, oh, man, may you never come to counting horseshoes; for the man was mad that first saw luck in them. Shoes, half-shoes, quarter-shoes; and nails. Ay, lad, we counted the nails too. We were low. And all the while there was the sun burning and wabbling in a sky without a cloud; and thirst burning in clogged throats. Man, we were frail, we were perishable, and we knew it. The wind fell against us in hot waves, and carried the ghosts of dead sheep and dead rabbits across the road. We were out of tobacco, out of luck.

And to cap all, late along in the afternoon, here came our everlasting wrangle about Arizona poking up, that was never more than hull-down, at the best of it. It had stayed with us all the way from Sydney, because there were no maps to settle it. We sat down there in the middle of a red plain and we wanted to know what was the good of our going to school, and getting birched back there, if we couldn't tell a bullet-headed, sky-eyed pardner where the state of Arizona was.

Arizona was directly under Colorado, said old Frank. This he knew, because when he was cow-punching on the Wine-Glass Ranch in Colorado, he used to ride into Arizona for his mail. And God guard the man that would gainsay him; because guns had been drawed before now in his neck of the woods at any suggestion that the truth was roughly handled.

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"Well here," I said, "we can reason this thing out. What states are between Colorado and the Mississippi?"

"Kansas and Nebraska," says old Frank. "A child would have knowed that, King Dick."

"All right," I said. "Now what's between Arizona and the Mississippi? There's Indian Territory and Oklahoma and the panhandle of Texas, and New Mexico, ain't there?"

"Well, doggone it," says old Frank, bitterly, "you go right ahead, King Dick, and crowd it into the Pacific. You would think I was talking theory. Ain't it over somewhere under Honolulu, pardner? Forty-two, forty-two and a half."

There he was counting horseshoes again, and if you think you can reason with a man who is in a frame of mind to count horseshoes, you try it.

He slung off his maruley, and sat on it; but he dug his heel unawares into a warrior-ant drift that cropped up there, and then we were all for shifting along again.

"Hell would look comical beside this place, King Dick," he said. "It would look plumb comical and warmed-over, pardner."

He narrowed his eyes up the road, and said, "I think I will take a hack at Stradivarius."

"Let's mosey along," I argued. "There is some rain in the south there. We had better find an empty shack."

"There ain't no empty ones, King Dick," he said. "A man that would be fool enough to come here and build a shack would be fool enough to stay in it."

So he unslung the fiddle, and took it out of its case, and proceeded to get A—I think it was A. It seems if you had A, the rest of the alphabet would follow on like lambs to the slaughter. The thing was to get A.

HE LOVED THAT FIDDLE LIKE A WOMAN.

"How do you know when you've got it, though?" I said.

"Sump'n tells me," he said. "It ain't likely a tike like you would figure that out. I toodle along and toodle along, and up she comes A—clear as a bell. All them other things is just damn noises."

Man, oh, man, it's my belief that A was just a damn noise too; but wouldn't there have been death in the pot if I had said so! It was a sad little instrument to look at, never fear; with blisters on it, and cracks in it; and to make bad worse, he had sat on it, coming aboard that last hooker three sheets in the wind, and he was three months filling it up with ship's glue before he could get A again. Man dear, he was a bull that voyage.

He loved that little fiddle like a woman; he tucked it under his chin the same way . . . and the same light in his eyes and gentleness in his finger-ends.

"There's a song in the wood yet, King Dick," he used to say. "There's a song there for me to coax it out, pardner."

Coax was the word for it, what with the rosin and the horsehair. Three tunes he played—"Killarney," and "Lead, Kindly Light," and "Rock of Ages." Man, with the first note, now, I can see that big fellow, sitting cross-legged, yellow in the firelight, with that battered shell to his chin, and his shoulders rocking, and his eyes dropping fire.

"Eighteen months ago," he would say proudly to strangers, "I couldn't play a note, feller."

"It's not too bad. Not too bad," they'd say cautiously.

"I and King Dick here would fight for that Stradivarius like we would for a woman. How about that, King Dick?"

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Oh, well, I always nodded. Now you laugh, but there was strange comfort in that old instrument. It would try to speak, no matter how.

I recollect another tune too that he played, a sadder one than the others, which began, "The wedding-bells were ringing on that fatal wedding-night." I tell you it was mournful, man, when he came to where the poor girl was standing in the snow outside the church, holding the baby, and here came the bridegroom along out of a fine carriage—that was in the sixteenth verse—with the bride on his arm, and never looking once at the girl he had betrayed. Man, it was touching. It seems the little one was dead, too. Old Frank used to say himself that it had "The Face on the Bar-room Floor" backed into a corner sparring for wind, when it came to an out-and-out *sad* piece.

Well, there we sat, that night, with the sun jerking down like a big paper lantern; and away off the bush, getting brown, a deep brown like old Tom's velvet coat, and another drop behind that some pink mountains that looked thin and no-account, as if a little girl had cut them out of tissue-paper and pasted them over against the horizon. Plagued still it was too, and all at once old Frank plucked a string—kerplunk—and says he:

"Bill Shakespeare must have been a handy lover, King Dick. You know he says that music is the food of love. He would know all them little wrinkles. . . . Ain't that tobacco coming up the road? I would cadge tobacco from a swanker, now, the way I feel."

There was some one in the road, that was true; a horseman.

"I will shake out a note or two, King Dick, to cheer him up," said Frank, and he opened his mouth, and drew bow, and got A, and began to wail out that sad piece about the wedding-bells, and the little one being dead, what with its scanty nighty and the snow and all.

"Telling tales of fond affection,
Vowing never more to part,"

sang old Frank to the pale moon; and I swear he was so fetched into the spirit of that thing that he forgot the horseman, and the chance of tobacco. His eye was on the American nickel under the bridge of the fiddle—that nickel was to bring it down from concert pitch; and with all his soul he was encouraging that Stradivarius to say its say. There he had it under his chin, I'm telling you, as if it was a girl that was fond of him; with the same loving little sidelong twist of the head on his shoulders.

Yes, he was right fond of that old fiddle. He had bought it on the Bowery for ninety cents; and don't you forget that there were some things he could do with it, right enough. He could play those four tunes I've told you about, and he could imitate a magpie with it, to fool her young, and a magpie is a right hard bird to imitate on account of that rusty yodel it has.

"Just another fatal wedding,
Just another broken heart,"

says old Frank; and that was his swan-song; because he looked down then, from the moon, and there was the horse prancing in the road, and refusing to go by, and sitting astride was Kitty Rolfe.

Man, oh, man, I know her name now. She was a mighty slim, brown, pretty thing, with scornful eyes; and she held to the horse like a little lady. She was crisp, man.

"Don't you know better than to yowl when there is a horse coming?" she called down to him. "You great big black swaggie, you save your voice for Sundays, will you?"

Old Frank was all aback then. "I am sorry, ma'am," he said. "I was trying to charm you. If I had knowed that this here Stradivarius would scare your horse—" He drew down a doleful nose, and the sun was red on Kitty Rolfe's brown arm when she raised her riding-crop.

"You couldn't charm a snake," she flung at him; but the whip hung in the air nevertheless.

"Are you taking tobacco to any of your men friends?" he asked mournfully.

"Do you want to buy some?" she flashed at him.

"There is mighty little corn left in Egypt, ma'am," said old Frank.

Kitty Rolfe wheeled her horse. "Do you want a job?" says she.

"We do," said old Frank gladly. "We would do anything, from rolling doughnuts

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RIGHT THERE HE FALTERED. . . . THERE WAS KITTY ROLFE IN THE DOORWAY, WITH A RIDING-CROP IN HER HAND, AND A TILT-UP TO THE CORNERS OF HER MOUTH.

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"I AM SORRY, MA'AM," HE SAID. "I WAS TRYING TO CHARM YOU. IF I HAD KNOWED—"

to roping steers, ma'am, if we had tobacco. But if we are out of smoke, we can't do one doggone thing but fight; and we get that low-down and pusillanimous we don't know where the state of Arizona is."

"It's in North America," said Kitty Rolfe.

"Thank you, ma'am," said old Frank. Man, he was grateful. "I reckon you have saved the situation," he told her.

"If you fight I can't hire you," said Kitty Rolfe, "because I haven't men enough as it is, and what men I've got I don't want damaged."

"I am always the one to get damaged, ma'am," said Frank mournfully. "My hands are too small. I get them all bent out of shape when I hit a man. I would rather run a mile than fight a minute any day. You give me two jumps in the clear, and I am off like a cottontail."

"Will you pass your word not to fight?" she said, and then her horse came sidewise, and she hung over us there, mighty solicitous and sweet. She was a sturdier girl than I had figured, too; her leg that was flattened against the flank of the horse had the tenacity of a vine in it.

So we passed our word not to fight, and she flung us down a sack of tobacco.

"Follow me," she said, and we filled our pipes, and came along at a good round pace.

It was five miles from the road to the Rolfe station, and nearly dark when we came up to the veranda of the house, but not so dark but what we could see our Sydney larrikin sitting there with his feet on the railing, and a pipe in his teeth. There was a Snowflake oil-can hanging over his head with a fern growing out of it. Queer thing about those cans. They are plastered pretty well all over the world. We used to see them in China and Egypt as well as Australia, and we would feel patriotic, too; but we never clapped eyes on one without some piece of hard luck following.

Kitty Rolfe had dismounted, and old Frank hung his chin over her shoulder.

"Give me leave to spoil that man, ma'am," he begged. "He is an ornery specimen, I can tell you that."

"Hands off," said Kitty Rolfe. "You promised."

So up we went, and the Sydney mug put out his hand. He was brimming over with the joy of seeing us again, to hear him tell it.

"I can never sleep after sun-up," he said,

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"and so I shook the fog from my peepers and hopped off early."

"It is the early bird that catches the worm, stranger," said old Frank. "But I have hearn tell of ones that had to wrastle for them, later on."

He stared pretty hard at Sydney, with his arms folded; and the thief took back his hand, and said nothing, because it was dark, and nobody had noticed it.

But he was game, I think, that thief. Three days we were there, waiting for the traction-engine to come, before we tackled the wheat; and we shot crows and dug rabbits and built fence, side by side; and the fellow never once offered to leave. But he must have known his time was coming.

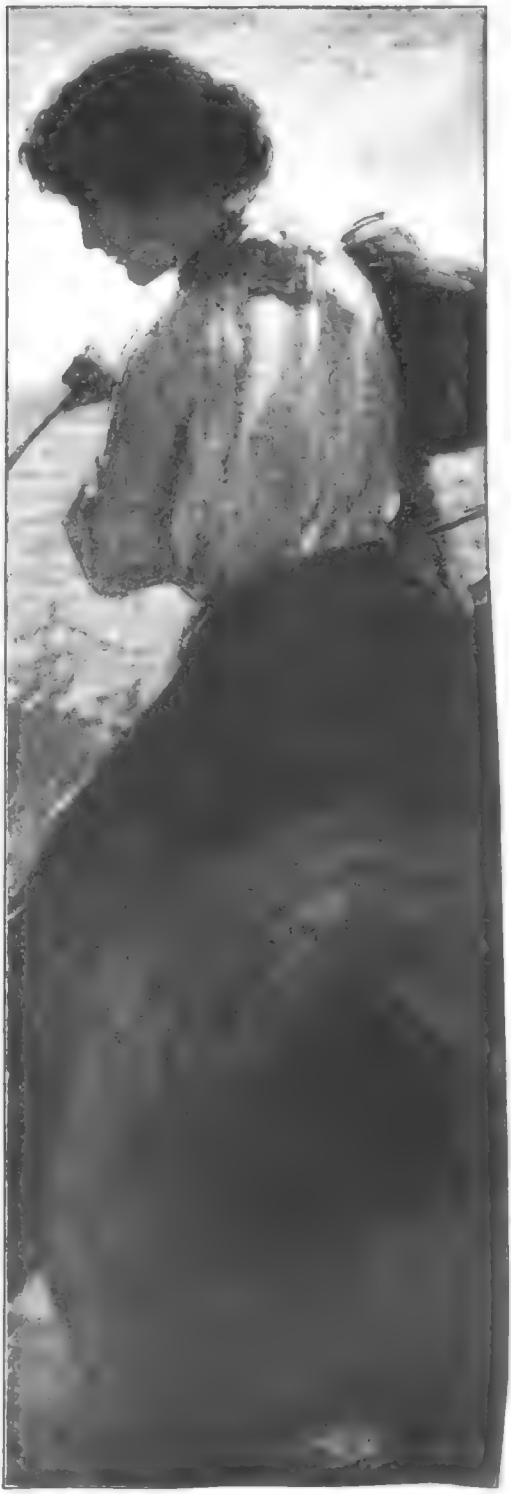
And Kitty Rolfe was sweet with him, too: she let him take meals out to the black hog, that was being fed up for the Sydney prizes; on the Sunday they went to church together, and in the afternoon took horses and hounds and hunted dog-foxes over the hills.

When they came cantering slowly home, it was old Frank who sat under the Snowflake oil-can watching them, and trifling with the pegs of Stradivarius. His eyes leapt and fell to see her, still distant, leaning over to whisper in the ear of that flash mug from Sydney, with the black arrow up his sleeve, and ten good shillings yet, for aught we knew. You know that tormenting way that women have of being secret with a lover? Of putting everybody else outdoors, so to speak, and laughing at them? That was the sort of sweet little conspiracy Kitty Rolfe was hatching up with Sydney; and it was a sore thing for old Frank Hyde to see. He was what you would call a universal lover.

"King Dick," says he, "there is a doggone sword mentioned somewhere, hanging by a thread over a man's neck. That is about the size of this bloke coming, and the thread is pretty well frayed out, too."

But he sat tight, and Kitty Rolfe and Sydney went by him into the kitchen. Then old Frank half-raised the Stradivarius to his chin, and looked into the east, where the night-clouds were already trampling on the hills.

Suddenly Kitty put her head out of the door, and "Oh, Mr. Hyde," says she, "there's a black snake has gone into the wall by the stove. Won't you try to charm it out with your fiddle?"



"YOU COULDN'T CHARM A SNAKE," SHE FLUNG AT HIM, HER WHIP IN THE AIR.

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"Yes, ma'am," says old Frank. He was as good-natured as a camel in those days where a woman was concerned. And he could never see when they were plaguing him. He went into the kitchen, ducking his head, and holding the fiddle like a piece of wedding-cake in that delicate hand of his that got bent out of shape when he hit men with it.

"There," said Kitty Rolfe, and held down a candle to a hole in the bricks.

Man dear, it was a joy to see old Frank squatting down cross-legged before that hole, and rosining his bow, and turning the pegs, and getting A, all regular. He blew on the strings too. He wouldn't have taken any more pains for the Queen of Sheba than he did for that snake. He was a thorough kind of genius, old Frank was.

"A slow tune ought to fetch it," says he, and tried "Rock of Ages."

There he sat, sawing out the "Rock of Ages," right from the original healthy granite, as industrious as an orchestra; and Kitty Rolfe stood arm in arm with the Sydney rough one, showing us a sober face. But when Frank was done with the hymns, she shivered and stroked her arms.

"I think you will never in this world charm a snake with a hymn, Mr. Hyde," says she. "But thank you."

"An artist would only waste his time on that doggone reptile," says old Frank. "It would take a tom-tom to jolt it anyways hard; it ain't educated up to Stradivarius."

We went outdoors again, on the way to the abandoned dairy where we had our quarters, and I heard Kitty Rolfe saying to the Sydney mug:

"Ain't he rich? Ain't he too rich for words?"

But old Frank was striding on and musing; and he didn't hear.

"You can never tell me," he said. "There is a heart-ache and a tear in that old fiddle yet. I will lay you odds, pardner, it has melted women's hearts before now, let alone a snake."

"It is a far cry from melting this one's heart," I said.

"I don't know, King Dick," he said. "A hot metal will melt in a flash. You can never tell from one minute to another——"

He stood absolutely still; and, looking back, whispered: "Ain't she the pretty thing? What is the good of my telling her about that mug? She would know I was jealous. And ain't it the truth, King Dick?"

It was the truth.

"I will spoil his usefulness before this job is done," he said.

For three days the Sydney mug worked below us, hauling out the chaff from under the separator; and the chaff rifted above his ears, and drove into his clothing, and clogged his soul. Still he was cheerful.

Old Frank and I were on the stack pitching sheaves against the wind; and all that while we held to our promise, though the sight of him, with his impudent goggles, was hard.

And about yellow evening here would come Kitty Rolfe along, all aflame, swinging a bucket of tea, and milk in Boomerang brandy bottles. Ay, boomerang by name and boomerang by nature, that brandy, man. It's the reason men emigrate from that land.

My fine Sydney larrikin was always the first to be served; and half the time poor old Frank got none at all, by reason of hanging back with his eyes in the sun. It was spiting his own face, for she cared nothing. It was Sydney she held fast to; and Sydney was her bounden slave. But yet she was strict with him, too; and once, when he would have caught her round the waist, she struck his arm away. Then there was puzzlement in his lean face. She required taking.

Three nights running we fell into the straw-stack to sleep like dead men; and the stars winked at us through the straw. On the fourth night the wheat was gone; and we went to a near-by creek to wash and tidy up for the road and rinse the black oats out of our dry souls.

When we came into the camp again, there was Kitty Rolfe fresh as the night wind, tumbling milk into a cup for the Sydney swagman, with a stain of red in her cheek that might have come from the sun over the mountains.

"Well, holy mackinaw," said old Frank, "I am a single man. I think I will take a fall out of Stradivarius, right now."

Man, he treasured that fiddle and the voice that was lost in it. It was coy,

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he knew that; it was like a woman holding back her love, who would one day pour it out in one great tide. He was forever and a day listening for some sweet answer to his bow that went a-begging over the strings. But that Stradivarius had never yet shown one sign of confidence in him.

I suppose by that time Sydney had come to think we were afraid of him, or maybe he yearned at all hazards to cut a figure in the eyes of Kitty Rolfe. At any rate, he called old Frank a liar. He gouged the chaff out of his ears, and sneered: "That ain't no Stradivarius, mate."

Old Frank laid the instrument against the straw-stack. "You heard me call that shell a Stradivarius?" he purred in a stone-calm voice.

"That is what you said, all right," says Sydney. "Any man that's got a horn can blow it. But I'm saying——"

"Hold hard," says old Frank, getting to his feet. "There's enough powder spilt already, Jack. Square off, if you think there ain't no hell for puppies."

Then he spoiled him, with Kitty Rolfe leaning rigid against the tent-pole, watching. They were big men, both of them; but I doubt if there were twenty men living in those days who could have taken the measure of old Frank; and the Sydney larrikin was not among that twenty. He went backward into the straw-stack with a thundering on the ribs that turned poor Kitty sick to hear, I fancy; and there were gruntings and bone-crackings that might have stood a warning for any citizen.

And suddenly old Frank, still holding him down, twisted back half his length, and ripped off the left shoe of that flash mug, and stripped the leg to the knee. There was a broken white circle in the flesh around the ankle; and old Frank held the man upside down in the red sun, like a dead rabbit, and shook him.

"It's what I knowed," he cried. "You and your black arrow!"

And he slammed the man to the ground and stood away from him, with an awful eye on Kitty Rolfe.

That girl would never heed him. She ran out of the tent and knelt by the side of the fallen man, crying out to him in a stricken little voice, and spilling tea into his face out of her bucket.

Then she stood up, flaming, and shook that brown fist of hers at poor Frank Hyde. "You big bruiser," she screamed, "you larrikin, you pug! You can do nothing but fight. Do you hear? Begone with your nasty little fiddle. And this I will tell you: Stradivarius or no Stradivarius, you can't play it. You bungler, you can't play it. It's fright and torment to listen to you. So get out, with your black beard and your big arms. Get out. . . . Curse you."

Man, oh, man, we got out. We turned our backs on that stormy little lady, and staggered east, with our swag and the Stradivarius banging about our knees. That was a cropped paddock, slanting up a little, and the nearness of that naked earth oppressed us.

We were hounded out. The late sun was dull through the dust of our retreat that overhung the paddock; it smoldered over distant mountains, and their jagged pink tops wavered across a red sky, without one look of solid earth about them. In our hurry we drove ahead of us a flock of some two thousand sheep; and those baggy, unbelievable animals baa'd and snickered at us, for the outcasts we were. But the violin still sang in its case that wandering faint note of hope.

"She was hard, King Dick," said old Frank wistfully. "Holy mackinaw, she was uncharitable to a well-meaning bloke. Do you figure if I had had a few more lively tunes—ain't it possible, pardner, that them hymns might have went against her grain? Do you figure there is much religion in as young a girl as that? You take it here in the nineteenth century——"

"The twentieth," I said, to take his mind off his sorry case. We had argued this before.

He made a movement of despair in the dusk. "Listen here, King Dick," says he, "you knowed that was a fool proposition the last time we chawed it over. Has twenty centuries passed?"

"No," I said.

"Then where do you get the twentieth, pardner?" He was almighty logical, old Frank.

"It's in the making," I said. "It's a baby one still."

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"HOLD HARD," SAYS OLD FRANK. THEN HE SPOILED THE SYDNEY LARRIKIN, WITH KITTY ROLFE LEANING RIGID AGAINST THE TENT-POLE, WATCHING.

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"It ain't a century till it's growed," he shouted. "A century is a hundred years, ain't it?"

"Well," I said, "if it isn't a century till it's done for, then it's the last century, and where's this one?"

"There you go, doggone it," he yelled bitterly, waving his arms, "snarling up a simple proposition like that!"

"All right," I said, and I pretended to get acrimonious myself. "This is the nineteenth. 1900 to 2000 is the nineteenth. 1800 to 1900 is the eighteenth. 300 to 400 is the third. 100 to 200 is the first. First century begins at 100 A. D. Now what'll you do with those first hundred years?"

"You skipped a bunch of them doggone centuries," he groaned. "You can go right back to Christ, you won't never persuade me."

We were a loving crew. But we always had the mean luck to pitch on hard topics like that. Some mates get along right comfortably by never trying to use their brains.

Then old Frank stopped short, and pulled his beard at the Southern Cross. "King Dick," he said, "them centuries has left a cursed bad taste in my mouth. I am going to get out Stradivarius."

"Come along to Hall," I urged.

We were to be paid off at the Cricketer's Arms in Hall, and I had hungry visions of red beef. We had been living in a pale fog of mutton lately.

But old Frank cast himself into the ink-black shadow of a giant gum, and lifted out the Strad. At that moment a rim of the full moon showed over the bush; and he plucked only one string, and sat staring.

"There is a powerful sweet argument in that same wood, King Dick," he said, with his old wistfulness. "These here tunes will do for I and you, but there is a tune of love . . . I reckon." He looked at his big hand, and worked the fingers. "It is in the heart, pardner, right enough," he said, and laid his hand over his heart. Indeed, that loneliness might teach the heart a yearning, but leave the hand dumb, and the lips dumb.

"We go a-cruising, you and I, and what's it all to?" he muttered sorrowfully. "My leg was stiff this morning, what with that bullet and the fog and all."

"You are a lost calf," I cried. "You would look well with your head on a woman's breast, you shaggy old gorilla."

"I could put it there, King Dick," he said, with an odd candor. "We will grow old, pardner."

"We will get knocked on the head first," I said.

Old Frank fetched a huge sigh, and his eyes were steady on the steady points of the Southern Cross that burned blue-deep in a clear heaven.

"Many the cold watch we've seen them stars, King Dick," said he. "In the same place. Same place. And not a wink to 'em. I have floated up a sort of prayer, I reckon, before now. Ain't there nothing to rely on but the stars, pardner?"

Man, oh man, he was deep-sunk that night.

"She is an awful pretty thing," he groaned. "I could linger round a long time . . . but she can hit . . . hard."

"Shake a leg," I bawled at him.

"That Sydney bloke is bad," he rumbled. "You seen the mark of the chain on his ankle? I have knowed good men to drag a ball and chain; but this bloke is bad. The good-looking ones is always bad. I was wrong to start her sympathy that way. . . . But she would never listen to anything from me."

I felt sad, to be talked to that way by a good partner, who had stood back and back to me in the pinches, in the foul nights and the sorry days. This love of women was a soft thing, I said in my heart; worse than beriberi or scurvy or the sleeping sickness. A man sank under it, and there was an end of him, with his youth, under a blue gum, in some baked land like that.

"Come on to Hall," I said, and he put the fiddle in its case and snapped the lid.

"A tike like me will feel strange in any place that holds that girl," said he. "There is something in the trees . . . I reckon she may have put her cheek to this blue gum, times gone," he said. "A girl will do them things. I figure that would be a powerful soft cheek to touch, King Dick. . . . A week ago I would have gone without drink to heave to in one of them south ports. But what's a port, more or less, pardner?"

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"A port's a ship," says I, "and a ship's safety, shipmate. Come on to Hall."

So we went on. The Cricketer's Arms stood at the end of that lane of gums; and there we took our pay and ate red beef and onions. Through the door leading to the bar Mr. Lazarus Munn beamed at us, waggling a bottle of the Boomerang aloft, and now and again creeping his eye around to the Stradivarius, as I could see.

"They say you are a famous hand with a fiddle, Mr. Hyde," said Munn. He was polite, because the rumor of the fight had spread, and we were notable men. It was known that Frank had held the Sydney mug upside down and shaken him.

"I am better at the dice, Munn," said old Frank, and he stepped through the door into the bar, and shook the dice gently in their black leather cup. "Come seven. Oh, baby needs the shoes," he moaned with fervor. "Come eleven. Ah, ninety days in jail."

And just then in stepped our gay lad from Sydney with his brown beard and his long fingers. His face was nicely mottled with punishment, I warrant you; but he saw clear with one eye, and sidled out, like *Banquo's* ghost. Old Frank was pouring the dice and didn't see him.

"I tell you there is nothing like a good fiddle," said Mr. Munn then. "Can you play 'Killarney', I wonder?"

"Got it in the nose-bag," whooped Frank; and he scattered the dice and plunged after it.

"That's not too bad," quoth Munn. "'Killarney' in the nose-bag. Ain't that desiccation of a noble song? Ha, ha! Lovely thing, though, ain't it? Lovely."

Back came old Frank then, turning the pegs, and got A, with his neck on the edge of the bar, and his eyes on the black ceiling. There was a half circle of fellows from the back-blocks crowding toward him, and a dog howling in the yard on three sad notes. He played, "Killarney"; and as the mouths of those citizens of Hall hung open, hope dawned again in the brooding face of the fiddler, and he was livelier with the bow than any master. But with every one of those shivering stabs he made, you could hear the rosin yelping on the horsehair, man.

When he stopped, they stamped their feet and cleared their throats. They knew the sound of a fiddle in the right hands, and here was a cove that was not too bad, not too bad at all.

"Eighteen months ago, gents, I couldn't play a note," old Frank was saying. "Not one note I couldn't play, eighteen months ago. I crabbed on to this here little book——"

Right there he faltered, with his eyes on the door. He went all to pieces, you might say, sitting there with his chin sinking into the shell heavier and heavier. We all turned round, and there was Kitty Rolfe in the doorway, with a riding-crop in her hand, and that wry tilt-up to the corners of her mouth that would drive any man to stow sail. She was calm now; with a different face altogether from the one that had drooped over the body of that Sydney mug an hour back.

"Go right on playing, Mr. Hyde," says she. "I can stand it, just to go through the bar like this."

And she went through the bar, like that.

Old Frank sagged for'ard, like a flying jib with the halyards gone. He showed us all as sorrowful a face as ever a man showed, bowed over that worn-out old fiddle, with his brows knit and his hand in his beard.

He had on the crown of a derby hat, which he carried against dew, and he looked thunder-black as any Turk under it.

"That girl is a proper article," murmured a sympathetic voice. "Proper article, she is. I wouldn't shake dice for her, I wouldn't."

"Lay all that," says old Frank in a husky bellow, and he laid the fiddle on the bar.

"Munn," he said, "that girl is right, I reckon. There is a song in this old fiddle, but it ain't for me to coax it out. I can make a stab at it to please you boys, maybe; but along comes a pair of them pretty ears listening, and, holy mackinaw, there I am headed for the bush again!"

He tightened the pegs, and blew on the strings. "If a man was to offer me five pounds for that violin," he said, "he could walk away with it."

Munn's eyes shifted in his head.

"To hear him talk," I gasped, "you would never suspect that that fiddle was worth a cool two hundred, now, would you?"

"A man knows his own mind best," said Munn. "It's an awkward bit of goods to carry. Blind me if it ain't."

"He would fight for that fiddle like he

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would for a woman," I cried. "Ain't it so, Frank?"

But old Frank was on another tack that night. "I had rather run a mile than fight a minute," says he.

"He sleeps with it for a pillow," said I.

"Hard pillow," retorted Munn.

"You're blamed right it is, Jack," said my partner. "A hard pillow. . . . It's a hard life," he added.

"Five-pound notes is scerce hereabout," said Munn.

"And supper," Frank went glooming on. "If a man was to say 'Five pounds and your supper, Hyde——'"

"It's one of the last three shells old Stradivarius made," I yelled. "He said in his will that it wasn't to go out of the family, and how it *come* out of the family I don't know."

Munn said suddenly, "I'll give two pounds for it, gents," and calmly wiped out a glass.

Then I offered three pounds for it myself. At that Munn appeared to wash his hands of the whole business, and so Frank said: "You damned sailorman. You couldn't get three pounds together in three years." He smote the bar with the palm of his hand. "Two pound and the score, Munn," he cried.

"Done," said Munn, and flung two pound notes down on the bar.

Man, oh, man, it was odd to see the change in my old partner when that word passed. He fell back a step or two, with a smoldering eye on that old fiddle; and then he stretched out an arm to it, and stopped short, and let the arm fall again.

"Drink up, boys," he said; and we drank deep of that Boomerang brandy.

"King Dick," says Frank, "I want to walk. What say if we hump our swag a bit to-night?"

So we humped our swag; and took the road to Yass. Blessed sad old Frank was too, and every now and then he'd catch a glint from a horseshoe, and number it off.

"Eleven, twelve," said he. You can see how low he was by his coming down to counting horseshoes again.

"King Dick," he cried, "it's an awful wrench. I was fond of that old fiddle. What in tarnation made me do it!"

He stood staring back the road, with his legs like posts under him, and I swear his voice broke with the thought of that fool fiddle. "It had a name like a man," he said, "but it had a heart like a woman, King Dick. It had a hard heart. It wouldn't play up."

"Come along to Yass," said I.

"Holy mackinaw," he groaned. "I was all aback when she come in that door. Ain't she the pretty thing, King Dick, with that twist to her head, and the whip in her hand?"

"Come along, you big gorilla," I roared in his ear.

But that Stradivarius cried after us, man, like a lamb bleating to the fold. We had heard that sad, creaking voice of it lifted too often in battered fo'c'stles, to forget it quickly. It had been a right serviceable fiddle on the sea. And by lonely camp-fires, and in crowded taverns. . . . It's odd, but there was something comforting in that noise it made, though a man knew all the time that it was only rosin and horsehair and elbow grease in equal parts. It was a good substantial noise, somehow; sympathetic, man.

And all at once old Frank hauled sharp up, and put about.

"Now what?" says I.

"I'm going back," says he. "That Boomerang brandy has plumb missed its mark and it is going to return."

Then a laughing jackass overhead began to yodel at him.

"I've repented the bargain," says he, "and if necessary, King Dick, we will clean up the inn."

And not one word more out of him from there till the black bulk of the Cricketer's Arms hove in sight, at the crown of a little hill.

"Get the blood into your arms, King Dick," he said then. "I see redder than I did at the siege of Pekin."

Down we crept, in the black shadow of the gums, with the leaves sounding overhead like water, and the moon swinging in the sky as sharp as a platter on a shelf. A hundred yards from the inn he stopped and sank his fingers into my wrist.

"What was that, King Dick?" he whispered.

"A sheep, maybe," said I.

"No," says he, "it sounded like——"

And then it came along again, a faint

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little strain lingering on the wind like fragrance; something rumorous and sweet and distant; like a sad thought half-spoken out, and stopped.

"It's the Stradivarius," said old Frank. "Out back."

So we coasted around the corner of the inn. There was an idle murmur from the tavern door; a stamp of horses; some sweet scent in our faces.

"Luff again," says old Frank, and there we were staring in at a long window that shone clear yellow against the blue night.

Man, oh, man, it was the Stradivarius, right enough, beginning again in the fist of that Sydney mug. There he sat, that thief, that stone-breaker, swaying like the snake he was, with the yellow light strong in his hollow face, and his eyes burning, and the bow gone mad in his long fingers. But what we saw then was Kitty Rolfe, stretched on a couch by his side, with her face propped in her hands, and her hair falling across her cheek in a soft blaze.

Man, it was the song at last, that mad song of the heart . . . and tumbling from the fingers of a thief. It was a little lay at first, that we had heard; but now more came out of that—a jabbering, like a sea-wind, torn voices in it that laughed and cried, and somehow, in and out, a yearning . . . a yearning, I tell you; that sad thing, fierce and dumb, that had stuck in the heart of poor Frank Hyde while his hands thwarted him. Now he heard what his heart had spoken; it was the song that had lain in the wood, it was the song of songs, the song of love, and the eyes of Kitty Rolfe sang it back, like star-shine.

Vast heaving, mates. It was gone, in one wave that rushed over us and smothered us, and stopped our hearts, it was gone; and there was our lad from Sydney, with the bow fallen across his knees, reaching toward that girl, and Kitty Rolfe's lips parted, red in the yellow light . . . at his service.

" 'Bout ship," hissed old Frank in my ear. Man, I was rooted to the spot, but I could hear him stumbling on the bricks, and I took out after, and never saw . . . never saw. . . .

We took the road to Yass, and we were running, man; running like wolves. Then at the little hill we stopped, and drew breath.

"King Dick," said old Frank, solemn as a chantey, "it was the song. I knowed it was there. Do you reckon I would have hung on to that old fiddle all this time if I hadn't—knowed?"

"Bill Shakespeare was right," I said, "about music being the food of love."

"Ain't it the truth?" he groaned. "King Dick, there was all that good food spoiling; and then that stone-breaker—that ball-and-chain bloke— Where is the rights in that, pardner?"

"He will break more than stone now," I said grimly.

"What could I do?" cried old Frank, in a tortured voice. "My God, you seen her eyes. Was that pleasant for me—! He had made that song to her, and where did I fit in?"

Then he stood in the middle of the road again and cursed. "I can feel her cheek against mine," he cried, "the same as if she had laid it there, King Dick. Have you seen a squirrel in a little cage that spins?"

I tried my level best to stir him up.

"I have thought of something," I said. "There is a train over in the States called the Twentieth Century Limited. How do you account for that?"

"King Dick," says Frank, "you are a well-meaning cuss, but you are feeble. You let me think. I could throw rocks at my grandmother right now. The centuries is dead, King Dick; dead and buried. They is circular, that's the trouble with 'em. That thief has went and sang my song. *Twenty-one.* . . . He has ate up all that food of love that I have been sacking around for thirty thousand miles. *Twenty-two.* . . . *Twenty-two and a half.*"

And the bright moon tipped the cast horseshoes on the road to Yass with silver.

"SOUTHAMPTON BILL"

Another story by Richard Matthews Hallet

WILL APPEAR IN THE JULY NUMBER

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WHO CAN LICK WILSON?

Drawings by Modest Stein

CHARLES S. WHITMAN

of New York

If industry can qualify a man to lick Wilson, Charlie Whitman is right there. He never had time to read a "Do It Now" sign. When the gambler Rosenthal was killed, Whitman arrived at the Thirty-fifth Street police-station immediately, at two o'clock in the morning, before anybody could put a revolver or any other "evidence" into the dead man's clothes, and he grabbed the most important witness of the whole case before any criminal policeman could ship him out of town. That was why he convicted Becker. Whitman has never been up against any real "issue." Everybody is in favor of pursuing righteousness and criminals. But the things on which people differ—trusts, tariff, initiative and referendum, labor legislation, and so on—Whitman has never had to shed his blood about them, on either side. So his record in that respect is a grand one—for a candidate. When Whitman was a City Magistrate he fathered New York's famous "Night Court," so that justice might not have to wait for astronomical events such as sunrise. When he was District Attorney he organized his mill of justice till it could turn out more justice per minute than any other mill in the business. Industry!

Theodore Roosevelt, they say, is nothing but a shadow.

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WILLIAM E. BORAH

of Idaho

Borah, unlike Whitman, has shed his blood on every "issue" going. Sometimes he sheds it for the radicals and sometimes for the conservatives. He is ardently a suffragist; but he denounced the Federal amendment which would have imposed woman suffrage on states that don't want it. He is belligerent for labor legislation and is patted and groomed by the labor lobbyists at Washington as one of their special champions; but he prosecuted the labor leaders Moyer and Haywood for the murder of Steunenberg, and has never repented. He was strong for the direct election of United States senators and strong against the recall of judges. He loved the income-tax—a regular anarchist. But he loathed the idea of taking forests and water-powers and locking them up under the keys of Federal conservation—a regular reactionary. The fact is that Borah is a regular guerrilla. He doesn't swallow any political restaurant's whole table d'hôte just because he likes one of the courses. Yet, instead of offending everybody, he seems to make most people like him and trust him.

Lots of politicians say that Roosevelt's shadow is growing less all the time. They say this to their friends and to themselves, and at evening prayer and in their sleep.

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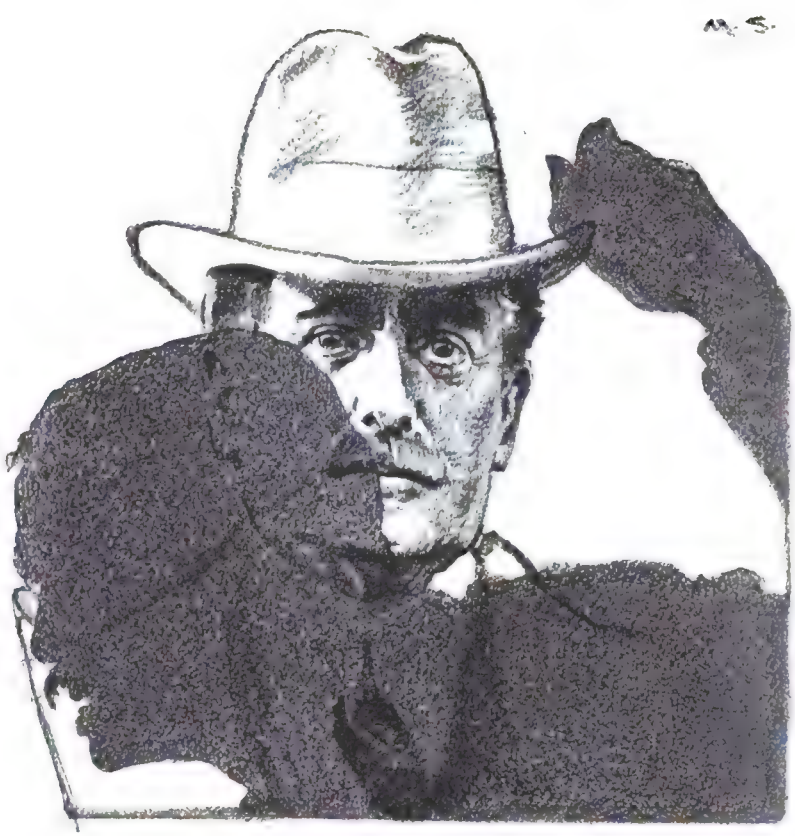

MYRON T. HERRICK

of Ohio

Mr. Herrick wouldn't be mentioned for President at all if he were not the possessor of a sweet, forgiving disposition. When he was running for a second term as Governor of Ohio, Mr. Taft was sent to Ohio by President Roosevelt to make a speech against that bad man, Boss Cox of Cincinnati, and against all Boss Cox's works. The voters regarded Herrick as one of those works. They canned him. Mr. Herrick thought that the name of the manufacturer on the can was Taft, and said so. But also he forgave Taft, and said so. And he supported Taft for President. So Taft made him ambassador to Paris. And the Paris job—and the way he handled it—made him a presidential candidate. Mr. Herrick sold lightning-rods in his youth, and promoted real estate in his early manhood, and since then has helped to manage factories and banks and railways on a large scale. He is a business man—a term which lately has been coming back into repute. He was a great aid and comfort to Mark Hanna. If the political reaction of 1914 persists into 1916, Herrick will be the most "logical" candidate in the field.

Is Roosevelt a shadow of his former self? Or—horrors!—of a coming event?

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JOHN WINGATE WEEKS

of Massachusetts

You must hand it to Senator Weeks for one thing. He has stepped right out and named the issues of 1916. One is the tariff. The present tariff is a failure—too low. The second issue is Wilson's foreign policy—a failure—too weak, in Mexico and in the Philippines and in Santo Domingo and nearly everywhere else. The third issue is the regulation of business. Wilson's Federal Trade Commission Bill is very bad—too meddlesome. And the fourth issue is the merchant marine. We must have ship subsidies! If anybody calls Weeks a coward, you'll know he doesn't know what he's talking about. We may suppose that Weeks said good-by to all chance of cowardice when he went through the Annapolis Naval Academy. And he was "Commander of the Second Division of the Auxiliary Navy" in the war with Spain. His ancestors apparently were not cowards either. And he weighs 230 pounds, speaking conservatively, as one should when speaking of Weeks. The banking and broking firm of Hornblower & Weeks in Boston is extremely prosperous.

And still at Republican banquets, where the latest sort of diffused lighting is used, guaranteed to cast no shadows, there is always one.

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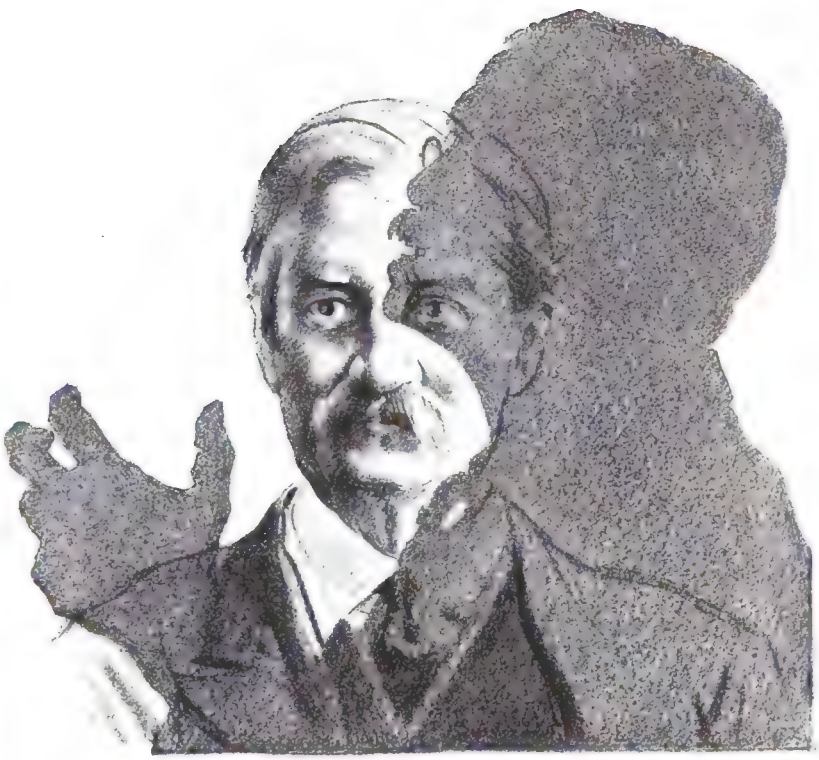

ALBERT B. CUMMINS
of Iowa

When young Mr. Cummins got through school, a banker uncle lent him $50, first deducting $2.77 for interest; and young Mr. Cummins went west from Pennsylvania to Iowa, where in time he became a distinguished attorney for distinguished railway companies. But the odor of railway company retainers didn't cling to him at all. One of the first things he did in Iowa politics was to help enact a law against free railway passes. The "Iowa Idea" seems long gone by. But Cummins was still true to that idea when he voted against Mr. Taft's Payne-Aldrich high-tariff bill. Cummins is old in wisdom. He was the most active member of the Senate committee which collected 1,000,000 excellent words on the trust question. When the Federal Trade Commission Bill and the Clayton Bill were going through the last Congress, his fellow senators were most of them little Alices in Wonderland compared with Old Guide Cummins. He discussed every part of both bills sympathetically, helpfully, with a breadth of knowledge and also a breadth of non-partisan public-spiritedness which will make that debate one of the noble passages in the history of the American Senate.

Yet that shadow comes back every morning.

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Who can lick Wilson?

WILLIAM HOWARD TAFT

of New Haven

Taft resents control. The progressives made him President in 1908 and he turned on them and became conservative. It has been thought that it might be interesting to let the conservatives make him President in 1916 and see if he would turn progressive. He knows what it is to be a progressive. As a member of Roosevelt's Cabinet, he was so awfully progressive that his official speeches had to have the revolutionary fringes clipped off for fear of estranging Gifford Pinchot. And when Taft was President, though he assailed the radicals with his tongue, he assailed the reactionaries much more horribly with his attorney-general. As a prosecutor of trusts, Taft made both Roosevelt and Wilson look amiable. If you were a radical, Taft hurt your feelings. If you were a reactionary, he hurt your investments. He had no human contact—either with Con or Tact. He got a crowd of Chicago morning-newspaper men up at the frightful hour of nine A. M. to listen to a speech from him, and then told them to be careful to merely report the doings of their betters—the statesmen at Washington—and not think they were the statesmen themselves.

However, as for his chances of getting back to the White House—

The swan on still St. Mary's Lake
Float double, swan and shadow!

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THEODORE ROOSEVELT

of Oyster Bay

If his shadow should materialize in 1916, and we should have him again in the political flesh alive among us, there would still be another shadow impending. Charles Evans Hughes is a bookworm, who never turns from following the straight printed line. It is charged that even after going to an evening entertainment he would retire to his library and read something till he had to snatch just enough sleep to be able to read something else. His life is chock-full of lively anecdotes like that. It was the reason why he could master the whole insurance business of the United States and revise its rules for it from his chair as a cross-examining lawyer. When it came to direct primaries, Hughes mastered that subject too, and devised a plan under which the rank-and-file voters should exercise a complete, final control and yet the official leaders of each party would have to perform certain important acts of leadership, such as officially suggesting a list of candidates. Hughes thus endeavored to combine the merits of "popular government" and of "party government"—a piece of big statesmanship. His mind, compared with Roosevelt's, is about as amusing as a grain-elevator compared with a department store. But if he should descend from the bench—!?

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JIM STOOD ON THE HEARTH-RUG, AND HIS GAZE FINALLY RESTED ON THE SECRETARY'S FACE.

STILL JIM

by

HONORÉ WILLSIE

ILLUSTRATIONS BY J. SCOTT WILLIAMS

Sara Goes on a Journey

"Love is the speaking voice of the Great Hunger. Happy the human who has found one great love. All Nature speaks in him profoundly."

Musings of the Elephant.

JIM started up the road, but Mr. Dennis stopped long enough to say: "Oughtn't you to be there, doctor?"

The doctor nodded. "I'll be back as soon as I can. They've just brought an hombre with a crushed leg into the hospital. Mrs. Flynn knows what to do and so does his wife. He may go any time."

Uncle Denny panted after Jim, but before they reached the tent-house Mrs. Flynn stopped them on the trail.

"It's all over," she said. "I've taken Mrs. Penelope over to our house. I'll take charge up here."

"You don't mean Saradokis is dead?" cried Uncle Denny.

"He is, God rest his poor wicked soul."

Jim stood white and rigid. "Did I hasten this with my scene last night, I wonder?" he asked huskily.

Mrs. Flynn shook her head. "The doctor told me a month ago not to go out of reach of the tent-house—that this was liable

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to come any time. He came out of the morphine near noon, held Mrs. Pen's hand, and said she had slapped a lot of bitterness out of his heart last night. Then he went to sleep and never woke up. Mr. Dennis, you go to Mrs. Penelope. Boss, you go and do the telegraphing that's necessary."

It was supper-time before Jim could leave the business of the dam and get up to his house. He and Uncle Denny had finished supper when Pen came out of Mrs. Flynn's room. She was white and spent, but she had not been crying.

"Still," she said, "I want you to persuade Uncle Denny not to go back East with me and poor Sara. I am perfectly well and quite able to make the trip alone. Uncle Denny is needed here."

"It's not to be thought of!" cried Dennis. "When the first shock is over, I'm looking for you to go to pieces, and I propose to be on the job."

"Uncle Denny," said Pen quietly, "I shall not go to pieces. I feel the tragedy of Sara's life very deeply and I am very sad over it all. But I'm not a widow. I'm a nurse and friend whose job is over. It will be a pitiful journey to take Sara back to his father. But I shall be with Jim's mother in New York. I shall get no rest unless I know that you are with Jim in this critical moment of his career."

The two men looked at each other uncertainly. Suddenly Pen's voice shook. "Oh, don't make me argue!"

Jim spoke slowly. "We never have regretted doing what Pen told us to, Uncle Denny. It looks heartless, but I guess we'll have to obey."

"Me soul in me is like a whirling dervish," said Uncle Denny, "with both of you needing me so. You'll have to decide betwixt you."

"Then Uncle Denny will stay here and we will take you over for the five-o'clock morning train," said Jim. "Pen, Mrs. Flynn has packed your trunk and poor Sara is ready for his last trip. When shall we look for your return, little Penelope?"

Pen looked a little bewildered. "Why, there is no excuse for my coming back. I shall stay with your mother until I get rested, and then I must find something to do."

Uncle Denny jumped up and stood with his back to the fireplace while Jim leaned on the back of Pen's chair.

"Listen to me, children," said Dennis.

"I WOKE TOO LATE TO GET MY IDEA ACROSS," HE SAID. "MY SUCCESSOR COMES TO-MORROW."

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"Of what use is it to beat about the bush and refuse to speak what's in the heart of each of us? How can we pretend that poor Sara's death is not God's own relief to him and us? We can weep, as Pen says, over the tragedy of his life, but not that he is gone. Your talk of going to work is nonsense, my sweet Pen. After a few months you will marry Jim and have the happiness you have earned so dearly."

Jim did not move. Pen's face turned scarlet. "Oh, Uncle Denny," she cried, "don't talk to me of marriage! I love Jim dearly, but now this is all over, I have left only a deadly fear of marriage!"

"Pen! Pen!" exclaimed Uncle Denny. "What do you know of marriage? For every unhappy marriage we hear of there are three of such sweet companionship that the sharers hide it from the world as if 'twere too sacred for the common gaze. The perfect friendship is between man and woman, and when you add to that the sacrament of body and soul, you have the only heaven humans may know on earth. And 'tis enough. 'Tis full compensation for all the ills of life."

Pen's eyes were full of tears. "You have been unusually fortunate, Uncle Denny. You have never had a dream destroyed. I have. Remember that once I thought I really cared for Sara. I have lost my dreams so slowly, so reluctantly!"

Jim moved round to Uncle Denny's side. "It's good of Uncle Denny to plead for me, isn't it, Penny? But you are in no state now to listen to him or me either. Go back to mother, and don't work, but play. You've forgotten how to play. I remember that long ago when Uncle Denny wanted mother to marry him, he told her that marrying him would give me my chance to play, that I couldn't come to my full strength without play. Grown-ups need play too, little Pen. Go back for a while and rest, and take up your tennis again, and go to Coney Island with mother. Go and play, Penny. And some day I'll come back and play with you."

Pen gave a little sigh. Suddenly her tense nerves relaxed and she settled back in her chair with a little color in her cheeks.

Uncle Denny cleared his throat. "Tell Mrs. Flynn to fetch her some tea and toast, me boy. Then she must go to bed for a few hours."

The automobile, with Henderson at the wheel, was at the door before dawn. Jim had sent poor Sara on before midnight. Uncle Denny put Pen and Jim into the tonneau, then climbed up beside Henderson, and the machine shot swiftly out on the great road.

Pen did not speak for some time and Jim did not disturb her. She looked back at the Elephant as long as she could discern the great meditative form in the starlight. After they had gotten into the hills and were winging like night birds up the mountain road, Jim felt a cold hand slip into his.

Jim's heart gave a thud. He leaned forward to look into Pen's face. It was dim in the starlight, but he saw that she smiled slightly. Jim leaned back, feeling as if he could overturn worlds with this thrill in his veins.

The great road curled like a hair among the dim black mountaintops. The machine flew lightly. Uncle Denny and Henderson talked quietly, and at last under cover of their speech and the whir of the engine Pen began to talk softly to Jim.

"I am hoping that in the years to come I can remember Sara as a college boy so full of life and ambition. He was a beautiful boy, Still, wasn't he?"

"Yes, little Pen. I loved him very much, then."

"Life was unfair to him to give him a greater burden than he was designed to bear," said Pen. "I shall miss the care of him. I am going to miss the demands he made on my best spiritual effort. I'm going to sag like a fiddle-string released. If only he has gone on now to a better chance! Poor, poor, tortured Sara!"

Jim rubbed the little twitching fingers, and Pen leaned against his shoulder softly, as though she needed his nearness to steady her. She went on a little brokenly:

> "Envy and calumny and hate and pain
> And that unrest which men miscall delight
> Can touch him not and torture not again.

"I guess I won't get over the scarring, Still. I'm so tired!"

"You've the priceless gift of youth, dear Penny," said Jim softly. "Go and play, sweetheart."

There was a long silence. Dawn was marching on the mountaintops. Penelope watched the silver glory of the star-studded sky and she repeated in a steadier tone:

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"Life, like a dome of many-colored glass,
Stains the white radiance of Eternity
Until death tramples it to fragments."

A sudden scarlet revealed itself on a far peak. It was like a marvelous translucent ruby, set in a silver mist.

Uncle Denny turned. "Henderson says we are right on the railroad."

"We are," replied Jim, "and yonder is the train."

The automobile drew into the station with the train, and Uncle Denny with Henderson helped embark poor Sara on his last ride, while Jim put Pen aboard. Pen followed Jim back on to the train platform. Jim shook hands with her and stood on the step waiting for the train to start. His face in the dawn light was very wistful.

Suddenly Pen's lips quivered. Just as the train began to move—"Jim!" she whispered; and she leaned over and caught his face between her hands and kissed him quickly on the lips. Then she slipped into the coach. Jim dropped off the train and stood staring unseeingly at Uncle Denny and Henderson. A to-hee sang its morning song from a near-by cactus.

"Put your hat on, me boy," said Uncle Denny, who had not seen the little incident, "and come on." He led the way to the machine and climbed in beside Jim. "Well, Still, she's gone!"

Jim turned and looked at his Uncle Denny. "She's not gone for long. When I have finished the Project fight, I shall go after her."

"Did she agree?" asked Uncle Denny eagerly.

"No," said Jim serenely. "She's in the frame of mind that's to be expected after the life she's lived with Sara. She is afraid of everything. After the election, I shall go to her. She and I have missed enough of each other."

Dennis brought his fist down on his knee. "Then that's settled right, thank God!" he said to the dawn at large.

The next day Mrs. Ames came up to the dam. She was inconsolable that she had not been sent for to help Pen, and Mrs. Flynn's air of superiority was not soothing. Uncle Denny took to Mrs. Ames at once.

"I've done nothing but gad for Mr. Manning lately," she said.

"How are things going?" asked Mrs. Flynn. "Has Bill Evans got all the money yet?"

"Eh? What's this?" exclaimed Uncle Denny.

"Mrs. Pen thought it would do a lot of good if we could get the farmers' wives to working against Fleckenstein," said Jane. "I've been calling on a lot of them. Bill Evans takes me in his auto."

"Who pays Bill?" asked Uncle Denny. "Ames?"

"He does not, though he honestly offered to," said Jane. "This is a woman's job. Mrs. Flynn is paying for it. And don't you tell Mr. Manning. So far he hasn't asked any questions. Oscar says he's too worried over things."

"Bless us!" cried Uncle Denny. "That won't do. You must let me straighten it up."

Mrs. Flynn rapped on the table with the dripping mixing-spoon with which she had followed Jane in from the kitchen. "Michael Dennis! You will not! What's me money for if it ain't for him? Ain't he all I've got in the wide world, and you grudge me that? God knows I never thought I'd come to this, to be told I couldn't do for him! If God lets me live to spare my life, I hope to spend every cent I've got back on the boss."

Uncle Denny nodded. "All right! You're a good woman, Mrs. Flynn. How is your campaign going, Mrs. Ames?"

Jane shook her head. "You never know which way a woman will jump. If only Fleckenstein can be beaten, it will be Mr. Manning's personality that beats him, and after that he can do whatever he wants to do with the valley. But the election is only a little way off and I'm scared to death. I've talked and visited until I'm ashamed of myself. And there's only one woman in the valley I'm sure of."

"Who is she?" asked Uncle Denny.

"That's Mrs. Cady, a rich widow who lives near Cabillo. She's the terror of the valley. She's a scold and she holds half the mortgages in the county. She stopped Mr. Manning a while ago and asked what he meant by running one of the canals the way it was. Then, just

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because he's always nice to a woman, Mr. Manning stands and lets her explain his business to him for half an hour. When she got through he thanked her and said it was always wise to trust a woman's intuition. She thought she'd taught him a real valuable lesson and she said he was the only man she ever saw that knew good advice when he got it. Well, when I went round to her the other day and told her what Mr. Manning was up against she flew round like a wet hen. I've heard she threatened to foreclose on any one that voted for Fleckenstein."

Uncle Denny chuckled. "And the boy thinks he has no friends!"

The fight into which Jim had thrown himself was an intangible one. He knew that he could not save his job for himself, but he believed that if he could defeat Fleckenstein he would have made the farmers assume a responsibility for the Project that would never be lost.

Uncle Denny did not tell Jim that he knew that every day lessened Jim's term of office on the dam. He asked no embarrassing questions. One day as they stood looking at the dam slowly emerging from the riverbed to lie in utter beauty of strength at the Elephant's feet, Jim said:

"BLASTED FROM SOLID ROCK! HOW NOT LIKE AMERICA! THIS WAS BUILT FOR THE FUTURE!"

"I wonder if another man will love the dam as I have. There is not a stone in it that I don't know and care for."

But Uncle Denny only nodded and said in reply: "A man must love the thing he creates, whether it's a dam or a child." But his heart ached within him.

The Department of Agriculture had responded immediately to Jim's request, and half a dozen experts already were at work on the Project. The older farmers resented any suggestions that were made regarding their methods, but little by little the newcomers were turning to the experts, and Jim believed that even in a year scientific farming would be a settled fact on the Project.

Every moment that Jim could spare from hastening the work on the dam he spent in the valley with the farmers. He did not harangue. He had come to realize that deep within us all dwells a hunger of the soul on which, when roused, the world wings forward. So he induced these men to talk to him and listened,

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wondering at the deeps he touched. He did not realize that often they were ashamed to show him narrowness or selfishness when through his wistful silence they glimpsed his unsatisfied visioning. Nothing in life is so contagious as a great dream.

As far as the Project was concerned, the story of Jim's alleged interview with Freet made little impression, after all. Insinuations and accusations had appeared so often about the engineers of the dam in the local papers that they had ceased to be a sensation. In the East, though, Jim knew the story would leave its permanent imprint. Murphy interviewed Fleckenstein and never would tell what he and the politician said to each other. But the threat of the latter never was carried out. Fleckenstein continued a vigorous campaign, however. Money and whisky flowed freely and Fleckenstein saw every man that Jim saw.

Uncle Denny was only temporarily dismayed by Jim's refusal to allow him to work openly against Fleckenstein. Mrs. Ames having come to the end of her talking capacity, he hired Bill Evans and his machine for the remaining six weeks of the campaign. Bill was quite willing to let the hogs go hungry while he and his machine were in demand.

"A twenty-mile ride in Bill's tonneau is better as a flesh-reducer than ten hours in a Turkish bath," said Uncle Denny. "It is the truth when I tell folks I'm riding for me health." He made himself news-getter-in-chief for Jim. He scoured the valley for reports on the state of mind of every water-user and business man on the Project. Oscar and Murphy when not with Jim devoted themselves to Uncle Denny. Both the men were frankly giving all their time to the Project these days.

The weeks sped by all too rapidly. One evening Uncle Denny called a conference at Jim's house. Jim, coming home from the office at ten o'clock that night, found Murphy and Henderson and Oscar awaiting him, with Uncle Denny as master of ceremonies.

"My boy," said Uncle Denny, "there's going to be a landslide for Fleckenstein."

Jim nodded. "I think so. Well, anyhow, I've made one or two friends below who'll remember after I'm gone some of the things I've wanted for the Project."

Uncle Denny, standing before the grate, watched Jim with troubled eyes. The Big Boss, as he loved to call Jim, was looking very tired.

"Well," said Murphy, "Fleckenstein can't make much trouble for a year, and after he takes his seat it will take time to start things, even with the money from the trust. And in the meantime the Big Boss will be able to put up a great counter-irritant out here if what he's done the last few weeks is any sample."

Jim lighted his pipe and leaned back in his chair. "I won't be here, boys," he said. "This is confidential. I have been asked for my resignation, and it takes effect the day after election."

There was utter silence in the room for a moment, then Henderson leaned forward and spat past Uncle Denny into the grate.

"Hell's fire!" he said gently.

"How long have you known this, boss?" asked Murphy.

"Nearly three months," answered Jim.

"Pen told me," said Dennis. "Sumatheek told her."

Jim looked up in astonishment, then he shook his head. "I'm sorry Pen has that to bother her too."

Murphy jumped to his feet. "And you have known this three months and never told us! Is that any way to treat your friends? Do you suppose we want to lie by and see you licked off this dam like a yellow cur? It's no use for you to ask this to be kept quiet, boss. I won't do it."

Jim rose and pointed his pipe at Murphy. "Murphy, if you try to use this confidential talk to raise sentiment for me, I'll fire you."

"You can't fire my friendship!" shouted Murphy. "You can have my job any time you want it!"

Here Oscar Ames spoke for the first time. "When's Mrs. Penelope coming back?"

"Don't you get her out here," said Jim. "She can do no good and she needs peace and quiet."

The End of the Silent Campaign

"The dream in them of a greater good lifts humans from the level of brutes. Take this dream from them and they are like quenched comets."

Musings of the Elephant.

IT WAS Oscar's turn to get to his feet. "Manning," he said, "ain't you learned your lesson yet? Who was it kicked me out of the dirty political scrape I was getting into and made me see straight? Huh? Who was it? Well, it was my wife.

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And who woke my wife up? It was Mrs. Pen, wa'n't it? And who, by your own admission, showed you things you'd been seeing crooked all your life? Huh? 'Twas Mrs. Pen, wa'n't it? You're as moss-bound in lots of ways as a farmer. Now I've learned my lesson. I'm willing to admit that womenfolks has got intuitions that beat our fine ideas all hollow. Mrs. Pen may not do us any good. But I want to know what she think about things. I'll be yelling 'votes for women' next. Gimme her address. I'm going to send her a message they'll have to use an adding machine to count the words in."

"What can be done in a week?" asked Jim, with his first show of irritation. "I won't have her bothered, I tell you."

"Still Jim," said Uncle Denny, "do you suppose she's thought of anything else but the situation out here, excepting of course poor Sara? And Pen's Irish! Even long-distance fighting has charms for her."

Henderson looked at Jim's dark-circled eyes and his compressed lips. "Go to bed, boss," he said in his tender voice. "See if you can't get some sleep. You have done your best. Is there any one in the valley you ain't seen yet?"

"Two or three," said Jim.

"See them," said Henderson. "We are going to put up a fight to keep you here, Mr. Manning."

Jim started for his bedroom door, then he came back and said, slowly: "I don't want you fellows to misunderstand me. I'm the least important item in this matter. I admit that it's crucifying me to leave the dam, but there is no doubt they can find a better man than I am for the job. I woke up too late. The thing you folks must keep after in one last fight is Fleckenstein. For Fleckenstein stands for repudiation. Repudiation means the undermining of the basic principle of the Reclamation Service. And the loss of that principle means the loss of the Projects as a great working ideal for America. It was that principle that was the real kernel of the New England dream in this country; that dream should be, not so much equality in freedom, as equality in responsibility to the nation. Don't waste a moment on keeping me here. Make one last effort to defeat Fleckenstein." Then Jim went into his room and closed the door.

When he had gone, Murphy said in a low voice: "It's too late to lick Fleckenstein. Are we going to lie down on the boss losing his job, boys?"

"Not till I've beaten the face off Fleckenstein," said Henderson softly.

"I want to get in touch with Mrs. Pen," said Oscar Ames.

"Aw, forget it, Ames!" said Murphy. "I don't doubt she's a smart girl, but this is no suffragette meeting."

"Don't try to start anything," said Oscar. "Wait till you're married for thirty years like me and maybe you'll have learned a thing or two."

"Don't quarrel, boys," said Uncle Denny. "Me heart is like lead within me. How can I think of Jim as anywhere but with the Service?"

"If he goes, I go," said Henderson. "The only reason I stayed up on the Makon was because of him. What's the matter with the woodenheads in this country? I'd like to be fool-killer for a year."

Murphy was chewing his cigar. "You'd have to commit suicide if you was," he said. "I've tried everything against Fleckenstein except the one way to swing votes in America, and that's with whisky or dollars. Under the circumstances we can't use either. I'm going to turn in. I'm at the end of my rope."

Henderson followed Murphy to the door. Oscar Ames forgot to lower his voice. He squared his big shoulders and shouted: "You blame quitters! I ain't ashamed to ask women for ideas, if you are. The women got me into this fight, and I'll bet they get me out."

He nodded belligerently at Uncle Denny and strode out into the night. Uncle Denny, left alone in the living-room, stood long on the hearth-rug, talking to himself and now and again shaking his head despondently.

"I mind how, after he found himself, he was always making trails in front of the old fireplace in the brownstone front. I mind how he first heard of the Reclamation Service. 'How'd you like that, Uncle Denny?' he said—'James Manning, U. S. R. S.!'—What'll he do now, poor lad! Thank God, his father's dead, for if he felt worse than I do, he'd kill himself. No, no! I'll not say that! He'd have felt like meself, that 'twas worth all the sorrow to hear Still put his idea ahead of himself as he did to-night. That's the test of a man's sincerity. And in her heart his mother'll be glad! She's

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always been worried lest he get killed on one of his dams, bless her!"

Uncle Denny moved about the room, closing the door and putting away the cigars. He picked Jim's hat off the floor and patted it softly as he hung it up. "What'll he do now, poor boy!" he murmured. Then he turned out the light and went to bed.

Jim received a message the next morning saying that a certain Herr Gluck would reach the dam that afternoon.

"And who is he?" asked Uncle Denny.

"He's an engineer the German government is sending over to see some of the stunts I've been doing here on the dam," said Jim. "I'll show him round, then I'll turn him over to you for the hour before supper. I want to see old Miguel, who is coming up to the dam."

"I'm itching to lay hands on him. Does he speak English?"

Jim laughed. "Better than I do. He's written me a couple of times."

Jim brought Herr Gluck in over the great road. The German was full of enthusiasm. "Blasted from solid rock! How not like America! This was built for the future! How did you come to do it?"

Jim smiled and shrugged his shoulders.

"You belong not to this country," Herr Gluck went on. "You belong to the Old World, where they build for their descendants."

Jim thoroughly enjoyed the long afternoon on the dam with the German. Herr Gluck's questions were searching and invigorating. They took Jim out of himself, and he showed Herr Gluck a scientific knowledge and enthusiasm that few people were fitted to appreciate.

At five o'clock Jim took Herr Gluck up to his house and turned him over to Uncle Denny. The rotund, flaxen-haired German and the rotund, gray-haired Irishman took stock of each other. Uncle Denny moved two chairs before the open door.

Herr Gluck sat down. "*Himmel!* What beauty!" he exclaimed, as the faint lavender distances with the far mountains flashing sunset gold met his gaze. "Not strange that Mr. Manning has enthusiasm."

Uncle Denny sighed in a relieved way as if he had catalogued the newcomer. "They say," said Dennis, "that a man must close his soul to the Big Country or else he will become great or go mad. And do you think me boy has done good work here, Herr Gluck?"

The German made some extraordinary rings of smoke and nodded his head slowly. "He has done some daring things, well, that may not be great in themselves, but they show imagination. Many are the engineers who are accurate, who are trustworthy—but imagination, creative ability, no! You observe the shape of his head, his jaw, his hands—the dreamer, urged into action. And the impudence of his sand-cement idea. In my country we dare make our concrete only very rich. He shows me this afternoon that diluted rightly with sand, cement can be made stronger." Herr Gluck chuckled delightedly.

Uncle Denny almost purred. "He was so as a lad. He was captain of his football teams because he could think of more wild tactics than all the rest of them put together. And always got away with them, looking sad and never an unnecessary word."

Herr Gluck nodded. "He is so valuable here that I think it not possible I get him to come to Germany yet?"

Michael Dennis got red in the face and took a long breath. "But they don't appreciate him here. He's been asked to resign in a few days now."

The German's round eyes grew rounder. "*Nein!* And why? Has he got into foolishness? He is young, they must remember."

"It's a long tale," said Uncle Denny, "but I'll tell it to you"— and he plunged into the story of the Project.

Herr Gluck listened breathlessly.

"And so you see," Dennis ended, "that for all he has done he feels he's failed, for everything the dam has stood for in his mind has come to naught. And that's a bad feeling for a man as young as Jim. He'll never readjust himself, Jim won't. He can get another job, but his life's big dream will have gone to smash. His inspiration will be gone. And what will he do then, poor boy!"

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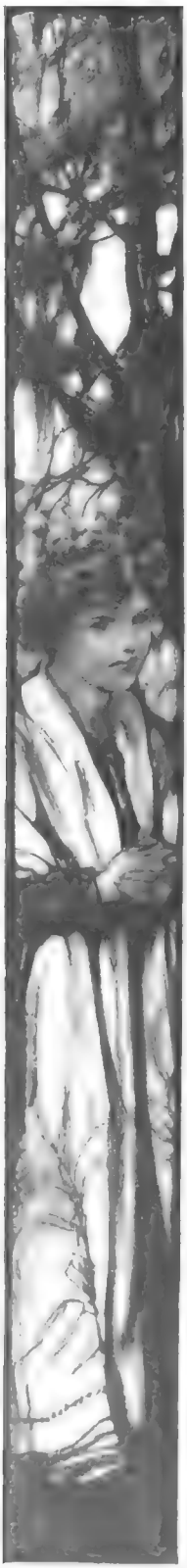

"But it's impossible," persisted Herr Gluck. "He's a valuable man. It is not possible they would dismiss him. Some day when he is older he will do a great many things your country can't afford to lose. What is the matter with your Head of the Service?"

"'Impossible!'" snorted Uncle Denny. "'Impossible!' The word is not in the vocabulary of the American politician. The Director is all right, a fine, clean fellow. But he can't help himself. It's either Jim or the Project to be smirched. They won't be satisfied, the politicians, till they get the Service attached to the spoils system. What do they care for scientific achievement? Soul of me soul! I'd like to be Secretary of the Interior for fifteen minutes. I'd discharge every one in the Department, ending with meself."

Herr Gluck was visibly excited. "I tell you it is not possible! He's a great engineer in the making. They can not know it or they would not so do."

Uncle Denny lost patience. "I'm telling you it *is* so! Don't you know that nothing is impossible to ignorant men?" he shouted. "Didn't ignorance crucify Christ? Didn't the ignorant make Galileo deny his world was round? Didn't ignorance burn Joan of Arc at the stake? Every advance the world has made has been with bloody footsteps. Don't we always kill the man in the vanguard and use his body as a bridge to cross the gulf of our own fear and ignorance? I tell you, I fear ignorance!"

Herr Gluck rose and shook his plump fist in Uncle Denny's face. "Those are days gone by in my country," he roared. "They may be true in this raw land or in besotted Ireland, but in the Fatherland we worship brain. Do not include the Fatherland in your recriminations. Once in a while you accomplish great things in your foolish country here with its hysteria and frothing and bubbling. But come to my country if you would see the quiet, patient advance of noble science with scientists revered like kings."

"There were colleges in Ireland," shouted Uncle Denny, "when your ancestors were wearing fur breech-clouts and using cairns for books!"

Jim came slowly up the trail and Uncle Denny and Herr Gluck sat down a little sheepishly. Herr Gluck did not waste any time in preliminaries as Jim came in the door.

"Your uncle tells me of the trouble here on the dam," he said. "My government is undertaking some great work which I will describe to you. We will make you a formal offer if you will it consider."

Jim sat down in the doorway, pulled off his hat, and looked up into the German's face. Herr Gluck concisely and clearly outlined the work. Jim listened intently, then, as Herr Gluck finished and waited for Jim's answer, the young engineer looked away.

He saw the Elephant dominating the river and desert, guarding and waiting—for what, Jim wondered. He saw the far road that he had built, winding into the dim mountains. For a long time he sat battling with himself in the flood of emotion that rose within him. It really had come, he realized, with Herr Gluck's offer. He actually was to turn his work over to another man to finish. The two older men watched him intently.

Finally Jim said: "The New England stock in this country is disappearing, Herr Gluck. Perhaps we are no longer needed. At any rate, we haven't been strong enough to stay. This dam has been more than a dam to me. It has meant something like, 'Anglo-Saxons: their mark; by Jim Manning.' Some other man will finish the dam quite as well as I, but I don't think he will have my dream about it."

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Herr Gluck leaned forward, and said: "We are all Teutons, one family. That is why we always have quarreled. But we understand each other! Come to Germany and build for other Teutons, since they will not have you here."

"An expatriate! Poor dad!" muttered Jim. Then he said in his quiet drawl: "I'll come, but you'll be getting only half a man."

The German looked away. He was a scientist, yet he was of a nation that had produced Goethe as well as Weismann, and his heart was quick to respond to truth shot with the rainbow-tints of vision.

"I know!" he said. "I know! Man needs the impulse of national pride and honor behind his mind. There are those who claim that they achieve for humankind and not for their own race alone. But I doubt it. After all, Goethe spoke for Deutschland, Darwin spoke for England. Therefrom came their greatness. And yet if they will not have you here, dear friend—*ach, Himmel*, I can not urge thee! Come if thou wilt!"

Herr Gluck broke off abruptly to turn to Uncle Denny. "Come, we must eat supper or Mrs. Flynn will be using force on us."

Jim took Herr Gluck over to the midnight train. The German was very quiet, but Jim was even more so. As Jim left him, Herr Gluck said: "Keep a good heart, dear friend. I shall say a few truths myself before I have finished."

Jim shook hands heartily. "There is nothing to be done, Herr Gluck, but I'm grateful for your sympathy. You will hear from me about the new work." And he drove off in the darkness, leaving Herr Gluck in the hands of the ranchers, Marshall and Miguel, who had spent the afternoon and evening at the dam, and were going to Cabillo by train.

Jim had received no answer from the Secretary of the Interior to his last letter. He was a little puzzled and hurt. There had been one flashing look pass between himself and the Secretary at the May hearing that had stayed with Jim as though it had declared a friendship needing neither words nor personal association to give it permanence. Jim had counted on that friendship, not to save him his job but to save his idea. No answer had come to his letter. Jim believed that the story of the interview with Freet had finally destroyed the Secretary's faith in his integrity.

Pen had written a long letter jointly to Jim and Uncle Denny some two weeks after leaving the dam. It was the first word they had except through telegrams. Sara's will had been read. He had left Pen all his property, which was enough to yield a living income for her. Pen enclosed a copy of the note Sara had left her with his papers.

"You have always felt bitter at my stinginess," it read, "but I knew that I could not live long and I wanted to repay you for your care of me. I did not spend an unnecessary cent, nor did I let you. I have been ugly, but it didn't matter to you. I knew you didn't care for me, and so I didn't try to be decent."

Uncle Denny shook his head over this note. "No human soul but has its white side, and there you are! I hope I'll never sit in judgment on another human being."

"Has she any comment on Sara's note?" asked Jim, who was resting on the couch while Uncle Denny read the letter to him.

Uncle Denny looked on the reverse side of the sheet. Pen had written: "This touches me very much. But when I consider the source of poor Sara's money I can't bear to touch it. I am arranging to give it to the home for paralytic children. I hope that both of you will approve of my doing so."

The two men stared at each other and Jim said nothing. He was consumed by such a longing for Pen that he scarcely dared speak her name. But Uncle Denny nodded complacently and said:

"You can always bet on Pen!"

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The day after Herr Gluck's visit there was to be a political rally of the Fleckenstein forces at Cabillo. To the great relief of Dennis and his henchmen, Jim made no move to attend the meeting. The first concrete pouring on the last section of the foundation was to be made that day, and Jim was engrossed with it. Fleckenstein was late in getting to the meeting. This, too, was better luck than the three conspirators had hoped for. The meeting was made up almost entirely of farmers who wanted to hear Fleckenstein's last statement of his pledges.

Before the chairman called the meeting to order, Oscar Ames mounted the platform and asked permission to say a few words while the audience waited for Fleckenstein. Oscar then put forth the great effort of his life. He squared his wide shoulders and threw back his tawny head.

"Fellow citizens, there is a great disgrace coming on to this community. You all know the Project engineer, James Manning. Well, there ain't been any one who's fought him harder or made him more trouble till lately than I have, fellow citizens. But I've got to know him. I tell you right now that he's the smartest fellow that ever come into these parts. He's got some ideas that I'm not smart enough myself to understand, but I do know enough to realize that if he gets a chance to carry them out he'll make this Project the center of America."

Oscar paused and some one called, "Go it, Oscar! Throw her into low and you'll make it!"

"Well, fellow citizens, Fleckenstein and his crowd and all the rest of us helping with kicks have worked it so that Jim Manning has been asked to resign. They tell him that he's so unpopular here that the Service can't afford to keep him. Understand that? In other words, we farmers are such fools that we can't appreciate a good man just because his ideas differ from ours. But we can go crazy over a man like Fleckenstein because he'll take the trouble to jolly us. Fellow citizens, I ask you are you going to sit by while the man that would make this Project into a valley empire is kicked out?"

Oscar stood for a moment glaring at his grinning hearers. Murphy climbed up beside him and shoved him aside.

"Down with the Irish!" yelled some one.

"You never paid me the fifty dollars you ran up for whisky in my saloon, Henry," replied Murphy.

There was a roar of laughter and Murphy followed it quickly. "You all know me. I was in the saloon business in this valley for twenty years. But not one of you can say I wasn't straight all that time. The nearest I ever came to doing a man dirt was up on the dam. I was running a saloon just off the Reserve and Big Boss Manning jumped me and made me clean out my own joint. I was mad and I went up to the Greek there, who since is dead, for I heard the Greek was backed by Big Money with which he backed Fleckenstein to do the Service. Says I to myself, I'll help the Greek to do Manning!

"But the Greek cursed me out as I'll stand from no man. Then they took me to Manning and he treated me like a gentleman and asked me for my word of honor to keep off the Project. I know men. And I saw that the fellow I'd set out to do was a real man, carrying a load that was too big for the likes of me to sabez and that it made him sad and lonely. I was sick of the saloon business anyhow, and when I got his number I was proud to have been licked by him. Do you get me? *Proud!* And I says, I'm his friend for life, and I'll just keep an eye on the pikers who are trying to do him.

"And I have. You know me, boys. You know that after the priest and the doctor it's the saloon-keeper that knows a man's number. Let me tell you that Fleckenstein is a crook. He'll steal anything, from a woman's honor to a water-power site. He's playing you folks for suckers. He's having everything his own way.

"And now Fleckenstein has done the Big Boss. He's made monkeys of you farmers. He's got you to roasting Manning till you've ruined him. And they ain't one of us fit to black his boots. This Project is his life's blood to him. There isn't anything he would not sacrifice to its welfare. And you're throwing him out. Ain't a man's sacrifice worth anything to you? Will you take his best and give him the Judas kiss in return? Are you hogs or men?"

There was an angry buzz in the room. Just as Uncle Denny started upon the platform, a tall, lank farmer, whom the man next him had been nudging violently, rose.

"My name's Marshall," he said, "and my friend Miguel here says I gotta get up

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and say the few things he and I agreed on last night. I'm mighty sick of hearing us farmers called fools. And now even the womenfolks have begun it. When our wives won't give us any peace, maybe it's time we reformed our judgments. I'm willing to say that I think I've been mistaken about Manning. He came over to my place for the first time a few weeks back. I never talked with him before or got a good look at him. Boys, a man don't get the look that young fella has on his face unless he's full of ideas that folks will kick him for. I felt kind of worked up about him, but then I didn't do anything.

"Last night I rode down to Cabillo with a Dutchman, some big bug who'd been up at the dam. I'd just been up there with Miguel. He told us that Jim Manning is attracting notice in the old country by the work he's been doing on this dam and up at Makon. And he roasted us as samples of fat cattle who'd let a man like Manning go. At least that's what I made out, for he was so mad he talked Dutch a lot. Miguel and I made up our minds then that we'd got in wrong. What has this fellow Fleckenstein ever done for us? Is he going to get us branded over the country as a bunch that'll jump an honest debt? It looks to me as if Manning had done more for us than we knew. I'm willing to give Manning a new chance. I move we turn this meeting into a Manning meeting and I move we send a petition to the Secretary of the Interior to keep Manning on the job."

The Thumb-Print

"I have been buffeted by the ages until I dominate the desert. So do the ages buffet one another until they produce a dominating man."

Musings of the Elephant.

UNCLE DENNY was on the platform before Marshall had ceased speaking.

"Friends, Mr. Marshall has said the thing we had in mind to present to this meeting. It was to be my share to ask you for a petition. 'Twill be the pride of Still Jim's life that the request came from a farmer and not from me. If all here will sign, and if every man here will make himself responsible for the signatures of his neighbors, the thing can be done in a few days and we will wire the matter to the Secretary of the Interior. Friends, I'd rather see the tide turn for Jim than to see Home Rule in Ireland!"

The tide had turned. One of those marvelous changes of sentiment that sometimes sweep a community began in the wild applause that greeted the tender little closing of Uncle Denny's speech. When Fleckenstein arrived, an hour late, he found an empty hall. His audience had disappeared to scout for signatures for Jim.

Uncle Denny came home to the dam, tired but with the first ray of hope in his heart that he had had for a long time. The petition might not influence the authorities, and yet the sentiment it raised might defeat Fleckenstein at the last.

Jim had seen the last farmer and was devoting the final days of his stay on the dam to urging the work forward that he might leave as full a record behind him as his broken term permitted. Wrapped in his work and his grief, he did not hear of the existence of the petition. Henderson had spread word among the workmen of Jim's intended departure. There was not a man on the job, from associate engineer to mule-driver, who did not throw himself into his work with an abandonment of energy that drove the work forward with unbelievable rapidity. All that his men could do to help Jim's record was to be done.

The day of the election was a long one for Jim. He packed his trunk and his personal papers, and Mrs. Flynn began to wrap the legs of the chairs in newspapers. Her tears threatened to reduce each wrapping to pulp before she completed it. In the afternoon, Jim started for a last tour of the dam. He covered the work slowly, looking his last at the details over which he had toiled and dreamed so long.

The work on the dam was going forward as though life and death depended on the amount accomplished by this particular shift. Jim was inexpressibly touched by this display of the men's good-will, but he could think of no way to show his feeling.

Just at sunset he climbed the Elephant's back. But he was not to have this last call alone. Old Suma-theek was sitting on the edge of the crater, his face turned hawk-like toward the distance. Jim nodded to his friend, then sat down in his favorite spot where far across the cañon he could see the flag, rippling before the office.

After a time, the old Indian came over to sit beside him. He followed Jim's gaze and said softly: "That flag it heap pretty, but

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wherever Injun see it he see sorrow and death for Injun."

Jim answered slowly: "Perhaps we're being paid for what we've done to you, Suma-theek. The white tribe that made the flag is going, just as we have made you go. The flag will always look the same, but the dream it was made to tell will go."

"Who sabez the way of the Great Spirit? He make you go. He make Injun go. He make nigger and Chinaman stay. Perhaps they right, you and Injun wrong. Who sabez?"

"I'd like to have finished my dam," Jim muttered. "Somehow we are inadequate. I woke up too late." And suddenly a deeper significance came to him from Pen's quotation:

> Too late for love, too late for joy,
> Too late, too late!
> You loitered on the road too long,
> You trifled at the gate.

"When you old like Suma-theek," said the Indian, "you sabez then nothing matter except man make his tribe live. Have children or die! That the Great Spirit's law for tribes."

Jim said no more. The daily miracle of the sunset was taking place. An early snow had capped the far mountain-peaks, and these now flashed an unearthly silver radiance against the crimson heavens. Old Jezebel wandered remotely, a black scratch across a desert of blood red. Distance indefinable, beauty indescribable—once more these quickened Jim's pulse. Almost, almost, he seemed to catch the key to the Master Dream, and then—the scarlet glow changed to purple, and night began its march across the sands.

Jim made his way down the trail and up to his house. Waiting at his door were three of his workmen. They were young fellows, fresh shaved and wearing white collars. Jim invited them in and they followed awkwardly. They took the cigars he offered and shifted uneasily, while Jim stood on the hearth-rug regarding them with his wistful smile.

"Boss," finally began one of the men, "us fellows heard a few days ago that you were going to leave. We wanted to do something to show we liked you and what a—d—doggone shame it is you're going, and—and we didn't have time to buy anything, but we made up a purse. Every rough-neck on the job contributes, boss—they wanted to. Here's about two hundred dollars. We'd like to have you buy something you can remember us by!"

The spokesman stopped, perspiring and breathless. His two companions came forward, and one of them laid on the table a cigar-box which when opened showed a pile of bills and coins. Jim's face worked.

"Boys," said Jim huskily, "boys—I'm no speaker! What can I say to you except that this kindness takes away some of the sting of going. I'll buy something I can take with me wherever I go."

"Don't try to say nothing, boss," said the spokesman. "I know what it is. I laid awake all night fixing up what I just said."

"It was a darned good speech," replied Jim. "Don't forget me, boys. When you finish the dam, remember it was my pipe-dream to have finished it with you."

The three shook hands with Jim and made for the door. Jim stood staring at the money, smiling but with wet eyes, when Bill Evans's automobile exploded up to the house. Uncle Denny was sitting in the tonneau with two other men. Jim walked slowly out to the road. One of the men was the Secretary of the Interior, the other, a slender, keen-faced young man, was his private secretary. Jim's face was white in the dusk.

"Well, young man," said the Secretary, "you have been having some strenuous times since the Hearing. And for a man reputed to be unpopular, you have some good friends."

Bill Evans, almost bursting with importance, undid the binding wire that fastened the door of the tonneau and the Secretary rose.

"If you had wired me, Mr. Secretary," Jim began with a reproachful glance at Uncle Denny.

"On me soul, Jimmy," said Uncle Denny, "I didn't know. I went over with Bill to meet some one else and——"

The Secretary laughed as he followed Jim. As Jim held open the door he said: "I didn't want to wire you, Mr. Manning. I wanted to find you on the ground, steeped in your iniquities. You have nice quarters," he added, sitting down comfortably before the grate fire. Then his eyes fell on the cigar-box full of money. "Ah, is that a part of the loot I hear you've been getting?"

Jim looked at the Secretary uncertainly. He was a large man with keen blue eyes

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"STILL", WHISPERED PEN, "I MISSED YOU SO! I HAD TO COME BACK!"

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and firm mouth in a smooth-shaven face that Jim remembered was like a fine, set mask. Jim got nothing from staring into his distinguished guest's quiet eyes.

"This is a gift from the workmen on the dam," said Jim. "I am to buy something to remember them by. There is about two hundred dollars there, they tell me."

The Secretary nodded. "I am glad to hear that the men like you, Mr. Manning. What have you —— Come in, madam!" The Secretary nodded to Mrs. Flynn, who paused in the door with a tray-load of dishes.

"Supper for four to-night, Mrs. Flynn," said Jim. "We have the Secretary of the Interior with us."

"My heavens!" gasped Mrs. Flynn. "God knows I never meant to intrude!"

The Secretary laughed so richly and so heartily that all but Mrs. Flynn joined him. She gave the group of men a look of utter scorn, and said:

"I suppose if the Lord and the twelve disciples had dropped in unexpected, you men would think it funny, and me with me legs all wrapped up in newspapers!" Then she bolted for the kitchen.

The Secretary wiped his eyes. "I hope I haven't seriously upset your household," he said to Jim.

Jim shook his head. "Your coming will be one of the great events of her life. Supper will be late, but it will be well worth eating."

"Then," said the Secretary, "let us continue our private hearing. What have you been trying to do here on the dam, Mr. Manning?"

Jim stood on the hearth-rug and glanced at each of the three men seated before him, his gaze finally resting on the Secretary's face.

"At first," he said, "I merely wanted to build the dam. I called it the Thumb-print that I would leave on the map, that should be emblematic of the old trail-making Puritan. But by a persistent indifference to their prejudices and to their personal wishes and welfare, I antagonized all the farmers on the Project."

Jim paused, hesitated, and then went on. "The woman whom I shall one day marry, pointed out to me that my attitude here was typical of the general attitude of the so-called old stock here in America. She said that I was willing to build the dam but unwilling to sacrifice time or effort to administering it, to showing the farmer how to handle the fine, essentially democratic idea that was in the Reclamation plan. She said that we had formed the government in America and left it to others to administer, and that of this we were dying."

Jim stopped, and the Secretary said: "She seems intelligent, this young woman."

Jim's smile was flashing and tender as he said, "She is!" Then he went on: "You wrote me that the human element was the important matter here on the dam. This—friend—of—" Jim hesitated for a name for Pen.

"Of your heart," suggested the Secretary.

"Thank you," replied Jim gravely. "This friend of my heart said that I was doing only half a man's part and that that was what was losing me my job. So I have been trying to enlarge my Thumb-print. I want to leave it not only in concrete but in the idea that the Project shall embody the rebirth of the old New England ideal of equality, not in freedom alone, but in responsibility. I hoped I might make every individual here feel responsible for the building of the dam, for the payment of the debt and for the development of the Project for the best good of every human being on it."

Jim stopped, and the Secretary said, "Well?"

Again Jim's wistful smile. "I woke too late to get my idea across. My successor comes to-morrow."

The Secretary shook his head. "I had no idea you were to leave so soon, though I will admit that after I read of your interview with Freet I rather lost interest in your doings. You know, I suppose, that Freet was asked for his resignation at the same time you were? Last week, however, just before we started on a tour of the Projects, a young lady called on me. She was very good-looking, and my secretary is not—ah—impervious—to externals, so he allowed her quite a long interview with me."

The Secretary's eyes twinkled and young Allen laughed. "You see that the Secretary

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took note of her personal appearance himself!"

Jim's face was flushed and amazed. The Secretary went on: "This young lady told me the details of the Freet visit and a good many other details that I'll not take time to mention. She was so clear and cool, yet so in earnest, that I decided that I would leave my party at Cabillo and come on up for a talk with you, incognito as it were, before they got here. To cap the climax, at Chicago I had a most remarkable telegram from a man named Gluck. I knew that a German engineer was looking over our Projects."

The Secretary smiled at the helpless expression on Jim's face. "Gluck, in about a thousand words—for which I hope his government will pay—told me that I was an enfeebled idiot, or what amounted to that, to let an engineering treasure like you leave the dam. I liked you, Mr. Manning, when I saw you at Washington. I thought then, though, that you were on the wrong track and I hoped you could be lured into the right one. I admit that I was much disappointed with your answer to my first letter and delighted with your second. I might have known that a woman had had her hand in so radical a change!" The Secretary's smile was very human as he said this.

"I don't know that I agree with you in your feeling of sadness about the going of the old stock. I am an enthusiast over the Melting Pot idea myself. But, whatever the power within you, I heartily endorse your ideals for the Projects. I am still not convinced that you are the man for your job, though, in spite of your engineering ability. Engineering ability is not rare. A great many engineers could build a dam. But a man to do the work you have outlined must have several rare qualities, and not the least among these is the capacity for making friends easily, of getting his ideas to the other man."

Jim's jaw set a little, but he answered frankly: "I know it, Mr. Secretary, and that is just what I lack."

This was too much for Uncle Denny. "Mr. Secretary, those that know Jim are bound to him by ribs of steel. They——"

"Uncle Denny! Uncle Denny!" interrupted Jim sadly. "Even your faithful love can not make a popular man of me! You must not try to influence the Secretary by your personal prejudice!"

Uncle Denny with obvious effort closed his lips, then opened them to say: "Still! Still! You break my old heart!"

The Secretary looked from the handsome old Irishman to the tall young engineer whose face was too sad for his years, and something a little misty softened his keen blue eyes.

"You agree with me, Mr. Manning," he said gently, "that the capacity you seem to lack is essential for so heavy a task as you have outlined. It is a great pity to lose you to the Service, yet I can not see how you can bring the Project to its best. I am considering how it will be possible to find men who have your engineering ability, your idealism, and this last rare marvelous capacity for popularity."

Jim flushed under his tan. For the first time he spoke tensely: "Mr. Secretary, it's crucifying me to think I've fallen down on this."

"Don't let it break you," said the Secretary, looking at Jim with eyes that had looked long and understandingly on human nature. "Make up your mind to turn your forces into other channels. I want you to understand my position, Mr. Manning. Personally, I would do anything for you, for I like you. I hope always to count you as a friend. But as Secretary of the Interior, I must be a man of iron, always looking ahead to the future of our country. I dare not let myself show partiality here, lest our children's children suffer from my weakness."

Jim answered steadily: "Do you suppose I would hold my job as a favor, Mr. Secretary?"

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"I know you wouldn't," replied the Secretary. "That is why I took the trouble to come to you personally. I told you that I was proud to feel myself your friend. And if you have lost, you have lost as a man must prefer to lose, Mr. Manning, in full fight, with the heat of battle thick upon you, and not dragging out your days in a slow paralysis of futile endeavor."

"I thank you, Mr. Secretary," said Jim huskily.

"Can I put supper on now, Mr. Dennis?" asked Mrs. Flynn, in a stage whisper.

"You may," said the Secretary emphatically. "I don't like to seem impatient, Mrs. Flynn, but I'm famished."

Mrs. Flynn beamed, though eyes and nose were red with weeping. "I'll have it on in three minutes, your Honor. Just hold your hand on your stomach—that always helps me, your Honor. Boss," in another stage whisper, "I laid a clean shirt on your bed for you, and you had better ask his Honor if he don't want to wash up."

The Secretary was charmed. He rose with alacrity. "Mrs. Flynn, if ever you leave Mr. Manning, come straight to me. You are a woman after my own heart."

Mrs. Flynn curtsied with the sugar-bowl in her hand. "I thank you, your Honor, but if God lets me live to spare my life, I'll never leave the Big Boss. He's my family. I'd rather rub my hand over that silken brown head of his than over a king's. God knows when I'll see him next, though—" And Mrs. Flynn dashed from the room.

After the wonderful supper which Mrs. Flynn at last produced, Jim exerted himself, with Uncle Denny's help, to entertain the Secretary. Young Mr. Allen went to call on the cement engineer, who was an old friend. It was not difficult to amuse the Secretary. He was as interested in details of the life on the Project as a boy of fifteen. Uncle Denny sent him into peals of laughter with an Irish version of Henderson's stories, and Jim's story of Iron Skull moved him deeply.

It was drawing toward nine o'clock when once more Bill Evans's rattle of gasoline artillery sounded before the door. A familiar voice called: "Good night, Bill!" and Penelope came into the room.

The men jumped to their feet and Uncle Denny hurried to take her bag. Jim did not seem able to speak. Pen shook hands with the Secretary.

"You are here, Mr. Secretary," she said. "I'm so glad!"

"So am I!" said the Secretary, smiling appreciatively at Pen. In her traveling suit of brown, with her shining hair and her great eyes brilliant, while her color came and went, Pen was very beautiful. She turned from the Secretary to Jim and shook hands with him with a deepening flush.

"Hello, Still!" she said.

"Hello, Penelope!" replied Jim.

"Pen!" cried Uncle Denny, breathlessly, "what's the news? As I promised, I've not been near the telephone, nor have I said a word here, though it's 'most suffocated me."

"Fleckenstein is defeated," said Pen.

"Oh, thank God for that!" cried Jim.

"How did it happen?" asked the Secretary.

Uncle Denny began to walk the floor. Pen answered: "A week ago, Mr. Secretary, a farmer named Marshall at a Fleckenstein meeting suggested that a petition be sent you to keep Mr. Manning here."

Uncle Denny interrupted. "Mrs. Saradokis here already had telegraphed us to do that same thing, Mr. Secretary, but we were glad to have the farmers get the idea themselves."

"That isn't important, Uncle Denny," said Pen. "Marshall himself wrote the petition. The farmers' wives caught the idea as eagerly as their husbands, and you will find in many cases the signatures of whole families. Of course no man was going to petition for Mr. Manning and then vote for Fleckenstein. So he was defeated. Here is the petition, Mr. Secretary."

Pen drew from her suitcase a fold of legal-cap papers which she opened and passed to the Secretary. Her voice vibrated as she said: "It is signed by nearly every farmer on the Project. Even the Mexicans wanted Jim to stay."

The Secretary put on his glasses and unfolded the numerous sheets. He looked them through very deliberately, then without a word passed them to Jim.

The petition was a short one: "We, the undersigned residents of the Cabillo Project, petition that James Manning be retained as engineer in charge of the Project. We ask this because we like him and trust him and believe he will do more than any other man could do for the farmers' good. Signed——"

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There was no sound in the room save the crackling of the papers as Jim's trembling fingers turned them. He was white to the lips. The Secretary looked from Jim to Pen, who was standing with close-clasped fingers, her deep eyes shining as she watched Jim. From Pen he looked at Uncle Denny, who was walking round and round the dining-room table as though on a wager. Then the Secretary looked back at Jim.

"This petition pleases me immensely, Mr. Manning, and it will please the Director. He has grieved very much over the seeming necessity of letting you go. Of course this petition disproves all our statements about your capacity for making friends and for making your friends get your ideas." The Secretary chuckled. "Mrs. Flynn can remove the newspapers from all her legs tomorrow!"

Jim could not speak. He looked from face to face and his lips moved, but only his wistful smile came forth.

"Mr. Dennis," said the Secretary, "supposing you and I have a quiet smoke here while the Project engineer allows this young lady to take him out and explain to him how she came here."

"Mr. Secretary, you must have a drop of Irish blood in you!" cried Uncle Denny.

He pushed Pen and Jim toward the door. And Jim took Pen's hand and went out into the night. They walked silently under the stars to the edge of the cañon, and stood there looking across at the black outline of the Elephant.

"I went down to see the Secretary in Washington," said Pen, "and he was very kind; but I couldn't move him from his decision about your dismissal. Then when I wired Oscar about the petition, I decided that I was going to be in at the finish and present it to the Secretary myself. We came up from Cabillo on the same train. I made Bill drop me at the Hendersons', because I wanted to surprise you. Good old Bill! He went down to Cabillo and brought the petition up to me."

Jim held Pen's hand close in his own. "I can't seem to understand it all," he said. "I don't deserve it. Think of the farmers doing this! Aren't they a fine lot of fellows, though! Gee, Penny, there is going to be some great team-work on this Project from now on! The water-power trust won't be able to get in here with a hydraulic ram! What can they do with a prosperous and responsible group like this?"

"Jim," cried Pen, "there is no limit to what I want you to do. This is just the beginning. After you have finished here, you must go to the other Projects, and after that you must go to Congress, and it will be war to the knife all the time. It's a wonderful future you are going to have, Still Jim."

Jim laughed happily. "And where will you be all this time, Penny? I understand that you are quite, quite through with marriage, and it will be very improper for you to keep on taking such an active interest in a bachelor's affairs. And yet this bachelor just can't go on without you!"

Pen answered evasively. "That's open to discussion! Jimmy, some day you will buy back the old house at Exham."

"It would never be the same, with dad gone," said Jim.

"Even if your father were alive, Jimmy, it couldn't be the same," answered Pen. "It's just that the thought of the old house will always renew your old instincts, Still. You can't return Exham's old sweet days to it. But Exham has done its work, I believe, out here on this Project."

Pen's smile was very sweet in the starlight. Jim put both his hands on her shoulders. "Do you love me, dear?" he asked.

Pen looked up into his eyes long and earnestly.

"I always have loved you, Still Jim," she said.

"Do you want to know how I love you? —Oh, sweetheart, I have so little to offer you," he went on brokenly, without waiting for Pen's answer, "except abiding love and passionate love and adoring love! And you are so very beautiful, Penelope. I've hungered for you for a long, long time, dear. Bitter, bitter nights and days up on the Makon, and hopeless nights and days here on the Cabillo." His hands tightened on her shoulders. "Did you come back to me, sweetheart?"

"Still," whispered Pen, "I missed you so! I had to come back."

Then Jim drew Pen to him and folded her close in his strong arms and laid his lips to hers in a long kiss.

And the flag fluttered lightly behind them and the desert-wind whispered above their heads, while the Elephant crouched contentedly in the moonlight.

THE END

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UNDER THE SPREADING CHESTNUT TREE

EDITOR'S NOTE—Though the sign is the Chestnut Tree, no story is barred by its youth. We shall gladly pay for available ones. Address all manuscripts to "The Chestnut Tree," enclosing stamped, addressed envelope.

When 'Omer smote 'is bloomin' lyre,
He'd 'eard men sing by land an' sea;
An' what he thought 'e might require,
'E went an' took—the same as me!

The market-girls an' fishermen,
The shepherds an' the sailors, too,
They 'eard old songs turn up again,
But kep' it quiet—same as you!

They knew 'e stole; 'e knew they knowed.
They didn't tell, nor make a fuss,
But winked at 'Omer down the road,
An' 'e winked back—the same as us!

Collected Verse of RUDYARD KIPLING. By permission of Mr. Kipling.

In a certain small Ohio town lives a skin-and-bones man named, for convenience and to avoid libel, Bill Skinner. During a large evening down-town, some one drew a gun and fired at random into a crowd of merrymakers. The bullet struck Bill Skinner in the thigh.

At once a deputation of citizens started on a run for the nearest and indeed the only doctor. It was long after midnight. They beat on the door and yelled, and finally a second-story window was raised and the doctor's head appeared. It looked in the moonlight like the head of a man himself recently returned from a big time.

"Hey! Doc! Come down," called one of the deputation. "Bill Skinner's been shot."

"Howzat? Bill Skinner? Where was he hit?"

"In the leg."

"Well, well," said Doc, closing his window, "*some* shootin'!"

A Texas lady was putting her children to bed early, so as to be free to entertain expected evening visitors. "All the little chickens have gone to sleep," said the mother, in a soothing way, by the children's bedside.

"Yes," piped the voice of her little girl, "and the old hen went to bed with them."

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There is a certain clergyman in Boston of a rather patronizing manner, due in large measure to the exaggerated notion he entertains of the amount of "blue blood" in his family. On one occasion, at a social function, this divine met a Syrian of good birth and education, a resident of a Boston suburb.

"May I ask," said the patronizing divine, "whether you are of the Christian religion?"

Whereupon the Syrian smiled broadly and replied: "Oh, yes. My family was converted to Christ's teaching at the time of John's second visit to Lebanon."

"What's the smallest thing in the world?"
"A nit on the nut of a gnat."

A New York man was crossing the Atlantic with an army officer who suffered greatly from sea-sickness.

On entering the stateroom one particularly rough day, he found the officer tossing in his berth, muttering in what at first appeared to be a sort of delirium.

Stooping over to catch his words, the friend heard him say: "Sergeant . . . major . . . sergeant . . . major . . . brigadier-general . . . ugh, *lieutenant*-general . . . a-a-ah!"

"What are you saying?" asked the friend in some alarm, as the sufferer looked piteously up at him after his last gasping "a-a-ah!"

"Assigning the waves their rank," said the military man, rolling toward the wall again. "There have been eight lieutenant-generals within the last twenty minutes."

At the end of three weeks of married life, a Southern darky returned to the minister who had performed the ceremony and asked for a divorce. After explaining that he could not grant divorces, the minister tried to dissuade his visitor from carrying out his intention of getting one saying:

"You must remember, Sam, that you promised to take Liza for better or for worse."

"Yassir, I knows dat, boss," rejoined the darky; "but—but she's wuss dan I took her for."

A recently returned American tourist tells of entering a hotel in a French town not far from Paris. He asked for a room, and the hotelkeeper took him to the top floor, where he showed very comfortable apartments at the surprisingly low figure of five francs a day. Marveling, but well satisfied, the American took a room.

Later in the day, while walking about the town, he met an acquaintance, who inquired where he was living, whereupon the fortunate tourist told of his excellent, inexpensive accommodations.

"Ah," said the friend. "What floor are you on?"

"The top floor."

"Yes. You have one of the Zeppelin parlors. Try to get a room in the basement and see what they'll charge you!"

In his Savannah camp Bill Donovan, baseball manager, had a dusky-hued waiter at the hotel by the name of Sutton. Bill had to reproach Sutton more than once for a lack of agility in arriving with the food. Sutton promised to improve. One morning he brought in a consignment of griddle-cakes that had gone cold.

"What do you mean," said Bill, "by bringing me in cold cakes?"

"Well, I'll tell you, boss," said Sutton. "I brung them cakes in so fast for you that I guess they hit a draft."

"If any man here," shouted the temperance speaker, "can name an honest business that has been helped by the saloon, I will spend the rest of my life working for the liquor people."

A man in the audience arose. "I consider my business an honest one," he said, "and it has undoubtedly been helped by the saloon."

"What is your business?" yelled the orator.

"I, sir," responded the man, "am an undertaker."

Speaking of Harvard aristocracy and Yale democracy—

I come from good old Boston,
The home of the bean and the cod,
Where the Cabots speak only to Lowells
And the Lowells speak only to God——

wrote the Rev. Dr. Samuel C. Bushnell of Boston, and sent the lines on to his friend, Dean Jones of the academic department of Yale, who replied:

Here's to the town of New Haven,
The home of the Truth and the Light,
Where God talks to Jones
In the very same tones
That he uses with Hadley and Dwight.

Lady: Is that a pedigreed dog?

Dealer: Pedigreed! Why, if that dog could talk he wouldn't speak to either of us!

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A NEW department. Here it is. And we take the liberty of telling you something about it because we didn't do it just casually—just to make a "new" feature—any old new feature. It has a purpose—a purpose which is a big ideal to us and, we hope, a big value to you.

This department completes the "contents" of EVERYBODY'S. It fills a gap that has been there.

It rounds out the All-Round Magazine.

Here's the kind of contract we'll make with you. You read EVERYBODY'S MAGAZINE, month by month, throughout the year. We, in the course of each year, with the help of this new department, will keep you in touch with the character and meaning of every important new development in the world's life.

A big contract? Yes. But just give us a chance to deliver it!

Of course we'll not forget the fiction. There'll be lots of that. And the best. Henry Kitchell Webster's new serial begins next month. Just what we want. Light touch. But plenty of heart. And plenty of head, too. A story for everybody who isn't a mere bunch of brain-cells or a mere bunch of heart-throbs—for everybody who is a whole human being.

But—back to the articles. Always one awful serious big article. Have to have it. Part of the fun of life is that it is serious sometimes.

Garrett does it this month in his article on Japan. Biggest thing we could see—by the best man we could see for it.

Everybody's MAGAZINE

PUBLISHED BY THE RIDGWAY COMPANY

ERMAN J. RIDGWAY, *President*
RAY BROWN, *Secretary and Treasurer*

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KEEP POSTED

A

BRISK SUMMARY OF BIG EVENTS AND ISSUES

RAILWAY MANAGERS SPEND MONEY APPEALING TO "THE PEEPUL" ON THE SUBJECT OF FULL-CREW LAWS

WHAT *is* a full-crew law? There are some twenty states that have such laws. They were passed to promote safety. The New Jersey one is a fair sample. If a freight-train has less than thirty cars, it must have a conductor and a flagman and a brakeman. If it has thirty *or more* cars it must have an *extra* brakeman. If a passenger-train has less than four passenger-cars—and a baggage-car, it must have a conductor and a baggageman and a flagman. If it has four *or more* passenger-cars—and a baggage-car—it must put on an *extra* man—a brakeman.

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In converting the "sovereign people" (formerly the "mob") to an enlightened state of mind on the subject of full-crew laws, the railways of New Jersey and of Pennsylvania have placed their arguments in the advertising columns of 1100 newspapers.

In each of these newspapers they have buttonholed the sovereign people seventeen times. The total number of separate advertisements printed has been 18,700. The total cost—according to the railways' publicity bureau—has been $59,000. Very cheap! Not much more than three dollars per advertisement! Perhaps that total-cost figure will have to be revised upward. The result, however, stands—the result on public intelligence. Almost everybody knows the railways' side of the case. Almost nobody knows the men's side.

Yet the men made out a fairly good case for themselves at Trenton when they met the railways in a debate before a committee of the New Jersey legislature. They proved that the "extra" man, the "joy-rider," is extremely important in certain emergencies. And they proved that such emergencies might occur on any train at any moment.

The railways had a strong case, too. But they dwelt on expenses rather than on emergencies. The full-crew laws of New Jersey and of Pennsylvania oblige them to furnish wages—and transportation—to 2500 "joy-riders." If they could save that $2,000,000—to be exact, $1,730,000—how many other things they could do with it!

The success of this argument in the brain-cells of the sovereign people was complete. The merchant and the manufacturer and the farmer, and even certain groups of workingmen, all came forward to say, in person or by petition, that they were opposed to full-crew laws because, instead of seeing all that money spent on brakemen, they wanted to see it spent on better service and more stations and more and better everything else! They did not discuss safety. They discussed the division of the spoils.

That is, the brakemen were segregated. Virtually every other element in society, having read the railway advertisements showing the beautiful objects to which $2,000,000 could be devoted, rose to its feet and said: "Take that candy away from those brakemen and give it to us!"

The real argument, incidentally, had nothing to do with either safety or the division of the spoils. The railways said that

And then other articles—not so big—lighter.

But we've never been able, that way, to get round to all the subjects we knew we ought to put into the magazine. We've never been able to make a magazine about which we could say—as we now say to you:

Even if you read no other magazine, you will have got a slant at every worth-while modern happening—at every worth-while modern movement—if you will read EVERYBODY'S.

But "Keep Posted" isn't a "Current Events" Department simply. If Lansing, Michigan, goes dry and that's all there is to it—we won't bother you about it. And it's in the telegraph dispatches anyway. But if there's a remarkable reason why Lansing went dry—and if that reason gives you a real *insight* into the great prohibition movement—we'll grab at it; and you'll find it on page 653 of this issue.

"Keep Posted" every month will contain six—or seven—or ten—events—men—women—issues—that we wish we could put into long articles, but can't.

They will give you the heart—the feel—of the big things going on today. Taken with the rest of the book, and taken month by month, they will guide you—not to every little thing that's happening anywhere—but to all the things that *mean most*—for everybody.

EVERYBODY'S—

The All-Round Magazine.

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the whole matter should be withdrawn from the legislature of New Jersey and transferred to the Public Utility Commission. They tainted this argument by presenting a new bill with the oldest, smelliest sort of "joker" in it. Their advertising claimed that this new bill authorized the Commission to determine the number of brakemen to be employed. It didn't. It authorized the Commission to direct the *railways* to determine that number!

Nevertheless the argument itself was surely sound. The legislature has to cover everything—including local-option and white slaves and direct-primaries and "Are chiropractors doctors?"—in three or four months. The proper size of a train-crew on a forty-seven-car freight train surely ought to be left to men with a little time on their hands and a little special knowledge in their heads.

As for the sovereign people and popular government, this full-crew agitation seems to do a little hoeing and watering around the sprouts of two tender, timid thoughts:

First: When you appeal to the whole people and get them all on the job, a minority of common-or-groundling voters (such as the brakemen) gets a shorter run for its money (especially when it hasn't any money,) than it used to get in the crude old days when it could sneak into the legislature and, without alarming the greed of the total electorate, could display its wrongs and prove its rights and threaten the individual legislator with its power to switch just enough votes at the next election to retire him to private life. The total electorate never needs to be as considerate of any minority, right or wrong, as every legislator must be who wishes to return to office.

Second: Who will spend five million dollars advertising the virtues of a low tariff to the sovereign people in 1916, if the big steel companies and the big textile companies and the big chemical companies should decide to spend five million dollars advertising the virtues of a high one?

The possible affinity between the long purse and direct popular government may yet provide the world with a lively social scandal. Only one prophecy about it is safe. Many steps have already been taken in various countries to limit expenditures by political candidates on *personal* publicity. We shall soon see an amazing proposal to limit expenditures by interested corporations on *educational* publicity.

THE STAGE EVENT OF THE YEAR— GRANVILLE BARKER— THE MODESTEST CELEBRITY ON RECORD

THE most overwhelming esthetic event of the theatre season has been Granville Barker. Many persons have felt this fact keenly. On the night when the writer attended "Androcles and the Lion" a gentleman who sat behind him was convinced of the deplorable importance of Granville Barker even before the curtain went up.

This gentleman looked at the proscenium arch, which was square instead of round. He looked at the pallid gilding on it. He looked at the several feet of stage projecting toward him amazingly on the audience side of the curtain. He looked at the place where the footlights should have been and saw none. He looked up at the curve of the first balcony and there saw those transplanted footlights, each one hooded and pointing at the stage like a 75-centimeter gun.

"This," said he decisively, "is going to be one of those esthetic things," and reached for his hat. You couldn't trap *him*.

Next morning, in the whole highbrow world, Barker was a prophet. He was a philosophical uprooter of the childishly *realistic* stage, on which for a tree you have a tree, and a pugnacious upbuilder of the grown-up *suggestive* stage, on which for a tree you have a long, painted rag streaming from the rafters to the floor.

Feeling it our duty to introduce all new prophets to our readers, we approached Granville Barker and asked him for a few new sacred notes in his message. Whereupon he took his prophet's mantle and cast it on the ground, and spoke in language of the following purport:

Mr. Granville Barker wishes to have it understood that he is not a prophet and is not here to save anybody's soul. People will please not send messages to him saying "What shall I do to be saved?" Mr. Barker doesn't know what they should do. He is

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not an uprooter or upbuilder. He has been trying to say this for a long time, but nobody will listen to him. He chooses a play to present and then sets his stage for it out of any ideas that seem to be applicable. If he were to present a Belasco play, he would probably give it a Belasco setting.

EVERYBODY'S MAGAZINE therefore has the honor and pleasure to announce the abdication of the only prophet who ever has abdicated in the whole history of art.

Nevertheless Mr. Barker does have a message. And it is one which is very useful even to amateurs—of whom there are now countless thousands. Perhaps it is useful especially to amateurs.

For example, it is difficult in a drawing-room to reproduce a forest. But it is easy, comparatively, to suggest a forest. Long strips of cloth (as in Barker's "Midsummer Night's Dream") hanging the whole depth of the room, in rows, with many strips in each row—the strips in the front row painted in a manner to suggest the branches of trees—the strips in the back rows, glimpsed through the openings in the front row, painted a solid color, very dark, giving a suggestion of distance. That's a better forest than an amateur could devise after the older realistic method; and, for many plays, of course, it is the best forest that the best professional could offer.

Granville Barker, if not the prophet, is the popularizer of a very fruitful idea.

THE FULL DINNER-PAIL TAKES A CRACK AT THE FLOWING BOWL IN LANSING, MICHIGAN

WINE-WOMAN-AND-SONG has gone up against Dollars-and-Cents in Lansing, Michigan, and the result is one of the most notable so far achieved in America. The most prominent leader of the "drys" is not an evangelist, nor any other sort of custodian of the soul. He is simply a commercial person—R. H. Scott, the general manager of the Reo Motor Car Company.

In the year 1910, in the factory of the Reo Company, in a period of ten successive weeks, the employees lost a total of 323 working days—and the wages of those days—because of not being able to recover promptly from pay-nights spent in saloons.

In the dry-versus-wet campaign in 1910 in Lansing Mr. Scott fought for morals *and* economics. Nevertheless the campaign did not please all of Lansing's business men. They thought that a dry town would lose business to wet towns near-by. So, two years later, Lansing went wet again.

This gave everybody a wonderful chance to compare a dry Lansing with a wet Lansing, commercially.

First, as for the cost of running the government, it was soon found that a wet Lansing had to spend a good deal of money supporting its wet citizens. One of many proofs was this: the cost of feeding the prisoners in the county jail during the two years while Lansing was dry had been $5,600, while during the two ensuing years of wetness the cost of feeding them (at the same rate per person) was $11,300. Quite a difference for a town of 40,000.

Second, as for business itself, scores of merchants were converted to the proposition that the competition of saloons in near-by wet towns would not be half so injurious to them as the competition of saloons on Lansing's own streets. Their experiences may be summarized into the statement of a butcher who remarked merely that when the town was dry he could collect his back bills, and when it was wet he couldn't.

In the last dry-versus-wet campaign in Lansing the merchants did not rally to the support of the flowing bowl at all. They turned to the overflowing pay-envelope and the paid-up accounts. The issue discussed was prosperity, and the majority for going to it sober was 1,200.

The efficiency of the factory of the Reo Motor Car Company is at least ten per cent. higher dry than wet, according to Mr. Scott.

And a similar result is shown in the cost figures furnished to EVERYBODY'S MAGAZINE by Mr. C. E. Bement, general manager of the Novo Engine Company. In a dry Lansing—and for no reason except dryness and greater sobriety and energy—the cost of making engines in the Novo shops has gone down seventy cents per horsepower.

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ONE MORE HISTORIC MOMENT FOR THE MOST HISTORICALLY ROMANTIC CHURCH IN CHRISTENDOM

THERE is an aged—by this time a very aged—priest who will feel rather relieved by the advent of the Christians into Constantinople. He was saying mass in the Church of Santa Sophia on the twenty-ninth of May in the year 1453, when the Sultan Mahomet the Second took the city for the Turks and rode his horse into Santa Sophia itself, and, sitting in his saddle before Jehovah's sublimest altar, shouted, "Allah is the Light of the Heaven and of the Earth!"

The aged priest ran. But a wall opened before him and then closed behind him, baffling his pursuers. They have remained baffled for more than four and a half centuries. His voice, indeed, they hear from generation to generation seeping through the masonry. His person they can not find. Such is the legend. He is the reminiscence and the prophecy of an imperishable Christianity in Christianity's most historic edifice.

Justinian built it, fourteen hundred years ago—Justinian, the last great Emperor of the Romans. He plundered the world for it. Eight superb columns, for instance, of an incomparable green sheen, he exacted from Diana out of her temple at Ephesus. He made Santa Sophia not only imposing but dazzling. He encrusted it with 40,000 pounds of purest silver; he hung it with doors of purest amber and ivory; and he collected for it a Holy Table entirely of jewels, held together by purest gold.

Justinian inscribed it "To God from Justinian Alone." But God rebuked him. In the night-time the word Justinian was erased by an unseen powerful hand, and in its place next morning the people read the word "Euphrasia." Now Euphrasia was a very poor woman who clandestinely had given to Santa Sophia a coin of copper.

Sophia means "Wisdom" in the Greek tongue and Santa means "Holy." To the Church of the Holy Wisdom the finished decadents who ruled the last days of the Roman Empire came for worship. There Irene came, Empress, a worthy entry in that long list of perfidious and bloody female rulers which runs from Jezebel of Israel to Catherine of Russia, and which proves that not all women can be charged with wanting to enter public life in order to "purify politics." In Santa Sophia the Empress Irene breathed the salutary incense wafted to her by the Patriarch himself, and departed forthwith to cure her son of his imperial ambitions—which she did effectively—by putting his eyes out.

The Christians, as Crusaders, on their way to the Holy Sepulchre looted Santa Sophia thoroughly. They spoiled the inside of it. The Turks have spoiled the outside. They have showered it with pink plaster, they have leaned foolish buttresses against it, and they have stuck four candlestick minarets at its corners.

Two things, therefore, will happen when the supreme moment arrives and when the cross is swung back to the top of the dome of the Church of Justinian. There will be a new date for the wretched schoolboys of the whole future to memorize. And immediately there will be a good big contract for some good Christian architect.

THIS MAN PUT THE BIGGEST IDEA INTO THE BIGGEST LAW OF THE LAST CONGRESS

THE quietest-spoken man at Washington was Louis Brandeis. Then came George Rublee. At moments of intense public crisis these men raise their voices a couple of millimeters above the level of a conversation on the subject of ancient Greek vases. If a third man of this vocal habit should come to Washington, the politicians would do well to meet him at the Pennsylvania station

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with a return ticket to New England. Rublee materialized out of New England into our national capital only a few months ago, with nothing but an idea; and now the idea is the famous "section five" of the law establishing the Federal Trade Commission, and he himself is a member of that body.

Rublee said, unaggressively and industriously, that Congress should not attempt to make a complete list of "unfair practises" for the business man to tack up on the wall of his office. A thing might be unfair in one set of circumstances and thoroughly fair and decent in another. Therefore each case should be tried by itself. But a judge in a court of law is not a special student of business. Therefore such cases should go to the Federal Trade Commission and—here all bystanders broke into hearty laughter—the Commission should have power, case by case, to forbid "unfair competition."

When the laughter subsided, Rublee was still mildly explaining his idea. Congressman Stevens put it into a bill. The bill converted Woodrow Wilson. Woodrow Wilson converted some senators. The idea was transferred from the Stevens bill into the Federal Trade Commission bill, and, getting enacted into law, became the most important legal happening in the history of American business since the passage of the Sherman Act in 1890.

But who *is* this man Rublee? Well, strangely, he seems to be a man who spends a great deal of time and effort trying to keep away from all laws whatsoever. But he tries very unsuccessfully.

While still a young man he retired from the practise of law in New York (having earned enough) and went to Cornish, New Hampshire. But law pulled him back pretty soon into the office of Spooner & Cotton. Again he fled, and again he settled down in Cornish. But his father, Horace Rublee, was one of the founders of the Republican party in the heroic 'fifties of the last century, and became chairman of the Republican State Committee in Wisconsin and United States Minister to Switzerland. Perhaps there are red-white-and-blue public-life corpuscles in George Rublee's blood. Anyway, he once more abandoned his abandonment of the law and took the train for Washington.

There he was obliged to dive into the bottommost abysses of the law-books. "Unfair Competition," many senators said, was too vague a phrase. The courts would kill it. Rublee came to the surface with a treasure-trove of countless cases in which phrases equally vague, such as "injurious to trade and commerce," had been accepted by the courts and enforced. The work that put the idea across.

Rublee is tall and big-framed and has a long nose and very kindly blue eyes. He doesn't stoop, perhaps, but he usually seems to be hovering—inquisitively and benignantly—over an unfairly competing world.

COULD WASHINGTON BE BURNED NOW, AND AMERICAN FREEMEN RUN FOR FREEDOM AS IN 1814?

EVER hear of the battle of Bladensburg? No. Our school histories don't tell us about it—much. It is painful, but it is necessary, to print the facts about the battle of Bladensburg at this time.

Colonel Bryan, in case of war, will let the sun go up on a proclamation calling for volunteers and will have it go down on a "million men in arms." He, therefore, will be particularly interested in learning what an army of volunteers did for the defense of his present residence, the city of Washington, a hundred years ago.

In June of 1814 it became known at Washington that 4,000 British troops had touched at Bermuda on their way to the United States. The President, James Madison, called a Cabinet meeting. At this meeting it was decided to wait watchfully and to notify the states of Maryland and Pennsylvania and Virginia to hold certain quotas of militia in readiness.

The governor of Pennsylvania replied by saying he was very sorry but his legislature had repealed the militia law and had forgotten to pass a new militia law in its place and there was no legal way of raising any new militia regiments; but he would somehow try to do something.

He did. He produced 5,000 soldiers *after*

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Washington had been captured and burned.

As for the governor of Virginia, he did indeed send some men to Bladensburg. And they had guns. But there was one trouble about them. In those days, in order to discharge a gun, you had to have a flint. These men had no flints.

Most of the men who fought at Bladensburg came from Maryland. They did not come at once. The government waited watchfully till the base hirelings of a militaristic monarchy landed. Then the freemen of Maryland came in great haste. Their haste is illustrated by the charming diary of one of them, who says that he fought in his dancing pumps. No militaristic preparations for that freeman!

The British proceeded slowly from their landing-point toward Washington. It was a raid. The British commander proposed to levy a tribute on Washington, if he could, and then re-embark. His march toward Washington was not interrupted by the Americans for five days. The third of these days was watchfully spent by President Madison holding a review, in Washington itself, of his freshly recruited volunteers.

Forty-eight hours later the British walked into Bladensburg, on the east branch of the Potomac. We had collected ourselves to meet them there. There were 5,000 volunteers in our army and 400 regulars. Only a part of the British force had arrived. It consisted of 1,500 men. These 1,500 hirelings walked across the bridge and then walked into the American army of 5,400 and walked through it.

The regulars in the American army rudely resisted. The volunteers resisted, too, until some of them were actually killed. The total number killed was eight. Not eight hundred. Or eighty. *Eight.* Having lost eight killed—and nineteen wounded—they departed in even greater haste than they had assembled.

The point to which they were ordered to depart is itself interesting. It wasn't Washington. It was a place four miles beyond Washington, in Virginia. But most of them didn't even get there. They went home.

Mrs. Madison meanwhile was prudently wrapping up the original copy of the Declaration of Independence. This she took with her to Virginia, a favorite country resort of most of the inhabitants of Washington on that particular day.

Two hundred of the British walked into Washington. They tried to levy a tribute, but there was no one to levy a tribute on. They hastily burned the Capitol and the President's house, and hastily withdrew to their camp. By mistake they left one sentinel in Washington. He was the whole of the British occupying force that night.

Such was the battle of Bladensburg and the capture of Washington.

President Madison was a profound student of congressional government, and a hater of war. Yet he fought a war. He had to. Europe forced it on him.

President Madison's Secretary of State was likewise a distinguished pacifist. His name was James Monroe. He also was a colonel. He was present at Bladensburg. The President was there, too. After watching the fighting for a while, the Secretary of State turned to the President and said a thing which, if said two years earlier, would have been one of the wisest utterances in American history. He said: "Mr. President, let us go. This is a matter for military men."

The final word on the battle of Bladensburg was said by a chaplain who accompanied the British army. He wrote:

"Of the personal courage of the Americans there can be no doubt. They are as brave as any nation in the world. But these volunteers did not have the habits of soldiers. It was the height of folly, therefore, to bring them into a situation where nothing but those habits could avail. The capture of Washington was more owing to the blindness of the Americans than to any other cause."

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